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INDEX

Page: 1

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In Amateur publications

#1

THE PARAGON.

VOL. 1. ERIE, PA., JULY, 1877. NO. 7.

Poetry.

The Dying Street Arab.

BY MATTHIAS BARR.

I know what you mean—I'm a-dyin';
Well, I ain't no worse nor the rest;
'Tann't them as does nothin' but prayin',
I reckons, as is the best.

I ain't had no father nor mother
A-tellin' me wrong from the right;
The street ain't the place—is it, parson?—
For sayin' your prayers of a night.

I never knowd who was my father,
And mother she died long ago;
The folks here they brought me up somehows—
It ain't much they've teached me, I know.

Yet I think they's be sorry and miss me,
When took right away from this yere,
For sometimes I catches them slily
A-wipin' away of a tear.

And they says as they hopes I'll get better—
I ean't be no worse when I'm dead;
I hain't had so jolly a time on't,
A-dyin' by inches for bread.

I've stood in them streets precious often,
When the wet's been a-pourin' down,
And I ain't had so much as a mouthful,
Nor never so much as a brown.

I've looked in them shops with the winders
Chock full of what's tidy to eat,
And I've heerd gents a-larfin' and talkin',
While I drops like a dog at their feet.

But it's kind on you, sir, to sit by me;
I ain't now afeerd o' your face;
And I hopes, if it's true as you tells me,
We'll meet in that t'other good place.

I hopes as you'll come when it's over,
And talk to them here in the court;
They'll mind what you says—you're a parson;
There won't be no larkin' nor sport.

You'll tell them as how I died happy,
And hopin' to see them again;
Thai I'm gone to that land where the weary
Is freed of his trouble and pain.

Now, open that book as you give me—
I feel as it never tells lies—
And read me them words—you know, gov'nor;
As is good for a chap when he dies.

There: give me your hand, sir, and thank'ee
For the good as you've done a poor lad;
Who knows, had they teached me some better,
I mightn't have growed up so bad?

KNOWLEDGE cannot be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome, and like digging for deep water, but when you come to the springs, they rise and meet you.

SUBSCRIBE for the Paragon, only 15 cents for six months. Try it.

Written for the Paragon.

PATTY'S TRAMP.

BY "HETTY GLENN."

Patty Wilcox was paring apples. She sat in her father's great, cool kitchen, a huge tin pan in her lap, plying her knife diligently. It was very apparent that her thoughts were not with her work, for every now and then the knife dropped idly into the pan, and her eyes wandered out the door to the cool, shady orchard beyond. But this was not to be wondered at, for Patty was to start for New York one week from that day, to pay a visit to a wealthy cousin, and her little head was full of what she would say and do.

But presently her thoughts seemed to take another turn, and she took a long apple-paring from the pan, held it up and looked at it.

"I've a good mind to try it," she said, half aloud; "I just have a good mind to throw it over my shoulder to see who I'll marry. It's silly, I know; but then"—over it went, and Patty turned shily round to see what letter it had formed. A complete S lay on the floor.

"Dear me! There isn't any one I know whose name begins with S! I wonder—gracious!"

A dark shadow fell across the floor from the open doorway, and as Patty turned she saw a man whose ragged clothes pronounced him to be that terror to American households, a tramp. He was rather above the medium height, had a face covered with freckles, and a shock of bright red hair, but with eyes which Patty at once set down in her little heart as "perfectly grand."

"Beg pardon, mem," said he bowing and scraping, "but ye hav'nt anything now, have ye, for a poor b'ye as hasn't had a morsel pass his lips in all week,—I mane all day," he added, as he saw Patty laughing at the bare idea of such terrific starvation.

"Certainly, come right in," said Patty.

She placed a plentiful meal on the table, and he sat down and began to eat. She noticed that he ate rather daintily, and she also wondered at the gentlemanly way in which he handled the various articles before him. While he ate he told her a pitiful tale of poverty, no work, and the hunger which had reduced him to the necessity of begging for food. Several times he contradicted his own statements, and then would appear confused, and blunder on into more self-contradictory facts. But through it all she saw, or fancied she saw, his great brown eyes twinkling with suppressed merriment, and indignantly wondered "what on earth he could be laughing at."

At last she happened to notice one of his hands. "Goodness gracious!" said she to herself. It was white: than her own, and on the little finger glittered a large signet ring. "That's a pretty nice looking hand for a tramp," was her mental comment, but just then he made some remark in his Irish brogue, and she turned her attention to him. Patty found it no hard task watching the pleasant brown eyes and shapely white hands; but when she looked at his freckles and red hair, as she told a friend afterward, "it was hideous enough to set your teeth on edge."

Very soon she awoke to the fact that she was talking with perfect freedom to a tramp, and listening with much interest to his replies, and felt a little ashamed; but, in her own language, she "could not help herself." He knew so many interesting things about foreign countries, that she felt very much interested.

At last she ventured to ask his name. He glanced mischievously at the paring on the floor, and replied; "Shaley: Mike Shaley." Patty looked suspicionsly at the innocent paring, then laughed softly to herself, and blushed a little.

"Well, poor man, he can't help it," she thought. "But the idea of my marrying him! It would be too funny!"

But very soon the tramp was gone; and he passed as completely out of Patty's memory as he did from out her kitchen door.

Two years had passed away. Patty had been to New York, where she was "brought out," in society and created quite a stir. She had hosts of admirers, but her fancy had singled out Malcolm Sheldon, a noble, manly, wealthy young fellow, who had proposed and been accepted. On this fine June morning, Mr.

[Concluded on 4th page.]

X-mas 1877 #2

THE PERPLEXER.

VOL. I. CARROLLTON, LA., MARCH 20TH, 1877. NO. 1.

SHORT BIOGRAPHIES.

JOHN T. SCOTT. "STUDENT."

The subject of this sketch was born Oct. 7th., 1862, at Natchez, Miss. He entered Amateurdom in June, 1876, and his productions have since appeared in many professional and Amateur Journals.

For one so young, he has made quite a reputation, and we predict for him a prosperous career. He is now treasurer of the Crescent City A. P. A.

WILLIAM REESE. "WAG REE."

Wm. Reese was born in Baltimore, Md., in 1859. He has contributed to various journals, both as author and puzzler. He is puzzle editor of the "New Era," and was elected vice president of the Crescent City A. P. A. He entered amateurdom in 1875, and has become well known among the puzzling fraternity of the South.

We are late in saying it, but we must confess that the "Sphinx" is King of puzzle journals. Rob Roy reigns over the News column in a manner worthy of commendation.

We hope to be numbered among the exchanges.

SALUTATORY.

In presenting the initial number of the PERPLEXER to the puzzlers of America, we think we hear them exclaim; "What, another puzzle paper?" Yes friends, another puzzle paper it is, and with your patronage and help, we hope to make it one of the best in puzzledom. With each issue we hope to place before you the amateur news in general of the foregoing month, together with a collection of puzzles from the most noted authors. The prizes we hope will be additional inducement for all to try their skill at solving, and those not proficient in puzzling may find something interesting in the Word Hunt. Were it not for the fact that there is at present a complete Puzzlers Guide, we should give with each issue instructions regarding some popular puzzles; but we think we can fill the space with equally interesting matter, referring all who wish to become puzzlers, to Mr. Kendall's Guide.

THE PHALANX.

HONEST, JUST AND INDEPENDENT.

VOL. 1. NORTH WEBSTER, IND. MAY, 1883. NO. 4.

The National.

THE grandest feature of Amateurdom is its annual gatherings of the amateur authors, editors and printers of North America in deliberate convention. The eight annual convention of the National Amateur Press Association will convene at New York city, Wednesday, July the 11th 1883. The association was organized at Philadelphia, July 4th 1876, the one hundredth anniversary of the Nations Independence. The conventions are held in an Eastern and Western city alternately. Amateurdom is an institution of learning and drones are soon initiated to real labor and are not long an amateur. The most talented and energetic youths of society are to be found in the ranks. But, to our subject. At New York, next July, will assemble representative young men, from Wisconsin to Massachusetts; nearly every section of the United States. East of the Mississippi, will be represented. Youths of different sectional prejudices will there converse together and become better acquainted with each other and perceive of their misunderstandings.

Amateurs, go; and receive such a shaking up as you never experienced before. Over one hundred have made known their determination to be present.

The first duty of every one connected with Amateur Journalism, is to support the National, by joining. Make application for membership to, T. H. Parsons, 243 Main St., Buffalo, New York. If your name is decided on as acceptable to membership, full instructions will be sent you. It costs only two dollars to become a full fledged member. A system of proxy voting is used, so that you can vote, if not able to be present at the convention. If you can go to the New York convention, take a week's vacation and enjoy meeting the Amateurs of the East; enjoy the banquet.

Schemes for the more wide-spread introduction of Amateur Journalism among the rising generation will be discussed. The best plan thus far advanced, is President Grant's. Grant is issuing a pamphlet to contain a complete description of the benefits, amusement etc. to be derived from connection with Amateur Journalism. Harrison's suggestion of employing a stenographer to take the proceedings of the convention is a good one, and doubtless will be acted on at New York.

As yet no amendments to the constitution have been suggested, but, as necessity requires a revision it will surely be acted upon at the convention.

The Reception Committee is appointed Preparations are being made to receive the visiting ams, in a manner worthy of New York hospitality.

The Western.

AT Detroit last year the Western was reorganized and placed on a firm foundation. It was evident to all that a representative local association was necessary to the life of the cause of amateur Journalism in the West. With that fact in view the organization was accomplished with a boom. Active officers, with one or two exceptions, were elected, and the next meeting, at Columbus, promises to be the greatest of the Western, if not of any sectional organization. The interest has increased to such ad extent that anything but a rousing meeting would be a sad disapointment. Now, as a large attendance is

114

PEN AND PRESS.

"They wore made to exalt us, to teach us to bless,
Those invaluable brothers—THE PEN AND THE PRESS."

VOL. I. APRIL, 1886. No. 9.

An Amateur Journeyman.

BY FRANK DAVIS.

Like a great many other boys of my age, I concluded that I could do better for myself, so early one spring morning I pulled "stakes" to seek my fortune "out in the world." I first stopped at a town where I supposed they lived well, anyway there were a great many grist mills there, and I took it from that, that they had plenty of bread, (eating is half of my living). I applied for a job at the largest mill in town. The boss asked me if I thought I could keep the boiler hot, and I told him I had never been at any work yet where I could not keep hot. Well, he gave me the job, and when I went to the boiler room I found an old delapidated shell, leaking so badly that two steam pumps could not keep it full, and worse than all, I had to wheel the coal nearly two blocks, and go outside and crawl under the floor to clean out the ashes. And while I was cleaning them out the steam went down—the engineer kicked—and the foreman came around and looked under the floor at me and said: "I thought you could keep her hot." I answered him a little suddenly and told him I was hot enough now. Then he said he guessed I had better resign, and I took his advice. The next day I pulled out of that town with the solemn thought that the man who fired that "rig" wouldn't have as much sense as an insane man.

Then I tried to get a job as a clerk in a drug store, the druggist said he needed a man like me, but wouldn't hire one until he'd tried him. Then I told him I would work on trial and asked him what he wanted done. He told me to go out and stand on the sidewalk awhile. I obeyed and after standing there about an hour I got tired and went in and asked him what he wanted me out there for. "To make folks sick, so they will come in and buy medicine," he replied; then I was mad and told him I guessed I'd quit. I went out to a policeman and asked him if he knew where I could get a job, and he said if I didn't leave the town in forty-seven hours he would give me a job breaking stone on the street. Then I began to think there was no encouragement for a boy who was trying to make his mark in the world. The man hoeing potatoes in that field I passed evidently known what I was thinking about or else he had gone out to do for himself sometime or other for he was singing, "Home, Sweet Home," and I began to sing it something like this:

"Home, home, sweet home,
There's no place like home,
And if ever I get back again
I never more shall roam."

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45

PEN AND PRESS.

"They were made to exalt us, to teach us to bless,
Those invaluable brothers—THE PEN AND THE PRESS."

VOL. I. MAY, 1886. No. 10.

At Twilight.

BY FRANK ROE BATCHELDER.

When sinks the sun behind the western hills,
And sable night o'er earth her mantle throws,
My heart forgets its burdens and its woes,
And soothing peace once more my bosom fills.
The gentle twilight banishes all ills,
And once again fond hope my spirit knows;
While through my thoughts a new strong impulse flows,
And courage in my fainting heart instills.

Though oft despondent at the close of day
And gain new strength when twilight's shadows fall;
The hateful phantoms that my heart appal
Are fain to grant a respite to their prey,
And for a time release me from their thrall;
While freedom doth at last my toils repay.

His Amateurish Experience.

(From the New York *World*.)

The 12-year-old editor of an amateur weekly paper published in Sandusky, O., and called the *Pig*, wrote to Florence, the comedian, while he was playing at the opera house in that city, asking him to contribute an article and to make it funny. Mr. Florence wrote the following between the acts and sent it to him:

My Young Friend: You ask me to write something for your paper. Take warning. I was once an editor.

At 14 I had a newspaper, and like our great brother of the press, Robert Bonner, was fond of driving. I had no Maud S. My steed was called William G.; he was a billy-goat.

I had ten subscribers and two advertisers, my father and mother being included in both classes of patrons. I was justly proud of my newspaper, the *Goliah*, and, although it was but 11 inches by 8, I fancied it was a mammoth sheet. I remember one of my advertisers was a barber. One day he cut my hair and so paid his bill for a year in advance. You see there is compensation in all things. He is in State prison now and I am an actor.

At length my newspaper enterprise burst, as many a paper scheme had done before. The causes were various; one will suffice to show the vanity of editorial pride. My goat had a friend, another goat of the male persuasion. He belonged to the boy across the street. This brute, whose name was David, eventually had a falling out with my goat. He chased

X-PN 4827

PEN AND PRESS.

"They were made to exalt us, to teach us to bless,
Those invaluable brothers—THE PEN AND THE PRESS."

VOL. I. JUNE, 1886. No. 11.

An Important Matter.

The decline in prosperity of the Western Amateur Press Association since the reign of Frank H. Chamberlain in 1883 has been noticable to the most unobserving. How Ed. E. Stowell was elected in 1884, and resigned, leaving the reins of the association in the hands of L. B. Stringer, who held them in the loosest manner possible; how Fred F. Heath, who was then Official Editor, did nearly all the work that was done during that administration and received no credit for it; how W. R. Antisdel was elected in 1885, also resigning and leaving the fate of the organization in the hands of Norbert Heinsheimer, after it had been "assumed" by the Official Editor.

All these things are familiar to amateurdom, and although of vital interest to the western amateurs, have received little or no attention, save by one or two, who, having fewer political irons in the fire of the National Association, and loving the W. A. P. A. better than political glory, have labored silently in its behalf, while the others have peeped through a knot hole in the fence, chuckling to themselves and awaiting the time when they may come forth and aspire to political honor, after the work is done and the association is again in a prospering condition.

Then let us urge that the officers elected at Davenport next month be amateurs who can be depended upon; and when the convention is over and the real work of the year begins, let the west encourage and defend the administration, that the association may flourish as in years gone by. On, on, we say, lest the ghosts of Legler and Chamberlain, rising up from their fossiliferous slumber, return in phantom array to haunt the unworthy members who are leaving to decay their beloved association.

AN instance of the good to be accomplished by encouraging recruits is well illustrated by the entrance to the ranks of Mr. W. B. Webb, of Greene, N. Y., whose name was recently sent us by Mr. F. D. Woollen, and to whom we mailed PEN AND PRESS. We lately received from him a historical article, "Oracles," which shows in the author a familiarity with ancient history and which is soon to appear in this paper. This will be followed by other historical sketches by Mr. Webb, for whom we predict a bright future in the amateur world of letters.

WE are unable to see why, as a certain amateur expresses it, "though we think that amateur journalism would be on a

X-PN 4827 47

PEN AND PRESS.

"They were made to exalt us, to teach us to bless,
Those invaluable brothers—THE PEN AND THE PRESS."

VOL. I. JULY, 1886. No. 12.

Our Books.

In the reading world one meets with many contradictory statements and inconsistent remarks by various writers, who, in expressing their opinions, oftentimes clash most woefully with one another. Nor is it other than human that each writer should consider his experience warranting the statements he makes, or that he should refrain from placing his opinions at naught and give up to the arguments of a rival whose ideas differ widely from those of himself. In this connection I wish to observe the material contrast between two articles on the same subject which I recently read, their only resemblance lying in the fact that they were so different! The subject was books, and to one but slightly acquainted with the matter under discussion—for whom, apparently, both articles were designed—it would be difficult to decide which writer was in the right. The one, speaking of books we have supposedly never read and the contents of which we are ignorant, ventures the following advice: "Never reject a book because its author is unknown or unfamed; neither cast it aside because its principles are condemned by social critics. Let each one read for himself and be his own arbiter, knowing that if he peruse thoughtfully and understandingly, some good influence will be derived from every form of literature which exists in the lettered domains of fiction and truth." Let every man judge for himself. He may not be capable of acting the part of the critic as the world defines that personage, but he will be able to judge for his own satisfaction, and if his opinion does not satisfy the public, the result of the public might not satisfy him, and he is not obliged to seek publicity anyway.

So much for this argument. The next writer says, perhaps not in these exact words, but to the following effect: "A man can no more afford to read a book as an experiment of its contents than he can afford to eat some hitherto unknown artical of diet without the slightest idea of what it is composed. As we tell a 'dude' on the street by his dress, so there is always something in the material make-up of a book by which we may judge its worth." In other words, one should not waste his time trying to discover the merits of new authors; he should devote his entire attention to those who have been tried and tested by the world, and who have received a verdict of "Favorable" from all quarters. Life is too short to throw away by experiments with the mutual facilities.

X-PN 4827

#3

The Prickly Pear.

(Entered in Post office, Denver, Colo., as Second-class Matter.)

Vol. 1. Denver, Colo., May 28, 1886. No. 9.

THE PERMANENT CONVENTION SEAT.

In No. 1 of the *Pear* was published an article advocating the selection of a permanent meeting place for the N. A. P. A. This suggestion has been received very favorably by the amateur press, a large number of the papers speaking well of the plan and making additional suggestions of great value. Some papers have spoken unfavorably of the plan, but this was largely caused by a misconception of some of the paragraphs in the article referred to. The best way to show what our most prominent and thoughtful amateurs think of the plan, is to publish their remarks entire. This I intend to do in this and succeeding issues of the *Pear*.

"Davis, of *Prickly Pear*, advocates the selection of a permanent place for the meetings of the N. A. P. A. This is no new idea, nor is it the first time we have seen the proposition advanced. But never to our knowledge has it received the attention it demands. Every amateur should consider it and let his opinion of the matter appear in his journal. The advantages to be gained by such a plan are many. The formation of a library would then be expedient. A file of every amateur paper published could easily be kept and amateurs living in the vicinity could have access to them at any time. A local association might have charge of the rooms, and the public be allowed to review the 'work of our brain' from time to time. We are heartily in favor of such a plan and if it should be adopted the success of the last convention would warrant us in naming Boston for the Eastern seat. And for the West—why, let the Western amateurs decide for themselves. The question is an important one. Let our brethren be heard from."—*Our Optic.*

E. E. Bryant, in March *Pen and Press:*

"The suggestion urging the establishment of a permanent convention for the National Amateur Press Association in the *Prickly Pear* reminds us of an article in Sullivan's old *Index*, we think, wherein the writer (whose name we do not now recall) tells us of a dream which realized just such a convention hall, only on a more elaborate scale, We believe the idea an excellent one, and one that should receive attention at San Francisco in July. A centrally located city—say Cincinnati—might be chosen, and then amateurs in all sections would stand an equal chance of attending the conventions. A club-room could be furnished as suggested by Mr. Davis, a library established and the records of the association could be kept there

X-PR 4827

#9

The Prickly Pear.

(Entered in Post office, Denver, Colo., as Second-class Matter.)

Vol. I. Denver, Colo., June 30, 1886. No. 10.

CACTII.

If young people must read novels, let them read historical ones and combine instruction with pleasure. At the present time there is a large number of this class of books obtainable, which are well written, intensely interesting, and perfectly accurate in their historical details. This source of instruction should not be neglected.

Probably the best historical novelist is Prof. George Ebers, Professor of Ancient History in several German Universities. He has enjoyed exceptional advantages for the study of Egyptian history, and has made several voyages to Egypt, one being in the interest of the government. He ranks with the best of German professors of history, and the accuracy of his historical writings cannot be doubted. Ebers has embodied the prominent events of Egyptian history in several charming volumes that are interesting beyond expression. They are so lifelike, so realistic, that for the time being one seems to be transported back through the intervening centuries and to take part, to be one of the actors in the scenes he describes. In *Uarda*, he gives a sketch of Egypt under Sesostris. In *An Egyptian Princess* he tells the story of the Persian conquest of Egypt, and in *Serapis* gives a faithful view of the early Christains and the destruction of the last relic of Paganism, the glorious temple of Serapis. Besides these stories of purely Egyptian life: *The Emperor*, narrating the chief events of the Emperor Hadrian's life; *Homo Sum*, a tale of the Roman occupation of Egypt; *The Sisters; A Question*; *A Word, Only a Word*, a story of life in the Black Forest, and of art life in Spain and The Netherlands; and *The Burgomastr's Wife*, a tale of the latter part of the XVI century, describing the famous struggle by which Holland gained her freedom

The American translators of Ebers have been peculiarly fortunate, and his stories have lost none of the charm which they possessed in the original language.

Among the unique papers that have been published at various times by amateurs, none was more deserving of praise than the *Echo*, of Brooklyn. This was what might be called an amateur eclectic monthly, and was devoted almost entirely to the reprinting of articles by famous authors selected from the early amateur press. The paper was published by Fred M. Connell, the first number appearing March, 1877. In his salutatory the editor gave the following reasons for his new departure.

"An apology may be due the fraternity for entering another venture in

X-PK 4827

#10

THE PRICKLY PEAR

Vol. I. September, 1886. No. 11.

DENVER, COL.

X-PN 4827

Published Monthly.

The Phoenician.

VOLUME 2. —o— NUMBER 4.

Connected With The
UNITED
AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION.

DECEMBER 1906.

PEARSON'S PET.

VOL. II. MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C., APR., 1906. NO. 2.

TO-DAY.

If you have any smiles for the world
today,
Give with a generous hand;
For ere the rise of tomorrow's sun
You may have no smiles to command.

If you have any smiles for the world
today,
Strew them along the road;
It may help some weary stranger there
To carry his heavy load.

It may help some one who is growing
tired
Of the world and its weary strife,
And cheer him on his lonely way
To a higher, better life.

If you have any smiles for the world
today,
Give them out; don't wait—
For after the storms and the clouds
roll by
The hour will be too late.

HARRY M. DEAN,
Godman, Ky.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

Not alone within the mansion
Where the lords of earth reside,
In the city's broad expansion
And the gilded halls of pride;
But within the rural cottage
Where no costly gems abound,
Toiling for their daily pottage,
Lovely hands are often found.
Beautiful hands are those that do
Deeds of love the whole day through.

Oft the hand by rings encumbered
Has no charm for bleeding grief,
While the toil-worn hand is numbered
With the hands that give relief.
Wealth and pride can add no beauty
To the grasping hand of greed,
But the hand that does its duty
Shall be counted fair indeed.
Beautiful hands are those that do
Deeds of love the whole day through.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

[The above poem is entered for the Poet Laureate Title in S. A. J. A.]

PET-ALS.

The "Pet" is mixed up with a case of "grip" this issue.

A. M. Hamilton is our candidate for First Vice President of the Napa.

Ezra D. Sargent is learning the mysteries of printing.

The South now has something like twenty regularly issued amateur papers, with more expected to arrive soon. 'Rah!

If the present gait keeps up there will soon be amateurs enough in this neck o' the woods to organize a local club. Then mind your eyes!

I haven't space to mention by name all the papers I have received, but I wish to thank the editors collectively for remembering me.

I have on hand several good manuscripts which I have not yet been able to publish on account of limited space. They will appear soon as possible.

X-PN 4827

#10

Published Monthly.

The Phoenician.

VOLUME 3. —o— NUMBER 1.

Connected With The
UNITED
AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION.
Also With
U. A. P. A. of America.

JANUARY 1907.

X-PN 4827

#14

Pearson's Pet.

VOL. III. MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C., OCTOBER, 1907. No. 3.

"THE LORD IS GOOD."

"The Lord is good." I oft repeat
These cheering words to those I meet,
And in my own heart steals a joy
Which things of earth can ne'er destroy.

"The Lord is good." Would I could well
With mortal tongue His goodness tell;
But no man ever yet has known
Just how good God is to His own.

"The Lord is good." Each hour we live
Some blessing does the Father give;
Nay, more, the very life we love
Is giv'n us by our God above.

"The Lord is good." O sons of men,
Who know that ye shall live again,
Why longer strive against His love,
And miss the joys laid up above?

CORA WALLACE PEARSON.

Entered for Poet Laureate title in N. A. P. A. and S. A. J. A.

SUMMARY OF "ESTHER."

King Ahasuerus gave a great feast to his princes and servants, and when he became merry with drinking and revelry, he commanded Queen Vashti to appear before them to show her beauty. This she refused to do, and the king was so very wroth that he asked his guests what he must do with the queen. They advised him to choose another to take her place, and also persuaded him to publicly announce the action, so that the women of the kingdom might be warned against disobeying their husbands.

On the day appointed for the choosing of the new queen, Esther, a Jewish virgin, pleased the king more than all the other young women who came before him, and he put a royal crown on her and made her queen instead of Vashti, and made a feast in her honor.

About this time Haman was promoted above all the princes of the kingdom, and as he rode through the streets, all bowed to do him honor except Mordecai, Esther's uncle. This made Haman very angry, so that he persuaded King Ahasuerus to sign and send out a decree that all the Jews should be destroyed on a certain day. When Mordecai heard this he was grieved, and sent a messenger to Esther asking her to appeal to the king in behalf of her people. At first she dared not appear before His Majesty without an invitation, but finally she sent Mordecai word to have the Jews come together and fast and pray for three days, during which time she would

X-PN 4827

#15

BORROWERS
APR 29 1944

THE PIONEER

SEATTLE, WASH., SPRING, 1929

The United Victory Ticket is in the field again for the 1929 election. We hope every one takes a real active part in the contest and that a record vote will be run up. The candidates on the Victory Ticket have been selected with great care, taking into consideration the merits of the candidates, and the section of the country they represent. Many prominent amateurs have been conferred with with the following results, which we feel are to the best interests of the United. President is Emil W. Zingg of Vancouver, B. C.; First Vice is Richard E. Clasen, and Second Vice is Margaret Richards, both of Chicago. Secretary is Dr. Noel and treasurer is attorney Erford, both of Seattle; Editor is L. R. Morris of California; Eastern Manuscript Manager is Ana Valldejuly of Porto Rico and Western Marie McChesney of North Dakota; Historian is David W. Cade of New York and Laureate Recorder is Catherine Weller of Canada. For Directors we have a good choice from such prominent amateurs as Mauritzen, Jacobs, Pennywell, Kirksey, Hoisington, Gourman, Dillion, and Gieselman.

GLEANINGS FROM THE FIELD

Sports and Hobbies by T. G. Mauritzen of 2540 Dunsmuir Ave., Los Angeles, California is one of the finest all around hobby magazines in America. Articles by many talented writers, rare prints, large swap department. This paper should be in the hands of all amateur writers. Do not fail to send for a sample copy.

The Seattle Amateur Press Club under the able leadership of President Gourman and Literary Director Boan is doing wonderful work. Regular meetings are held twice a month at the Y. M. C. A. and everyone

X-PN 4827

#16

Incorporating "THE BRITISH MOON," "BONANZA," "LUNA ADZ," and "SHACKLETON'S GAZETTE," Combined World-Wide Circulation.

NO 30. FEBRUARY 29th YEAR 1929.

Published & printed by :— F. C. Easton. 45 Southside Street. Plymouth City. England.

ADVERTISEMENT RATES

Small ad rates. ½d (1ct) per word. 4 at the rate of 3 insertions. Full Page £1 ($5.00). Half-page 12/6($3.00). 1 inch 3/-(75ct). Formes Close 20th of each Month. American or British Empire Coinage or Unused Postage Stamps gladly taken for it.

MOTHERS.

Send 2/6 for 4 Valuable Recipes for LADIES CORRECTIVE MIXTURE (the very best). BRONCHITIS and ASTHMA WHOOPING-COUGH. INDIGESTION, KIDNEYS and, ANAEMA. For home use, will save Pounds and Alleviate Anxiety Address :— J. B. TEMPLEMAN. 2 BROMLEY PLACE. ANGEL ROW. NOTTINGHAM. ENGLAND.

NOVELTY PEN KNIFE,

With Propelling Pencil, One blade, Pocket clip and coloured handle. Useful Novelty. Sample 2/-. Trade Supplied. J. T. Read. 9 Gerridge Street. London. S. E. 1. England.

Sports & Hobbies
Rm 518 257 So Spring St
Los Angeles Cal

APR 29 1944

#17

For Every Capitalist who has a Dollar he did not work for, there is a Slave who worked for it and Didn't get it.

THE PROGRESS BUILDER

Published Monthly at ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO, in the Interests of the Farmers and Workers----the Progress Builders of America.

OUR MOTTO: TO RAISE PROGRESS ONE NOTCH HIGHER

VOL 6. February, 1931 NO. 2

Entered as 2nd class mail matter August 9th 1926, at the postoffice at Roswell, N M. under the Act of March 2, 1879.

THE ONLY SOLUTION.

LET all of our big family circle gather here in council of future action. We are now much in the shape of Robinson Crusoe or the Pilgrims landing at Plymouth Rock. Many of us have been uprooted from the soil and all productive industry and now find ourselves, with our families, bound down by all the vicious laws of capitalism around private property rights, separated from a living and actually starving in the midst of plenty, which capitalism forbids us to touch. The American people to the extent of possibly fifteen millions, are right now in want. We, like a huge, giant locomotive of enormous power, now lay on the side-track of production, idle and useless for the want of coal to fire the huge boiler into action and for the want of a capable engineer to guide this enormous power into productive action.

Now, how long will this inertia hold us down in meek submission to a slow starvation by capitalistic forces. We have everything necessary to make this giant take to the rails. We have men of strength and will; we have land upon which to grow food, and resources from which to produce clothing and shelter.

When the body is injured or hurt in any way, the law of nature, the only law we know, does one thing always and certain—that is, it walls off the healthy tissue from the diseased parts and begins recuperative action from the inside. That is exactly what the Progress Builders are now doing—producing for use, independent of outside influences which operate for profit only, and when profit ceases, shut down, throwing the workers on the scrap heap to starve. Where whole families are new either starving outright or being slowly starved by charity. Conditions will become a national tragedy within the next 60 days and by the winter of 1931 widespread famine as it is known in China and India will be our fate.

Of course, in order to perpetuate its miserable institutions, Capitalism and big business will probably be forced into the dole system, such as is now in force in Great Britain and Germany. But this will be no solution of the great problem; it will merely mean the retreat of Capitalistic society. The great forces that are now operating, the fact that capitalism cannot longer feed the people and keep industry for use in operation, will still be the outstanding and glaring injustice of present day life, and the further fact that the Soviet Union under Socialist construction has solved all of these questions and has no unemployed problem, will show us here that in order to compete with this modern, mechanized

Continued to last Page.

X-PN 4827

A16

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
COPY
GIFT

NITA GERNER SMITH

PRESENTS

THE THIRD BOOKING

OF

The Passing Show

BEGINNING NOVEMBER 2, 1931

"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE AND ALL THE
MEN AND WOMEN MERELY PLAYERS"

X-PN 4827

#19

VOL. I, NO. 3. WINTER 1932—'33

PRAIRIE WIND

An Amateur Paper

Old Fort Dilts

Art A. Larson

IN AUGUST, 1864, when the "Fisk Expedition" toiled into the outskirts of the Badlands of North Dakota in southern Slope County after many days on the trail from Fort Ridgely, Minnesota, Scout Jefferson Dilts was ordered ahead to locate a pos ible route thru the wild, scarred region.

The leader, Captain James L. Fisk, had already convoyed two other caravans across Dakota Territory, the first in in 1862 and the second in 1863. Emigrants bound for the gold fields of Montana made up the expeditions for the most part. On this third expedition Captain Fisk decided to shorten the route, passing thru Fort Rice on the Missouri and going up the Cannon Ball River. No one in his party were aware that the new course was not only rough and impractical, but also highly dangerous because the Dakota Sioux tribes had been angered by recent persecutions.

Following the Minnesota outrage in which the Minnesota Sioux murdered hundreds of white settlers, United States troops were ordered to pursue and punish Minnesota Sioux, of whom some had slipped into Dakota Territory. As it was almost impossible to differentiate between the Minnesota Sioux and the Dakota Sioux—who were wholly innocent of the massacre—many of the tribes in Dakota were forced to flee from their favorite hunting grounds when they learned that the soldiers were punishing all Indians without distinction.

Earlier in the summer, United States troops under General Alfred H. Sully had been campaigning in Dakota, west of the Missouri, and driving the Sioux back towards the Badlands. Not a month before, Sully's army had encountered a large band of Dakota Sioux hunting for buffalo, and defeated them twice, once at the Battle of Killdeer, and again at the Battle of the Badlands.

So it was a band of Hunkpapas, a tribe of Dakota Sioux who had been in the Battle of the Badlands, that came upon Fisk's party. The wily savages remained hidden for several days waiting their chance to avenge the defeat they had received a few weeks before from Sully's forces.

Unconscious of any immediate danger the Fisk Expedition moved steadily into the Badlands. On reaching one of the branches of Deep Creek, as the banks were too steep, a gentle slope was graded for the wagons to descend. Due to the softness of this new grade, the first wagon to attempt the crossing turned over. Another wagon and a number of soldiers were detailed to help right it, while the rest of the train crossed the stream safely and continued its course.

When the wagon train was about a mile beyond the detained body at the stream, the emigrants were surprised to hear the boom of guns. Turning, they saw a band of wild Sioux warriors charging on the little group left behind. The Hunkpapas had taken advantage of the accident. A quick, sharp battle ensued, but the whites were taken by surprise and greatly outnumbered. The Sioux killed three teamsters, six soldiers, and wounded several more. They looted the wagons and had set fire to them by the time the men from the caravan

(Concluded on Page 4)

X-PN 4827

#70

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

The Printer's and Journalist's News
Volume II — Number 1
JUNE, 1933

TATTLER Published by George Trainer

Undoubtedly inspired by a recent article in The National Emblem, about The Shillalah, George W. Trainer, Jr., secretary of the NAPA, has issued a paper under the name of The Tattler.

For the masthead he uses the same type that can be found on page 3 of the April Empire. Trainer also uses 8 point italic with 12 point Roman. To top it all he uses the same initial letters that he does in The Empire.

On page 2 of The Tattler the Shadow says: "Letter received from ——, wanting to know if Walter Stevenson ever paid the 50 cents that he owed on his dues." The person that wrote this letter — if it was written — should tell who he wrote it to and thoroughly clean up the 'mystery.'

#21

THE PROOF SHEET

"Mistakes and Corrections"

December 1933 Number 8

G. S. NEWS CHANGES NAME

NEW MEMBER OF STAFF

Amateur Friends: I want to introduce to you an old paper with a new name it is the Granite State News now The Proof Sheet. I shall endeavor to improve it from criticisms and suggestions from you.

Jack Bond will now act as my associate editor.

E. M. H.

HAROLD SEGAL
President of the N. A. P. A

A complete review of Prez Segals journalistic career on page 6.

Just to prove to you how transitory Americans are in their interests and emotions, does anybody remember anything about technocracy?

N4327 #32

PRAIRIE WIND
An Amateur Journal

Volume I | Summer, 1933 | Number 4

What "Amateur" Journalism Is

By Harold E. Flint

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
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AMATEUR journalism came into recognition with the birth of the small printing press in the closing decades of the nineteenth century. Up until then the art of printing had been a delight enjoyed only by a favored few. But the advent of a practical and cheap printing press brought the fascinating charm of type and ink within the reach of everyone. Youths everywhere turned eagerly to this new hobby and set up amateur print-shops. At first they were content to turn out small orders of stationary, church programs, and handbills. But no red-blooded American boy living in the age of Greeley and Dana could long dabble in a type case without getting the publishing itch. So boy printers became embryo editors and amateur journalists. Cyrus K. Curtis was one of these. Thomas Edison another.

The amateur papers and magazines that came from the presses of these boy publishers were of all sizes and kinds-just as are the amateur publications of to-day. Some of the publishers charged subscription prices and accepted advertising; others scattered their journalistic efforts broadside, free to everyone for the asking. The amateur publisher of the latter type bore all expense himself; he was then responsible to no one and could print what and when he pleased. It is this desirable condition-one of the traditions of amateur journalism carried down to this day-that has earned for the hobby of amateur journalism, the enviable title, "the only really free press is existence."

Some of the early-day amateurs who were more adapt with the composing stick than with the pen, enlisted their literary-minded companions to make contributions of stories, essays, and poems, to their little papers. Thus it is that the amateur writer, editor, and poet are amateur journalists as truly as is the amateur printer.

If this is your introduction to amateur journalism, and if the preceeding paragraphs have awakened an interest in you, there are, roughly, three ways you may take part in the hobby.

(1.) If you wish to experience the utmost thrill of amateur journalism and at once attain the coveted goal of all amateur journalists, get a small, new or second-hand, printing press and mess around with your own ideas. This is self-expression supreme-to write and publish with your own hands what you very please, with responsibility to no one!

(2.) Next to printing and publishing a paper, just publishing an amateur paper is fascinating. If you can't afford to be your own printer, you will find plenty of fellow amateurs who will print your paper for you at a trifling sum to cover costs.

(*Concluded on Page 3*)

X-PA 1327 #22

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Volume I | Summer, 1933 | Number 4

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APR 20 1944

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(*Concluded on Page 3*)

X-PN 4827

#24

Pot Pourri

Volume 1 *March, 1933* *Number 1*

A Garden Tragedy

A True Story in Three Acts

In the brown tangle of the honeysuckle vine
By a late frost
Of all its rich, dark foliage shorn,
Sits cardinal.
Complete contentment is apparent in the poise
Of lifted crest
And bright eyes' glance. His wild, clear call
The morning greets.
What cheer! what cheer! Look here! look here!
Theodore! Theodore! Theodore!

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APR 29 1944

II

The nest is built. A few twigs loosely placed, no art
Displayed, so frail
It scarce will hold the spotted eggs
Of greenish blue.
Neath sober breast of patient mate, the young are hatched,
Naked, ugly.
Twixt culling worms and fruits and seeds
He proudly chants;
What cheer! what cheer! Look here! look here!
Theodore! Theodore! Theodore!

III

Two gray squirrels inhabit nearby trees and there plot
Grim tragedy.
Elegantly clad, yes, but who wants fur
In summer time?
Chattering, these villains fall upon the domicile,
Devour the babes,
The guarding, valiant mother slay
Right wantonly.
Seeking the highest branch, they call invectives down
On cardinal.
In helpless grief, the ruined home
He lingers near.
Moans day and night, in plaintive key
Ah me-e! Ah me-e! Ah me-e!—ALIDA GRENELLE

The Printer's Pet

An Amateur Paper

Number 1
February, 1933

X-PN 4827

4126

The Printer's Pet

An Amateur Paper

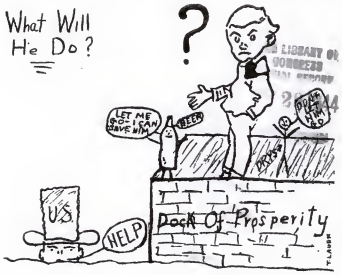
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 29 1944

Number 2
September, 1933

X-PN 4827

The Printer's Pet

Nr. 3 An Amateur Paper 1934



SEA OF DEPRESSION

A timely cartoon, drawn by Tom Lauer, aged 13
of 533 W. Central Ave., Toledo, Ohio
Zinc etching by John D. Pursell, 4120 Botanical Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Some New Papers

The Californian is a creditable paper; contains several good thoughts.

Brother MacMahon does very well on the first number of Impressions; many newsy items in it.

The Pen Point is a nice little journal from Penn. "Two Weeks," a fast-moving love story, was interesting.

Ladyslipper is a new name for Aberrations, by the same editress. Excellent paper, if it isn't so big.

The Granite State News is a nicely printed paper that has appeared regularly since the first number last April. A neat hand press product I like to see.

Franklin's Amateur Symposium, No. 1 is very good for a starter, but I wonder where the word "Franklin's" fits in.

The Granite State News changes its name to The Proof Sheet with the Dec. number. I think the old name was more appropriate. A dandy little paper.

Amateur Giggles is different from the usual run of a. j. papers, and is a spicy addition to our little world of letters. "A little nonsense now and then" keeps us feeling good.

423

For Every Capitalist Who Has A Dollar He Did Not Work For There Is A Slave Who Worked For It And Didn't Get It.

R 29194

The Progress Builder

Published Monthly at ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO In the interest of the Farmers and Workers--Progress Builders of America
OUR MOTTO:——— O RAISE PROGRESS ———ONE NOTCH HIGHER

Vol. 8 February 1933 No. 2

Entered as Second Class mail matter August 9, 1926 at the Post Office, Roswell, N. M. under March 2, 1879

Victorious Socialist Construction Defend Soviet Union

With vast industries now completed under the first five-year plan, the Workers' Fatherland now is entering the second five period. The Daily Moscow News is now being published for English speaking peoples; and so give the news of Soviet Construction to a world suffering under the contradictions of Capitalism. The Soviets are also now publishing an excellent magazine with full tone illustrations each month called "The U S S R under Construction". These periodicals now give us a vivid picture of life as it is being lived under the greatest experiment in all history. Prescott's History of "The Conquest of Peru" gave a history of a whole people living and being uplifted in olden times by State owned industry but we now have the glowing picture of a modern nation, the greatest nation in the civilized world actually being mechanized and uplifted by modern culture here before our eyes and at a time when Capitalist Society has utterly failed us and has placed sixty to one hundred million of Americans on the scrap heap of unemployment and hunger and desperation, being fed in miserable soup kitchens, and retrograding to a point where it is advocated that we must forget our machines and go back to sixteenth century hand labor and drudgery in order to give any portion of us a job. Today as we passed we noted several hundred of our neighbors down in a ditch, shoveling [Continued on page 4

The Outlook

The rich will sink to poverty,
  The poor become the rich.
The devil is at the wheel,
  And he's heading for the ditch,
The millionaires and preachers,
  And all the other bunk,
Will find themselves discarded,
  A pile of useless junk.

The weak will be the mighty
  And the mighty over the weak,
For our present civilization
  Has reached its highest peak.
I see a threatening signal,
  And hear a distant rumble,
Soon everything we see around,
  Will take an awful tumble.

Our money, gold and diamonds,
  Which satisfy our lust,
Will loose their power and value,
  And be worthless as the dust.
The profiteers will crumble,
  And honest manhood stand.
And those who will survive,
  Are the Savior's chosen band.

——Richard A. Fox,
Dawson, Y. T.

X-DN 4327 H24

The Proof Sheet

"From Coast to Coast"

October, 1934 No. 13

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD OCT 24 1934

Our Criminal Record

By Jack Bond

CRIME, in its various degrees of atrocity, is nothing new in the United States. Our criminal record during the last decade is a ghastly thing, including everything from the Chicago gang murders to the Lindbergh kidnaping.

The $427,000 Brooklyn holdup, aside from being one of the most spectacular and lucrative robberies ever committed, is one of those things that makes a man sit down and wonder nervously just where we are heading. Things of this kind usually happen in a society that is too full of energy to be entirely law abiding, or in a society where the processes of government are in decay. They don't happen where the social equilibrium is secure.

Now according to our record it would be easy to assert that this Brooklyn holdup is the latest indication that the United States is in the second classification. It is easy to feel that the nation is simply going to pieces on us.

(Continued on Page Four)

X-PN 4827 #30

-:- The Proof Sheet -:-

"FROM COAST TO COAST"

DECEMBER 1934 NO. 15

THE PROOF SHEET

wishes you, kind reader, the Merriest of Christmases ever. We appreciate the nice things you have said about our little paper, and we expect to do our part in bringing you--

A HAPPY 1935

PS

THE ROAD

There is no sun-lite path,- no rose-strewn way;
Atop the mount there gleams a beacon light;
A rugged trail with mighty caverns may
Endanger weary feet that go by night.

--Albert Chapin

PS

As this issue was going to press, I learned that John Pursell has resigned as Mailing Bureau Manager. Babcock accepted the resignation with regret and will now fill the office himself. Send all papers directly to him. Ralph Babcock, Jr 58 Maple Drive Great Neck, N. Y.

X-PN 4821

The Preceptor

Devoted to the cause of helpless, [illegible] humanity

Vol I JANUARY, 1934 No. 1

APR 29 1944

The Editor's Dream

YES, my mountaineer friends, I am a dreamer. A wise, old king once said, "This too shall come to pass," so my dreams have experienced a timely death. There is nothing left other than the colorful memories of their coming and going.

I have other dreams now—beautiful dreams of hope, and love, and friendship, and all the other worth-while things in life. These dreams are what make me an ordinary mortal. The day that I cease to aspire to something higher, and more noble, that day I die. All intelligent human beings have these ideas, thoughts, and ambitions—dreams.

Today, I sit down before my wobbly Underwood to type out my message to the world. It is the first to be printed in a publication of my own. Yes, for a long time The Preceptor has been only a dream—the dream of a mountain lad.

Dreaming, I raise my eyes to the little hill here in Letcher County to see a brick edifice called the Fleming High School. Within its walls is preserved the art and literature of a people—the corn-husking, clod-hopping hill billy. There's where the editor of this little publication exposed himself for two years of studious toil. Whether or not the feeble efforts of the faculty were in vain can only be left for

A-5 N 4021

#32

The Preceptor

Devoted to the cause of helpless, groping humanity

Vol I JULY, 1934 No. 2

APR 29 1944

Editorially Speaking

MY first effort at getting out THE PRECEPTOR was met with considerable comment. Words of encouragement from fellow amateurs have meant much to me. It is the duty of every a. j. to encourage his brothers and to offer useful, constructive criticism.

Outside activities do not allow me to increase the size of this paper now. In the near future I expect to issue a bigger and better publication.

Sally Elkins, Edward Tevis, Martin B. Keffer, John D. Adams, Ray H. Zorn, Gladys Lloyd, Kathleen M. Hempel and myself are at present engaged in a ring letter for the study of poetry. I'm learning things about poetry that I never heard of before. It is remarkable what good poetry some of these are able to write. I never knew before that poetry was so interesting and involved.

I know that some of my opinions do not conform with those of your own. Some of you will find this true by reading Unfair Requirements in this issue.

With due apologies for its contents I send forth this issue of THE PRECEPTOR with the hope that it will be kindly received, and that my thoughts and opinions migh be of some value to my fellow members of the UAPA.

X-PN 4827

THE PEN POINT

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
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JULY ISSUE PRICE $.05

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#34

The PUBLISHERS' FORUM

SEP 9 1944

SEPTEMBER 1934

ANNUAL DOG POETRY AWARD; 10 PRIZES

RAMBLING THROUGH AMATEURDOM

#5

THE PATHWAY

VOL. 3 DECEMBER 1934 NO. 1

SEAL SERIES
APR 29 1944

My Christmas Present

Take my Christmas present,
It's one that can't be sold,
Nor is it wrapped so gay
And tied with ribbons gold.
The best gift I can give—
One that's beyond compare—
Is one men find priceless,
And one that all can share.

Take my Christmas present—
Best wishes from my heart,
For perfect happiness
When we are far apart.
And may we always share
The best that life can give,
And may we always love,
For love will always live.

#26

The Printer's Pet

Nr. 4 July 1934

JUL 23 1934

Our Bird Neighbors

SOME houses are peculiarly shaped—among them is ours. Looking south out of our bedroom door, looking west through our kitchen window, and looking north from my press-room door, we see a plum tree, which tree has been standing in that identical place for some twenty years, and has never borne a plum, but has been allowed to remain there for the cool shade from it on our kitchen window in the hot afternoons. This tree is just about twenty feet from our bed, within twelve feet of our dining table, and not over ten feet from the press on which this paper is printed, but in spite of all the daily stir of ourselves and four noisy youngsters, a pair of devoted robins have made their nest in our plum shade-tree, and hatched their brood of five young robins—and a real nestful, too. Our youngsters were duly admonished, at the first sign of nest building, to stay away from that tree. As the daily brooding and feeding of the young robins has progressed, we have all been very much entertained in watching the constant devotion of the parent robins in their labor of love. At this date, May 20th, the last of the young robins has left the home nest, to battle for existence, in a world of bugs and worms, which would become a frightful and serious menace to mankind, had we no industrious little feathered friends to help us combat the numerous pests that work such havoc to all kinds of trees and other vegetation.

Back of our barn, in a small cedar tree only about six feet high, a pair of lively chipping sparrows have their grassy nest lined with horse hair, where they have hatched their brood. When we are working in the garden nearby, one of the parent sparrows will perch itself on the fence and keep saying "chip, chip," all the while watching us like a hawk, to see that nothing happens to the nest they have so patiently constructed, or to the precious inhabitants of it.

OUR BUSY SEASON

One-Horse Farming in Ohio

Before this is printed (my press days are so irregular) both broods will be gone from the home nests, to take their parts in the great scheme of wonderful Nature, and to repeat the mysterious process of life and death, as all creation before them.

John Burroughs said "At times I have very serious misgivings about the outcome of the world war. I fear we are reaping what we have sown, and that we have sown the wind to reap the whirlwind."

And he goes on to tell very truthfully how all nations and peoples have been worshipers of material things, to the general exclusion of the finer things of a life of peace and honest useful labor.

I am finding great enjoyment now in little snatches of spare time reading "The Complete Nature Writings" of John Burroughs, in nine handy sized and neatly

X-PN 4827

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One-Horse Farming in Ohio

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John Burroughs said "At times I have very serious misgivings about the outcome of the world war. I fear we are reaping what we have sown, and that we have sown the wind to reap the whirlwind."

And he goes on to tell very truthfully how all nations and peoples have been worshipers of material things, to the general exclusion of the finer things of a life of peace and honest useful labor.

I am finding great enjoyment now in little snatches of spare time reading "The Complete Nature Writings" of John Burroughs, in nine handy sized and neatly

The Printer's Pet

Nr. 5 December 1934

APR 29 1935

Christmas

By Floyd V. Steutel, Ph.D.

WHERE did Christianity get its Christmas from? The four Gospels and later additions do not tell of any of Jesus' birthdays being celebrated, after the first one. And why was December 25 adopted, when Jesus had so little ambition to have his birth-date honored, that he did not inform his disciples of its day, month, or year? Chrysostum (Monitum in Hom. de Natal. Christi, Vol. 2, p. 352), writing in Antioch about A. D. 380, says: "It is not yet ten years since this day was made known to us."

Joseph Mede (Mede's Works, Discourse 48), reasons: "At the birth of Christ every woman and child was to go to be taxt at the city whereto they belonged, whither some had long journeys; but the middle of winter was not fit for such a business, especially for women with child, and children to travel in. Therefore, Christ could not be born in the depth of winter. Again, at the time of Christ's birth, the shepherds lay abroad watching with their flocks in the night time; but this was not likely to be in the middle of winter. And if any shall think the winter wind was not so extreme in these parts, let him remember the words of Christ in the gospel: 'Pray that your flight be not in the winter.' If the winter was so bad a time to flee in, it seems no fit time for shepherds to lie in the fields in, and women and children to travel in."

Dr. Alexander Hislop (The Two Babylons, p. 93), says: "Long before the fourth century, and long before the Christian era itself, a festival was celebrated among the heathen, at that precise time of the year (Dec. 25), in honor of the birth of the son of the Babylonian queen of heaven; and it may fairly be presumed that, in order to conciliate the heathen, and to swell the number of the nominal adherents of Christianity, the same festival was adopted by the Roman church, giving it only the name of Christ. This tendency, on the part of Christians to meet Paganism half way was very early developt; and we find Tertullian (De Idolatria, vol. 1, c. 14, p. 682), even in his day, about the year 230, bitterly lamenting the inconsistency of the disciples of Christ in this respect, and contrasting it with the strict fidelity of the Pagans to their own superstition. 'By us,' says he, 'who are strangers to Sabbaths (he is speaking of the Jewish Sabbaths), and new moons, and festivals, once acceptable to God, the Saturnalia, the feasts of January, the Brumalia, the Matronalia, are now frequented; gifts are carried to and fro, new year's presents are made with din, and sports and banquets are celebrated with uproar; oh, how much more faithful are the heathen to their religion, who take special care to adopt no solemnity from the Christians.' Upright men strove to stem the tide, but in spite of all their efforts, the apostacy went on, till the Church, with the exception of a small remnant, was submerged under Pagan superstition."

"Yule" is Chaldee for "infant" or "little child." December 25 was celebrated by our Pagan Anglo-Saxon ancestors as "Yule day," or the "Child's day;" and the night preceding it as "Mother-night."

December 25 has long been considered to have a mere astronomical character, referring simply to the completion of the sun's yearly course, and the commencement of a new cycle. Hislop says: "There is indubitable evidence that (it) had a much higher reference than this—that it commemorated not merely the figurative birthday of the sun in the renewal of its course, but the birthday of the grand Deliverer. Among the Sabeans of Arabia, who regarded the moon, and not the sun, as the visible symbol of the favorite ob-

[TO PAGE FOUR]

X-PN 4827

#59

Monthly March, 1934

THE PERSPECTIVE REVIEW

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
TECHNICAL REPORTS
APR 2 1934

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#40

THE PERSPECTIVE REVIEW

April, 1934 *"Founded December 1930"*

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SERIAL RECORD
29 1944

IN THIS ISSUE

"A FAMILY TRAIT," by Antone G. Singsen
"LOOKING ALL AROUND," by Harold Segal,
and also others.

X-PN 4827
#41

The PERSPECTIVE REVIEW

AUTUMN - - 1934

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Courtesy of the Livingston Press

X-PN 4827 #42

The Post Script

"For Amateur Journalism"

UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

Vol. I December, 1935 No. 2

IN MEMORIAM
UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
APR 29 1944

THE SPIRIT OF GIVING

BY J. DAVID ADAMS

The greatest joy is that gained in giving.
That is the way to loom largest in living.
'Tis a fond, fair feeling made mighty intense,
This secret of sharing the spice of suspense,
That serves as a shield, a surcease of sorrow.
He who gets joy in passing the pleasures of pelf,
In giving to others, hides it not from himself.

Let us not deal the dash of disappointment
To a child's cheer, but pour in the ointment
Of love that heals and hides in its kindness
The wrongs he has reaped from men in their blindness.
Better for you to have been born of the trees
Than it is to offend one of the least of these.

#827 #43

THE PATHWAY

VOL. IV ● MARCH 1935 ● NO. I

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO LIBRARY
APR 28 1944

A Timely Death

In Washington, in thirty-three,
Our President made a decree,
And o'er the land frankly stated
That all prices be elevated.

So codes were written by the score,
An "eagle" placed in every store,
While prices everywhere soared high
And the poor could merely pass by.

Like robbing Peter to pay Paul,
To satisfy some rich men's gall,
But it did not stand the weather,
And withered grew each blue feather.

This even without great power
Or people to make it cower,
Thus falling short of making good,
Just as the Bible said it would.

#44

THE PATHWAY

VOLUME V ...JUNE 1935... NUMBER I

1944

CASTLES

Carl B. Ikes

I sometimes build my castles
Beside a starlit sea,
While moonbeam shadows flicker
Fantastic forms at me.

Sometimes I build my castles upon the shallow sand,
So many spots I build them, I hardly understand
Why all of them should perish, should vanish or decay,
I wonder if your castles act in this very way!

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 29 1944

The PodunK Penswiper

THE 59th ANNUAL CONVENTIN OF THE NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION AS SEEN BY US AT CHICAGO

Me an' the 4th Mug we got there by diffrunt ways becus we dont live the same place. We wuz awful tired, but we got thet purty man in the white mittuns to show us where they wuz meetin'.He sure was a perlite feller but he musta bin one a' them Murs er somthin' becuz he wuz awful dark like. Me an the 4th mug we slid inta a back seat jest in time ta heer 'bout having a pitcher took an say we sure looked aroun' thyen but they didn t want us I gess,becuz some little thin guy kep yellin fer some female by the name o' Martin. Seems like he diden want his pitcher took without her.

X-PN 4827 #46

THE PENNSYLVANIA TRAPPER

A Monthly Publication Devoted to Trapping in the Second Largest Fur Producing State in the Union

GARD STEPHENS, Editor and Publisher, Curwensville, Pa.

VOL. I FEBRUARY 1935 No. 4

APR 29 1944

GOOD BYE SKUNKS

By HARVEY LANCE

A LARGE Eastern Sportsmen's club has again proposed to the Board of Game Commissioners that protection be taken off the skunk, as this animal they claim is a menace to birds and other wild life. The club mentioned is located in one of the richest eastern counties and its members care nothing for the pelt value of this animal. They do not realize that many hundreds of men and boys through out the state depend upon this and other fur bearing animals for their living throughout the winter months.

This club is made up of the wealthy class of hunters and they will spend many dollars in order to have their own selfish desires carried out. They would like to see the pheasant and rabbits become so plentiful that they could go out each day and kill the limit without wasting one ounce of their precious energy. This of course is my own interpretation. I came to this conclusion only after seeing a picture in a Sunday newspaper that showed a wealthy society lady who had killed a total of 200 ducks with her own gun. The article concerning this kill went on to say that the lady was now busfly engaged in distributing the rewards of her prowess among her friends. I wonder now if this can be classed as true sportsmanship. Not at all. That's the true work of a game hog.

If the trappers of Pennsylvania continue to allow the rich class of hunter to make our laws it will only be a short time until we'll be outlawed in this state. The following will show you why.

The organized fox hunters are opposed to setting traps for fox and the organized coon hunters are opposed to setting traps for coon. Some sportsmen groups objected to the open season last year on beaver. They suggested that the state hire trappers to trap the surplus beaver when they again became too plentiful, an awful funny suggestion. Seems to be a nigger in the wood pile! Who suggested this and for who's benefit? I'll wager the trapper living where beaver are found would not be among those hired by the state. No that would be another pink tea for the men in the money.

If we Pennsylvania trappers don't wake up and oppose these organizations it will be but a short time until trapping will be outlawed in this state, and conditions will exist as those existed in the state of Massachusetts.

My advice to some of these wealthy sportsmen is to read the article concerning the grand experiment tried by the state of Massachusetts, that was published in the December issue of The Pennsylvania Trapper. And while doing so give it plenty of time to soak in, then use their judgment as to whether the protection should be taken from the skunk, as to whether the trapping of fox should be prohibited, as to whether the trapping of coon should be stopped. And in fact as to whether the trapper should become extinct in the largest game producing state in the Union—Pennsylvania.

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#47

PRAIRIE BUGLER

Vol. I. No. 6

Prairie du Sac, Wis. January 15, 1935

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APR 29 1944

DEVIL'S LAKE STATE PARK

With the damming of the great Wisconsin river by the great northeastern glacier a lake was created in a portion of the Baraboo Bluff range in the northern half of Sauk county. During the time it was formed, that is 35,000 to 80,000 years ago, it was much higher than now, especially the last few years when the lake fell to a low level. It is evident to geologists that the Devil's Lake region represent an older page of nature than has been revealed by the Rocky or the Himalaya mountains.

Here are some dimensions and facts about Devil's Lake:

Situated about three miles south of Baroboo.

It lies 120 feet above the river.

Its bluffs average between 500 and 610 feet high.

Its greatest length is $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles and the average width is about two-fifths of a mile.

The greatest depth is 43 feet but the average is 30 feet.

Its circumference is $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles.

Height above sea level is 955—959 feet according to the water level.

At the north end it is quite commercialized and here is where most of the campers are.

At the south end is where the cottages are. Some of the prettiest are on the western side. This side is very quiet compared with the other sides.

Some of the special features of the east bluff are the Devil's Doorway and Elephant Rock. The Doorway is 400 feet above the lake. The boulders composing the Doorway stand about 40 feet high.

Eagle rock about the center of the western cliff is the highest point around the lake.

Continued on page three

A PEDESTRIAN'S CODE

1. I will remember that this is the motor age.
2. Before stepping off the sidewalk I will take in all elements of the situation involving my walk over the intersection.
3. I will be guided by the traffic light regulations just as the car driver is.
4. I will do my street crossing at intersections only.
5. I will keep a sharp eye in all directions while crossing.
6. I will urge all children to keep off the motor lanes.
7. On highways I will walk on the left edge of the road and will not interfere with auto traffic.
8. I will not step out suddenly from behind a car, or other object that obstructs the driver's view, into the path of the traffic.
9. Instead of running across an intersection I will wait until it is safe to walk across.
10. I will remember that cars moving backward even a few feet are the cause of frequent accidents to the pedestrian. — Wisconsin State Board of Health Bulletin.

X-PN 4027 145

POETIC LORE

VOL. II WINTER, 1936-37 NO. 2

WINTER CAME

While in my garden Winter, sprite,
Unwrapped her ermines, gleaming white,
And softly stole away.
When I awoke this morning late,
I found them there within the gate,
But saw her not today.

Awaiting her again tonight,
List'ning for her tread so soft and light,
To take her robes away—
Alas! She, reentering not
To claim her robes of ermine lot,
Has fled from me today.

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by Sally Ekins and Kenneth L. Hills.

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449

The Post Script

"For Amateur Journalism"

UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

VOL. II SEPTEMBER, 1936 NO. 1

IN LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

APR 29 1944

TO WILL ROGERS

By E. Jean Palmer

The erudite have not the power
  To paint the beauty of his soul;
For learned words can only mask
  The Truth. So simple was his role
That only simple words must etch
  In black and white--traits that won his goal.

True friend was he, to all man-kind;
  Peon or King--it mattered not--
His droll wit, in homes of wealth,
  And yarns he spun in miner's cot
Were barbs of wisdom, gaily wrapped;
  Causing mirth, and then--deep thought.

'Twas his way of sharing wisdom;
  His way to advise--and warn;
His way to deflate our ego,
  And bend the finger of scorn.
Let's not forget this native son;
  Nor be ashamed--to mourn.

#50
X-PN
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

The Post Script

"For Amateur Journalism"

UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

VOL. II SEPTEMBER, 1936 NO. 1

GIFT

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  And bend the finger of scorn.
Let's not forget this native son;
  Nor be ashamed—to mourn.

X-PN 4827

J151

The Pied Case

Volume 1 June, 1936 Number 2

APR 29 1944

The Printing Press

I am the Printing Press, born of mother earth. My heart is of steel, my limbs of iron, and my fingers are of brass. sing the songs of the world, the oratories of history, the symphonies of all time. I am the voice of today, the herald of tomorrow. I weave the warp of the past into the woof of the future. I tell the stories of peace and war alike. I make the human heart beat with passion and tenderness. I stir the pulse of nations and make men do braver deeds and soldiers die. I inspire the midnight toiler, weary at his loom, to lift his head again and gaze with fearlessness into the vast beyond, seeking the consolation of a hope eternal. When s speak a million people listen to my voice. The Saxon, the Latin, the Celt, the Hun, the Slav, the Hindu, all comprehend me. I cry the joys and sorrows every hour. I fill the dullard's mind with thoughts uplifting. I am Light, Knowledge, Power. I epitomize the conquests of mind over matter. I am the record of all things mankind has achieved. My offspring comes to you you in the candle's glow, amid the dim lamps of poverty, the splendor of riches; at sunrise, at high noon, and in the waning evening. I am the laughter and the tears of the world, and I shall never die until all things return to the immutable dust. I am the Printing Press.

—Robert H. Davis.

X-PN 4827

THE PERISCOPE

AN AMATEUR PUBLICATION

Vol. 1. SEPTEMBER 1, 1936 No. 1.

PR 29 1936

Socialized Medicine

By Linton H. Clark

JUST who wants socialized medicine, or this so-called "health insurance"? Advocates of the plan make much of the fact that thousands of sick folks "lack medical attention." This is an obscure viewpoint; surely, with so many recent "wonderful discoveries" and medical paraphernalia it is not a lack of equipment, nor a dearth of practitioners that are responsible for the lack of medical attention. The factor of economic status has much to do with paying the high fees for medical service; while also, the fact that medical science is, after thousands of years, inadequately meeting the problems of healing the sick,

(Continued on page 5)

#53

X-PN 4827

The PHANTAGRAPH

"Published Monthly for the Phantasy Enthusiast"

Vol. 5 October, 1936 No. 1

PR 29 194

MAD DREAM

(For H. P. Lovecraft)

Here is an alien land, where mountains reach
In shapes accursed to a shrouded sky;
Darkness is shattered by one wailing cry,
And waves fall evilly upon a beach
Of tittering sands; no warnings need to teach
Belated travelers that 'tis best to lie
Far from that town where hooded figures fly
Above the rooftrees, mouthing each to each.

In noxious ecstasies the houses lean
By streets that tangle in a shifting flow
Of shadow, and no man had better know
The gate within the maze of vaults obscene,
Where aeon-tunnelled angles drew him down
To face the blasphemy of that dead frown.

—RICHARD ELY MORSE

#54

THE PRECEPTOR

"Devoted to the cause of helpless, creeping humanity"

January, 1936

APR 29 1944

A WOULD-BE COLUMNIST MEETS A REGULAR

I remember the first time I ever met Harry Bloom, who does a daily column on the Louisville Times. I made a special trip to Louisville just to get a chance to see what Mr. Bloom looked like in person, and it was well worth my time and expense.

I stepped into the news room of the Times and asked some one to direct me to the desk of this columnist. I was surprised to meet a man with such a pleasing personality. He spoke of prominent personages he had met and knew, touched upon journalism, and proved himself to be far more congenial than the average newspaper man.

I want to take a Sunday off right away and talk with Mr. Bloom for four or five hours. Maybe he can give me some good pointers on writing a column. And I need to learn a lot more about the racket before I get to the top.

Mr. Bloom is a re-write man, has an excellent command of English, and is making his way to the top in the world of journalism.

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H55

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

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The Preceptor

"Devoted to the cause of helpless, groping humanity"

JUNE, 1936

SLABTOWN SOLECISMS

By Ben C. Webb

I see where the schools are teaching ettiquette nowdays. Lord knows we shore need it!

And there are so many men who grumble about how the country is run. Insignificant creatures. I notice they never do anything about it.

According to statistics, a fool is born every minute. It won't be long until the whole world will be fooled. (Editor's note: Most people in the world are already fooled ---- or fools.)

The first time I ever put my peepers on Maurice E. White I laughed out loud. Wonder why?

And now all is quiet in Slabtown except for the noise of my Underwood ---- and that's a lot of noise.

#56

The Pacific Breeze

Vol. 1 March, 1936. No. 1

From Our President

The Pacific Coast Amateur Editors' Association! Why? Who? What for? Yes, we knew you'd have a lot of questions, but we have all the answers.

Feeling the need for a strong centralized group of active amateurs to further the policies of the West in a united front, four publishers of amateur journals held their first formal meeting on December 29, at the home of Marion Cummings Morcom, publisher of "The Marionette." Following the organization and business meeting, the members discussed current political problems confronting the N.A.P.A.

Limited to members who publish a paper at least four times a year, the organization is expected to grow to include active members in Oregon, Washington, California, and Nevada. Conventions will be held twice a year in September and March.

For a more complete discussion of the policies and program advocated by this group, see the papers of the individual members of the recently organized group of amateur publishers.

Fearing to infringe upon the unprecedented originality of our National Prsident, Mr. Hyman Bradofsky, regarding the length and content of presidential messages, we are rather in a quandry as to just what should be said. However, since we have now filled our quota of space for this particular issue, we will sign off now anyway.

#57

The
PACIFIC BREEZE

Number II OAKLAND, CALIF. April 1936

APR 29 1944

PCAEA Fights Back

By Victor A. Moitoret

At the last meeting of the P.C.A.E.A. certain amendments to the constitution of the N.A.P.A. were discussed and finally drawn up and sent to President Bradofsky, as chairman of the committee on the constitution. Mr. Bradofsky now states that these amendments were not properly drawn up, were not sent to the right people; and therefore, they shall be disregarded.

It is our intention to fight this personal opinion of our worthy president for various reasons. In the first place, these were the first amendments to the constitution that any of us Oakland members had proposed. Entirely in ignorance of the strict formality which Mr. Bradofsky seems to think necessary in proposing changes to the constitution, we merely wrote our amendments on paper and sent them to him.

He charges that all amendments to the document governing the N.A.P.A. must be written so as to amend certain sections, striking out and inserting specific words, and secondly, that amendments must be sent to all three members of the committee on the constitution. However, we are set to fight any such dastardly attempt to railroad the proposals of new members in the organization. We believe that in all fairness to the ignorance of new recruits regarding such technical subjects, our president should at least allow

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#58

The Plains Breeze

Breezy Bits from the Kansas Plains

Summer-1937

Volume One – Number One

PLAINSMAN 1937 #59 98

The PLAINSMAN

X-PN 4827

Breezy Bits From the Kansas Plains

Volume 1 - Number 2

Published, Printed, and Edited by
Wesley - Wes to you-Wise,
247 S. Green, Wichita, Kan.
MEMBER A.A.P.A.

#61

X-PN 4827

THE POST TELL-GRAM

Vol. 1 Summer 1937 No. 1

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JULY 4th 1937
is the date
NEON, KENTUCKY
is the place

POST TELL GRAM 1937

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

THE POST TELL-GRAM

Vol. 1 Summer 1937 No. 1

JULY 4th 1937
is the date
NEON, KENTUCKY
is the place

X-PN 4821

PHILCOLMNIST

Vol. I. No. 1. ▼ *December, 1937.*

I WOKE UP

APR 29 1944

There are a raft of inspirational tomes on the market, and new ones being added daily. Each one, says the advertiser, with unabashed superlatives, will make up happier, teach us to dominate friends and situations and make us a forceful leader, or at the least a person to be listened to.

My resistance to all of these books had been bolstered by refusing to fall in line and read most best sellers. Even today I modestly congratulate myself on not having wasted time reading "Anthony Adverse" or "Gone With The Wind." I did read half a dozen full page reviews on each opus and was persuaded that I'd miss little by not rushing to the bookseller, public or lending library.

A local newspaper included Dorothea Brande's "Wake Up and Live" as a free Sunday supplement. Since I had not deliberately gone out and gotten it

PHANTAGRAPH 7-37
X-PN 4827

99

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THE PHANTAGRAPH

Vol. 6 JULY, 1937 · DAWN 3 A.Ch. No. 3

THE WELL

By H. P. Lovecraft

Farmer Seth Atwood was past eighty when
He tried to sink that deep well by his door,
With only Eb to help him bore and bore.
We laughed, and hoped he'd soon be sane again.
And yet, instead, young Eb went crazy, too,
So that they shipped him to the county farm.
Seth bricked the well-mouth up as tight as glue---
Then hacked an artery in his gnarled left arm.

After the funeral we felt bound to get
Out to that well and rip the bricks away,
But all we saw were iron hand-holds set
Down a black hole deeper than we could say.
And yet we put the bricks back---for we found
The hole too deep for any line to sound.

PHANTAGRAPH 8-37

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The PHANTAGRAPH
FRAGMENTS OF FANTASY

VOL. 6 AUGUST 1937—J'mll 3 A Ch. NO. 4

La Femme de Glace

by Robert W. Lowndes

Her eyes reflect the opalescent fires
Of suns that waxed and waned before the earth
Received the dust of those that gave her birth
In nameless sorcery. The moon aspires
In vain her mocking beauty to enslave.—
And when the moon has burst apart; the skies
With dust are ringed, and bitter prophecies
Have been fulfilled, the secret runes that gave
Her life shall not have passed away; alone,
In naked triumph none shall look on, this
Mad thing that lust created shall, supreme
Among the dead, reign on and often dream
Of olden loves.—And many a skeleton
Shall feel the icy languor of her kiss.

PHANTAGRAPH 9-37
X-PN 4827
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The Phantagraph

FRAGMENTS OF FANTASY

VOL. 6 SEPTEMBER 1937—Ghour 3 A. Gh. No. 5

Phantagraphy

When we announced the commercial discontinuance of The Phantagraph several months ago, quite a number of people expressed regret at its "passing". They misinterpreted our meaning. We are still going to publish our little paper regularly. But we are not obligating ourselves with subscriptions. It is published entirely for the fun of doing so and with no other aim in mind. This new amateur status gives us complete freedom to do as we wish. From now on The Phantagraph will adhere to no set standard of content. We may be irresponsible and kidding one month and deadly serious the next. We may publish only one long article, or a half dozen short squibs. We may editorialize and we may not. That's the real beauty of amateur publishing, we print what we please.

Amateurs will be interested in the following excerpt from a letter by Farnsworth Wright, Editor of WEIRD TALES:—"You may be interested to know that I once belonged to both the National Amateur Press Association and the United during my last year in grammar school and for three years when I was a student in Lowell High School, San Francisco. I published a little paper (tritely enough) THE LAUREL. I wrote it all myself, set the type, and printed it on the hand press of a friend of mine. All my copies of it, and the magazines with which I exchanged, were lost in the earthquake and fire, I am sorry to say."

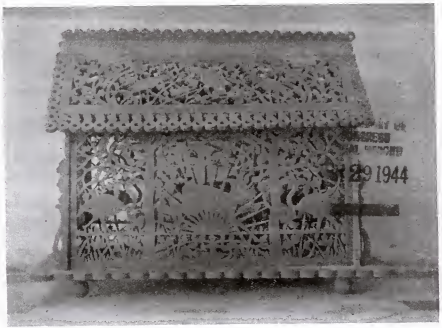
—DAW

X-PN 4827

#66

Pacific Journal

Volume I June, 1937 Number 1



Fret-Saw Work From India's Hollywood

In far-away Bombay, my friend, Izzut S. Kurwa, enjoys the hobbies of photography, stamp-collecting, and work with a fret-saw. I should like to show you the exquisitely delicate bookmark he sent me in his last letter. You will get some idea of his ability in studying the filigree of the model in the accompanying illustration.

"I cut various kinds of wood—satin walnut, mahogany, sycamore, three-ply, etc," he writes, "varying from one-thirty-second to one-half of an inch. . . . Have you ever tried wood-carving with a fret-saw? I think it's great fun."

As may be imagined, Izzut has varied interests. He is proud of the Indian motion picture studios which operate in Bombay, the Hollywood of India. American and British companies have headquarters there also. Some idea of the size of the city may be gained from the fact that there are thirty "cinemas" in Bombay.

X-PN 4827

Pacific Journal

Copyright 1937 by Bradford Bond

APR 29 1944

Contents

		Page
This Country Has No Seasons, *Verse*	HOMER W. PARSONS	2
After All These Years, *Verse*	BRADFORD BOND	2
Fair and Square, *Story*	ALLEN LANE	3
California Washday, *Verse*	BRADFORD BOND	4
One Man's Courage, *Story*	WALTER GUEDEL	5
Second-Hand Book Store, *Verse*	BRADFORD BOND	6
Quiet on the River, *Article*	BRADFORD BOND	7
By a Driftwood Fire, *Verse*	DAVID W. CADE	10
Vacation Days, *Essay*	HYMAN BRADOFSKY	11
The Aspiring Writer, *Reminiscence*	WALTER E. MELLINGER	12
School Begins! *Incident*	BRADFORD BOND	13
Two Poems	GRACE CALLAHAN	14
You Said It!		15
The Last Say	THE EDITOR	16

Fifteen Cents a Copy

27

Volume I — Autumn, 1937 — Number 2

X-PN 4827 #63

THE PRECEPTOR

"DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE OF HELPLESS, GROPING HUMANITY"

MAURICE E. WHITE, Editor

SEPTEMBER 1937 SPECIAL EDITION

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD 1-29-38

Mountain Eagle Boosts Local Amateurs

County Paper Opens Pages To Aspiring Writers Of The Hills

Mr. J. Crook, editor of the Mountain Eagle, a county newspaper published at Whitesburg, Ky., has announced that all members of the United Amateur Press Association of America from Letcher County are invited to contribute news and other items of local interest.

Mr. Crook is primarily interested in would-be reporters and feature writers. He states that there are too many correspondents who wish to use the columns of his paper to give vent to their opinions or air a personal grievance.

The Eagle would like to have a correspondent in every community in the county, a live wire person who knows what news is and how to get it. The best experience is a practical experience and the only way to learn how to write is by writing. Illustrated articles accompanied by photographs are welcomed, pdeferably those dealing with local history or well known characters of another day.

The editor of the Eagle has always taken a deep interest in our United, boosting us and helping us in every way possible. He was on hand at our recent convention and took a big hand with us at the banquet. He has given us his valuable time and space with-out thought of recompense. It is our duty to retaliate and show the Mountain Eagle that we are truly grateful for its generous assistance. It is time that we express to this publication, by action and by deed, that we really appreciate their gratutious services.

However, verse-makers and deep thoughted essayists should confine their literary efforts to the amateur press. For those of you who plan to be reporters or newspapermen, start now by contributing news to our county paper. Mr. Crook would be glad to talk the matter over with you if you will call at his office.

Troah Campbell Is New Chief Of Recruit Committee In Ky.

Troah Campbell, Ulvah, Ky., was recently appointed chairman of the recruit committee for Kentucky. His job is an important one, that of supplying new blood for the United from this state. Names of prospective members from this section should be placed in his hands. Let's help him to make his office a success by assisting him in his new duties.

South Winds

The south winds sway the rose
  Upon the mountain trail
And sweep down in the valley
  Where the ships are setting sail.

They cross the wild prarie
  Where blooms the fairest flower,
Then scatter tiny raindrops
  Within my leafy bower.

—Evelyn Kemper

We must learn by laughter as well as by tears.—Emerson.

X-PN 4827

#67

THE POST SCRIPT

"For Amateur Journalism"

UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

Vol. II Summer, 1937 No. 4

OVER HERE

By E. Jean Palmer

▼

NEWS ITEM--The way everybody talks now, the United States will positively not attend the next European war. George M. Cohan might start working on a song called 'Over Here.' (NEW YORKER)

▼

There's adventure 'round each corner;
There's glamour—there's romance,
And battles may be fought and won
With wits, instead of lance.
So if you are a soldier brave,
Why risk your life for Rome,
Or cross the sea in quest of love?
We've potent stuff at home.

Our liquor's just as good as tho'
'Twere served in gay Paree;
You can be an ass or hero
On this side of the sea.
No German, Russ, or Roman Duce
Can dictate your career;
You play or work; it's up to you
If you stay over here.

CHORUS: Over here, we eat—and drink,
And we're allowed to talk and think.
There's fame and fortune, if we've crust
To muscle in and win or bust.
We have a chance to get along
Right here at home where we belong.
It's mighty nice to do as we please,
And we can't do that across the seas.

APR 29 1944

X-PN 4327

570

THE POST SCRIPT

"For Amateur Journalism"

UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

BRITISH AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

Vol. 3 *Winter, 1937* *No. 2*

The Reason I Disobey

By E. Jean Palmer

"Happy carefree days of childhood."
  When I hear that hackneyed phrase,
Memory takes a journey backward
  To my sheltered childhood days.

Hearts that throbbed with love and kindness,
  Were staunch guards of my welfare;
Rejoicing o'er my victories;
  Grieving o'er my fancied care.

But a child beloved can be lonely,
  And too oft' I recall, with a sigh,
An oral pen--close meshed with "don'ts"--
  And the gate would not open to "why."

For each "don't" was backed with a stern "because,"
  A word I resent--to this day;
But now, when corraled in a pen of "don't,"
  I merely--disobey.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

X-PN 4827

471

THE POST SCRIPT

"For Amateur Journalism"

UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

BRITISH AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

Vol. 3 *Autumn, 1937* *No. 1*

ROADS

I cannot stand and look upon a road
With cool unfettered eyes.
It is at once a calling and a goad
And all in spite of me my heart replies.

APR 29 1944

For there is something in my feet that aches
To touch the road that leads to every land.
And there is something in my soul that makes
My every ache a mandate and command.

And all the roads there are can never drown
This call in me for well I know,
I cannot be content to rest or lay me down
While there is yet another road to go.

--EARL HENRY.

SHE THOUGHT OF DEATH. . . .

. . .He whispered sweet nothings in her ear-while they ate hamburgers. Mann Baker's "GLORY ABSOLUTELY," in the next issue, ranks with THAT PICTURE WE STOLE IN HOLLYWOOD.

X-PN 4827

POETIC LORE

(A Search for Man's Ideals in Life)

Vol. II Winter, 1938 No. 2

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
X-PN 4827
SEP 29 1944

POINT OF VIEW

If you hold thought of contention,
Freely spreading your atmosphere,
Your aura is like a deep, dark tomb,
Filling with constant dread and fear.

Life depends on your point of view,
You make it merry, bright and fair,
Send happy thoughts thru ether, blue,
Giving to all of joy a share.

Your life may be a golden dream,
With all the joys for us prepared,
All things to you are what they seem,
Radiant joy, if they are shared.

—Mary Morgan Ware.

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

THE POWDER BOX

FOR JUNE, 1938

SAGA OF A DRESS

By Helen M. Tiverton

Yards of material,
Needles and pins,
A ship of the shears —
And my dress begins.

A nail in a chair,
A few sudden bends,
A r-r-rip and a tear —
And my dress ends!

SPRING

By Helen M. Kunde

The earth opens up
for gentle spring showers.
Warm sunshine rays
brings the gay flowers.
All nature seems glad
on this new day.
For don't you know
It's the first of May?

X-Pi 1927

The Pink Chicken

A Breath of Heaven

LIBRARY

Published from beyond the Gates of Hell by "The harp that once through Hyman's halls did ring" No. 129 February '38

APR 29 1944

My Fran'z...

Imagine my surprise to wake up one morning and find myself dead. Well, imagine *anyone's* surprise in awaking some morning and finding himself dead! You'd expect the shock to be rather devastating—some of the souls I've met here (especially those who drank too much in Boston the night before and then drove home) acknowledge that to be the case. They just can't understand it.

Yet I didn't notice any great difference at first—except that my usual numbness from the neck up had disappeared. Then gradually I became aware of the unusual surroundings. There was an everpresent sensation of organ and harp music. Birds twittered and sang from the branches of tall and stately evergreens. Flowers bloomed in confusion on the green mountainsides. Gentle zephyrs lulled one into a state of complete happiness about the whole thing. The sun was shining.

"Surely," quoth I, "this cannot be Pittsburgh."

X-P 1327

The Post Script

"For Amateur Journalism"

From the Foothills of New Jersey

No. 3 October 1938

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN LIBRARIES SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

Thanks, Pal

IN line with the story that each issue of PS is mailed from a different post office, witness this: About 8:30 P.M. ye editor managed to squeeze two or three envelopes into the tiny mail slot at the Liberty Corner post office, and was beginning to have terrifying visions of himself feeding some 125 envelopes thru the aperture one at a time, when the genial postmaster came over from his house and opened up the post office especially for PS. We claim the distinction of being the smallest publication ever to have a post office unlocked for its exclusive benefit .

Old Glory

It's great what a thrill you get out of seeing the American flag when you're far away from home. The other day I came upon an old picture that I snapped from a train on the Panama Railroad during one of those unexplainable stops in the middle of nowhere so common in the tropics. The only building in sight was the Monte Lirio sub-station of the Canal Zone police, and that red, white

Continued on page 4

#76

The Post Script

"For Amateur Journalism"

From the Foothills of New Jersey

No. 4 December 1938

Horsefeathers

IF your correspondent seems to be slower than usual at answering letters, it's because there's a new addition to the family, in the shape of a chestnut-colored horse named "Montana" (we call him "Skipper" for short) and the editor-in-chief has been rather busy seeing that he gets his exercise every day.

AFTER spending our vacation (last October) riding Monty, we decided he should have been called "Killer", and that this business of caring on three days a week so that the hoss can eat on the alternate four isn't so hot.

THE standing joke around the office (and other places) is that ye ed became interested in horses because his coupe failed to start one rainy day. It ain't so!

Oft repeated question: "Do you do much riding?"

Oft repeated answer: "Oh, on and off!"

The suggested theme song for ye editor is Empty Saddles. [*Continued on page 4*]

PRESS CLARION 6-38
X-PN 4827
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
#77
JUN 28 1945

The Press Clarion

A cap and gown,
A wedding tune,
A fragrant rose,
--Signs of June.
Helen A. Vivarttas

June -:- 1938

PN4827 H78

The Press Clarion

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORDS
APR 1944

Fall 1938

PRESS CLARION 1938

#79

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 26 1945
GIFT

X-PN 4827

The Press Clarion

Fall 1938

P14827 #80

The Press Clarion

Winter -:- 1938

X-PN 4827

#81

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
GIFT

The Press Clarion

Winter -:- 1938

PURPLE COW 1938
X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 26 1945
COPY

The Purple Cow

Full of the Milk of Human Kindness, Grade A Raw, is led to Pasture every Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter by its editor and printer, one Lorraine Lindblad. Hope for the best, expect the worst!

Number Three **Summer of 1938**

Looking back it was a marvelous vacation. All the heat and discomfort has been eclipsed by the grand experience of seeing the country, all the novelty and color of it, the endless variety of scene. We traveled eight thousand miles and touched twenty-three of the states. Niagara Falls, Great Salt Lake, the Rockies, the Great Muddy, Yellowstone, Gettysburg, Arlington, the Washington Monument, the Lincoln Memorial, and all the multitudinous wonders we saw left their imprints on us. But besides these experiences which we have in common with millions of other travelers there are certain personal experiences which we will not soon forget.

I recall a happy evening spent at 21 Stegman Court, with a midnight dinner and a warm bed afterwards—Haggerty hospitality.

A conversation on a street corner in Chicago in which a Japanese sidewalk artist, a Jewish merchant, and myself considered the question of racial prejudice objectively—I'm sure we could have attracted a larger audience if it hadn't been Sunday, but the urchin and his dog were quite appreciative.

I remember with amusement a community sing, at Yellowstone, a husky ranger admonishing us to sing the second line of "Hail! Hail! the gang's all here" in the edited form: "What the what do we care?"

X-PN 4827

ABJ

THE PREVIEWER

Number One October, 1938

APR 29 1944

COMING OUT PARTY

With this, our first issue of The Previewer, we hesitantly venture back into this business of actively editing and publishing a newspaper. However, this time is different. Now we have a definite purpose, other than mere periodical issuance of editorial comment, gossip, and local news. This time, we stride boldly into the amateur journalistic arena,—hoping that no one notices our quaking knees—, with a bit of blood in the one good eye, and a very much riled spirit.

To discard the excess verbiage, The Previewer is to be published for the next eight or nine months only, with the expressed purpose of fighting back at all carping critics, meddling malcontents, and any others who seem to think that Oakland will fall down on her job during the coming year. We propose to do this, by publishing each month, the latest news concerning convention plans, the Golden Gate International Exposition, activities of the OAPC and one or two feature articles about the high spots of interest in the San Francisco Bay region. As soon as possible, photographs will be added to the editorial content. In a sentence, our purpose is to continue

X-PN #34

PACIFIC JOURNAL

Published Quarterly in the Interests of Amateur Journalism by Bradford Bond

Volume II Sacramento, Calif., Autumn, 1938 Number 1

Crash Money

LIBRARY OF JOURNALISM IOWA CITY

Lewis Martin

APR 29 1944

Sheriff Augerbaum looked quizzically through the cell door. "Wonder if I can trust you birds——"

He broke off as he scratched a grizzled chin. "Well, every available man in this district's needed, needed mighty bad. Jest got word the Continental Airways Express plane crashed somewhere between here and Richmond. Eight passengers aboard. So I'm lettin' you three birds off to join the searchin' party. And keep searchin', for if I see you ugly mugs around town, it'll be the jug again, for keeps."

"Does that go for me, too?" An anxious, surprised look marked the features of a gaunt, unshaven face.

"Yeah, Gresner. Wasn't goin' to hold you no longer, nohow. Fact is, I never thought you really had anything to do with that kidnaping. Jest picked you up because your description tallied a little. We gotta be mighty careful-like——. But shuffle your lazy legs and join my deputy outside. Jest trail along with him, and you'll be all right."

The young man hesitated at the cell door. His hands trembled as they gripped the bars. Now that he was free, all of his pent-up feelings of resentment and anger were liberated too.

"It's a fine state of affairs," he complained in a high-pitched voice. "First they take away your job; then they throw you in the pen on suspicion—suspicion of kidnaping!"

"Go on. Git goin'. 'Fore I lock the door and keep you in."

The Dennison sheriff grabbed the man by the coat-collar and flung him across the room. There was a crash and an upset chair.

As the erstwhile prisoner rose painfully from the ground, the fight that had flamed in him died down. He glared back at the sheriff for an instant but then shrugged his shoulders and joined the party outside. The deputy was giving instructions: "Slim, here (he pointed at Gresner), will go along with me. We'll be heading for Muir's Canyon. Chances are the wreck's not within a dozen miles of there. But, gotta make certain."

Gresner nodded. A wrecked plane and broken bones. Perhaps he would be better off among those wretched

#85

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
COPY
GIFT

P L C -THE- V E R

1938 Editor Seattle, Wash.
Fourth of July Flash Mabel Adams 3502- Albion Pl.

I count no hours that are not bright-sayeth the Sun Dial.

Electric Plants and Artillery: What we know as the nasturtium, conditions favoring, can send electric sparks from its flowers at sundown-as some cats do upon stroking their fur. Watercress is truly nasturtium, botanically speaking.
Artillery Plant-flowers give a crackling sound when water is sprinkled on when in full bloom, and issues a smoky cloud, which is the pollen, giving a startling effect.
Natives used pellets from the tapioca plant for shooting. A word to the wise-etc. It also makes excellent glue. Much of our tapioca is made from old potatoes.
Lycopodium-Club Moss. Important in past for explosive powder. Lycopodium powder is made from its spores. Used for carpeting green houses and for teak baskets.
~~A willow is noted for supplying the best gun powder charcoal.~~
The wood of the lime or linden tree form best gunpowder.
Dynamite Tree-has gourds the size of an orange which explode with a blast when mature, and the pieces will cause flesh injuries to anyone that may contact them.
There is a tree found in barren and out of the way places-its limbs also barren and contorted (as tho' poisoned and desolate from its own bitterness) which often causes fatal illness, poisons skin. Both of above trees are labelled dangerous where they abound.
Plants with Human Traits: The Mandrake has its place in legend because (among other things) the root resembled the human form and when pulled from ground, made a crying noise. They are still sold as a cure for certain ills. Poisonous to cattle. The autumn bloomer is supposed to be the mandrake of the Old Testament.
The Orchid Family of Plants grow suspended in air, and with mossy vegetation, require but little soil.
Spiderwort (orchid) is used by students to watch circulation of protoplasm in stamens, under microscope.
The Green Man Orchid with flowers of a dull yellow color curiously resembles a man.
The largest species are interesting mainly to botanists for their fanciful resemblance to various insects.
An orchid may give off a different odor at different times of day, and also different parts of the same flower.
A Quotation from the "Rubaiyat", now priceless.-"The bird of time has but a little way to flutter...and the bird is on the wing."
The first edition of its translation once sold for two cents a copy-recently brought $2500.

X-PN 4827

X-PN #86
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

LA PLUME

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 1

#87
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
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LA PLUME

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 1

X-PN 4827 #88
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

La PLUME

Vol. 1 May 1939 No. 2

BEWARE, AMERICANS!

By WILLIAM GROVEMAN

The Spanish Civil War has shown the danger of Americans supporting foreign isms. Various pressure groups are trying to get our Congress to lift the embargo; other groups insist that the embargo must not be raised. The radio, newspapers, magazines and books all hurl propaganda of some sort at us. We are first told that the Loyalist government is the government of Spain and immediately afterward hear that the Loyalists support Communism and are Atheistic.

There is no doubt that the various foreign governments are supporting either the Loyalists or the Rebels. While we should be

(*Continued on page 4*)

X-PN 4827 #87
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
COPY GIFT

La PLUME

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(*Continued on page 4*)

PN4827
#90
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
FOR THE AAPA SERIAL RECORD
THE PRINTERS' DEVIL
APR 7 1945

VOL.I. March, 1939 NO.1.

A LITTLE BIT OF EVERYTHING

BY BRUCE SMITH

Georgie Kay's AMERICAN JOURNAL [illegible] a swell comeback....eight pages and two color cover...Charles Kern, AAPA'er from Sheldon, Wis., challenges anyone (including H.A.V.) to match his stride in number of stories and articles published in '39. all editors who need mss. see Charlie, he writes expertly on over a hundred subjects...Ernie Ardia, co-edit'er of FOUR STAR SPORTS is a great football fanzine in Hot Stove of this city who coaches a high' team...Bill Grossman has a Kelsey 3x5 and is becoming expert, slowly but surely, in use....Bob Price promises a swell organ this year...Jim Meek has a new journal "AMERICAN COMMENTATOR"...Kay back in L.F., [illegible] Noel, Miller, Snapp, Oxley, Shaw, Albert and other AAPA'ers on its [illegible]...Al Rimer, of Rimer, Pa. [illegible] paper possibly PRINTINAX [illegible] AAPA bundle bundle had 5 pap. [illegible] AAPA pocket...the writer recently [illegible] a new ward press...Jim Francis plans [illegible] general opinion favors get-together in N.Y.C. in the summer...so long!

X-PN 4827
#91
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
FOR THE AAPA SERIAL RECORD
THE PRINTERS' DEVIL
APR 29 1944

VOL.I. March, 1939 NO.1.

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X-PN 4827
#92
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
FOR THE AAPA SERIAL RECORD
THE PRINTERS' DEVIL
JUN 28 1945

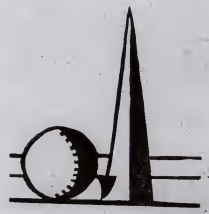
VOL.I. May, 1939. NO.2.

THIS ISSUE
FRANCIS CALIVA, HELEN AND BOB KUNDE, BRUCE SMITH, EMIL TENYAK

X-PN 4827
#93
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
FOR THE AAPA SERIAL RECORD
THE PRINTERS' DEVIL
JUN 28 1944

VOL.I. August, 1939 NO.3.

THE WORLD OF TOMORROW



BY ALBERT RIMER

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SERIAL RECORD
JUL 18 1945

Bill Groveman's
A.A.P.A. Letter A-1G

PRINTERS' DEVIL

18 Maryland Ave. Hempstead, New York

Volume 1 | November, 1939 | Number 4

WHY SWING?

By Art Diggle

The word swing has many uses, but to "jitter-bugs" it means "jive" or "sending." And yet to others it awakens the happy thought that certain exponents of swing should be literally swung. The anti-swingsters are unanimous in the belief that "swing" is merely a superficial fad; to be passed off when something else as sensational comes along to attract the attention of the present day "jitter-bugs." To them its a throw-back to the more primitive days

(Continued on page 4)

COMING!!!

"THE BLARNEY STONE" . . . . . by Wilson SHEPHERD and "THE OBSESSED" . . . . . by Robert W. Lowndes

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SERIAL RECORD
JUL 18 1945

THE POWDER BOX

« « A Strictly Feminine Journal » »

FALL 1939

VOLUME 2 NUMBER 1

X-PN 4827 THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS #96

AAPA PRINTWAX

BY

Gilbert Rimer

APRIL 1939

VOL-1 NO-2

PN4827 #97

VOL. 1 NO. 3

A.A.P.A.

PRINTINAX

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APR 29 1944

MAY 1939

X-PN 482
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 26 1985

VOL. 1 NO. 3

A.A.P.A.

PRINTINAX

MAY 1939

X-PN 4827

The Post Script

"For Amateur Journalism"

From the Foothills of New Jersey

No. 5 JULY 1939

Oh, These Americans

NOT long ago, s PS reporter interviewed a refugee from Spain. After the usual questions, the newshawk asked: "What is the strangest thing you have noticed since you've been in America?"

THE Spaniard shook his head sadly. "Por Dios, thees dreenk what you call the cock's tail. First you put whiskey in to make heem strong, then you put water to make heem weak, then gin to make heem hot, ice to make heem cold, lemon to make heem sour, sugar to make heem sweet; then you say: 'Here's to you' and dreenk heem yourself! Santa Maria, what a country!"

* * * * * * *

THEN there was that Britisher traveling eastward on the Twentieth Century Limited who asked an American passenger: "I say, old chap, do you know if this train stops at Grand Central Station?"

THE Americsn wrinkled his brow, pondered a moment, then replied: "If it doesn't stranger, there'll be hell to pay."

Continued on lsst page

X-PN 4827 X-PN 4827

Table of Contents

VOL. 1, NO. 4

T. P. S. Activity Review	1
Editorial Expression:	
Letters in Wartime	2
An Efficient Servant	2
Books	3
Entertaining! Economical!	3
Around America: IV. Where Darkies Croon	4
Movies	5
First Class Mail	5
Pioneers' Club Is	6
On the Front	7
T. P. S. Will Award	7
Voting Coupon	7
Humor	8

Publication, Publisher

Table of Contents

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 5

Post Fast Progresses 1
Editorial Expression:
What Class Are You In? 2
Around America: V. Prairies and Plateaus 3
Members Receive Many Aids 4
Through the Mail 4
Chance Given Members 5
Hostels Are Favorites 5
Humor 6
Mail Long Distances 6
Books 8

Ralph Brandt, publisher

A Reporter's Certificate will be awarded those who submit ideas accepted for publication.

X-PN 4827

Table of Contents

From India to Kansas 1
Editorial Expression:
More Politics 2
Around America: VI. Among
Lakes and Pines 3
Four Members Appear 4
Humor 4
Speed Makes Letters 5
Send Greeting Cards 5

Ralph Blanchard, publisher

All pencoratists have a chance to explore a fascinating field of philatelic story. It is economical and inexpensive and requires only 1¢ per message. This is correspondence with postcards. To introduce this type of messages to more writers, TPS sponsors postcard chains--they're free.

Table of Contents

[illegible] 1

Editorial Expression:
Keep Plugging 2

Around America: VII. Swamp and Mountain 3

Humor 4

Attention, Contest Fiends 5

Voting Coupon 6

Presidential Opinion 7

VOTING COUPON

WORTH ONE VOTE

I [illegible] 124 Fanna, Houston, Tex. [illegible] to vote for these pen-[illegible] who are candidates for [illegible] this society:

[illegible] for president; [illegible]

[illegible] secretary [illegible]

[illegible] my name. [illegible]

La Plume

X-PN 4827

#104

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
COPY
GIFT

JULY, 1939

Volume 1

Number 3

#105

Presenting . . . .

The Philadelphian

official publication of the Philadelphia Amateur Press Club. This first issue has been edited by Isabelle M. Kane, 1320 N. 59th Street, Phila., Pa.

OCTOBER, 1939

NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION
65th ANNUAL CONVENTION — JULY 4, 5, 6
PHILADELPHIA — 1940

APR 29 1944

PHAMOUS PHILADELPHIA PHACTS

By Joseph J. Gudonis

Since NAPA has selected Philadelphia for its 1940 Convention City, it is fitting that NAPA members should know more about the city of their choice. Here, therefore, are some little known but interesting facts:

Most Philadelphians do not like hot giblet gravy poured over either vanilla or strawberry ice cream.

Those who enjoy browsing and treasure hunting and who are collectors of stuff, will be pleased to

POWDER BOX 1-39
X-PN 4827
#10
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

THE POWDER BOX

«« A Strictly Feminine Journal »»

VOLUME 1 JANUARY, 1939 [redacted] NUMBER 2

WHILE WAITING FOR DINNER

THANKS TO ALL

It's great to know you have so many friends, even moreso when a person hasn't even had the occasion to make them through personal contacts. The complimentary cards and letters which were received after this journal made its first debut would warm any one's heart to the grandest hobby of them all. I have not found time to answer all the many letters which I have received, so I wish to take this opportunity to thank every one who in some way or other paid their subscription price to receive this paper regularly. I have made some fine friends and I value their friendship highly. Robert Price, Mary Byers, Robert Telschow, Edgar Allan Martin, Helen Vivarttas and a host of others will continue to remain as friends through correspondence.

ON AMATEUR AFFAIRS

The AAPA seems to be in a serious slump. Where are all those fine first issues which began to appear early last year? Many of those journals set our eyes to sparkling and we thought we would be in for some very interesting reading — but no more numbers appeared! Let's see if we can't revive a bit of that spirit this year. Make that type click in the stick and that press to hum again. Then we'll go places! . . . . . Leading contenders for the convention city this year is New York City, but it has its opposition too. Philadelphia and Detroit are recent candidates for the honors. New York has every thing to offer however and we know it will be a great gathering site for all members. Will I see you there?

(Over, Please)

POST TELLGRAM 1939

X-PN 4827

#107

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

COPY
GIFT

The POST TELL - GRAM

Summer 1939

Chips

Convention day is drawing near and members of the United Amateur Press Association are commencing to show the activity necessary in order that they might become eligible to contest for the various electorial offices in the association.

One reason membership in amateur journalist clubs is difficult to maintain is due entirely to the lack of executive type of leadership. Activity alone is not a sufficient qualification for so responsible and time honored a position as president of the United. Activity coupled with integrity and executive ability are essential if one desires to bring amateur journalism out into the sun.

There is a future for amateur journalism which is apparently far beyond the comprehension of many present day amateur journalists. Unlike amateur sports, amateur journalism has not advanced as it should.

PRECEPTOR 10-39

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD #164

JUN 2 8 1945

COPY

THE PRECEPTOR

"Devoted to the cause of helpless, groping humanity"

November ****** 1939

ANOTHER ISSUE GOES TO PRESS

It has been a long time since you've seen a copy of The Preceptor. I've promised, time and again, to bring forth another issue, but somehow or other I haven't had time or energy to get around to it. Not for a year or more. But I'm mighty glad to greet you again with this little publication. So sorry it couldn't be bigger. But I was in such a rush to get this off to the printery that I had to use what I had on hand. I hope to put out a 6x9 next time, which will be soon.

I spent all spring and a part of the summer as a student at Eastern State Teachers College at Richmond, Ky. That is the home town of Ed Tevis, an oldtimer known to the older set of ajays. Although he has been in declining health for a number of years, he remains a loyal and active amateur and deeply devoted to the cause.

While I was in school, Ed Reed, Bob Smith and others

#109

The Press Clarion

APR 29

Bursting buds,
Gentle rain,
Singing birds,-
It's Spring again.

Spring -:- 1939

X-PN 4827

#110

THE LIBRARY OF
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

The Press Clarion

Bursting buds,
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Singing birds,-
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Spring -:- 1939

THE PRESS CLARION

An amateur journal published in the interests of amateur journalism.

Affiliated only with the A.A.P.A.

AUTUMN **1939**

Spring Fever

By Ray F. Dougan, Box 12, Elizabethtown, N. Y.

A GOLDEN MOON cast its romantic spell over the Adirondack hills. It was a warm spring night in these northern mountains; majestic pines stood picturesquely silhouetted against a star-laden sky. The air was scented with the sweet-smelling aroma of the stately forests. Blooming flowers with heads gently bowed were swaying gracefully in the light breeze of the night.

Deep-throated murmurs of masculine voices mingled with high-pitched feminine whispers came from the secluded recesses of Lovers Lane. Janet Ward and her friend, Rex, strolled slowly along the soft paths that were an integral part of that romantic habitat. Janet was exquisitely beautiful for her eighteen years – tall, delicate, and dainty. Her dearest friend, Rex, was big and strong, but he was very tender and careful when he was around her. Janet loved Rex for that. And she knew, too, that the husky fellow loved her: his eyes were continually telling her so.

They moved along slowly and silently. Neither spoke. Silence was bliss on such a heavenly evening. Janet felt the warmth of his powerful physique against her side.

(continued on page 4)

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JUN 2 1940
GIFT

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(continued on page 4)

PRESS CLARION 1939

#113

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

The Press Clarion

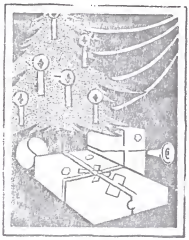
Summer -:- 1939

X-PN 4827

#14

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
GIFT

The Press Clarion



Third Anniversary Issue

Winter -:- 1939

3; 4^27

THE PREVIEWER

Number Two February, 1939

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 29 1944

To all members of the National Amateur Press Association:

We request the honor of your presence at our wedding,

Tuesday evening, July fourth
at eight o'clock

Little Chapel of the Flowers
Berkeley, California

Miss Viola May Knowlton
of "Coffee and Ink"

Mr. Lee Brown Hertzberg
of "The Previewer"

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#116

NITA GERNER SMITH

PRESENTS

The Passing Show

Beginning

February 20, 1939

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 29 1940

-X-PN 4827

#117

PLEASURE

Edited by Irene Harris.

No. 1 JULY 1939. Vol. 1.

PROPERTY OF
THE BODLEIAN
LIBRARY OXFORD
APR 29 1944

EDITOR'S CHATTY CORNER

Dear Readers,

I am venturing on a little paper of my own and do hope you will all like it. I don't promise to send it with every issue of "Interesting Items," but when the spirit moves me!

I have endeavoured to write it to suit all tastes and shall be anxious to know what its reception will be, and, of course, it is open to any criticism!

Sincerely,

YOUR EDITRESS.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Is it not wonderful how the personality and influence of Dickens never dies, his birthday being celebrated each year in many parts of the world. About seven year's ago I was present at a large gathering in London where I met many interesting people who all came to pay tribute to his memory.

I have just enjoyed reading "Little Dorrit" for the second or third time. also "Barnaby Rudge" and now I am as interested as ever in "Pickwick Papers," so different from all his other books, but a work that will immortalize Charles Dickens for all time.

X-PN 4827 H13

People'Sun

An Independent Journal

Vol. 1 (N. S.) UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY, JAN. 1939 No. 1

APR 28 1944

REASON FOR ALARM

By Haig Anliar

Mr. I. C. Facts speaking: —"You say you're not in debt?"

Mr. J. Q. Public: "Of course not."

Mr. Facts. "Do you know how much the public debt is—?"

Mr. Public. "Oh, sure, nearly 40 billion dollars."

Mr. Facts. No, no, I mean per person."

Mr. Public. "Now, let me see."

Mr. Facts. "$310 to say the very least."

Mr. Public. "My family owes $310?"

Mr. Facts. "No, every one owes $310."

Mr. Public: "Shucks, I do not make enough to pay income taxes."

This is when we come in. The idea is general that if one does not pay income tax or the like for the support of the government, why then one doesn't pay at all, or very little. This fallacy has gained momentum during recent years, with the huge sums of money, emanating from Washington and going into the laps of millions of people. The popular belief is, there fore, that the people are receiving something for nothing simply because they pay no income taxes. Yet they are the very ones, the common people, who foot the bill to be paid.

A recent report of findings by the Twentieth Century Fund, an authority on taxation, stated: Although in general, the percentage paid out in taxes increases, as total income rises, persons with $2,000.00 and less, pay more taxes, proportionately, as their incomes decrease."

The apathy of the American people toward government finances is appallingly widespread today. When deliberate waste and inefficiency in government continues with outright disregard of whose money is being spent, it becomes all the more evident and unmistakably clear.

On what, for instance, do people in low-income brackets, pay taxes, and not lightly, either?

They pay taxes on various manufactured goods. You listen to a radio set, tax-paid. You take a picture at a picnic and with a tax-paid camera. The sporting clothes you wear at that picnic are tax-paid. A tax is slapped on the jewelry you wear when you go "out." When you see Robert Taylor, a tax is covered in the the admission price. The toothpaste you used this morning was taxed. Your shaving cream, too, and so on and on.

Consider these facts:

$6,241,661,000.00 was the amount of revenue collected by the government in the last fiscal year.

#119
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 23 1945

People'Sun

An Independent Journal

Vol. 1 (N. S.) UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY, JAN. 1939 No. 1

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

People'Sun

...An Independent Journal...

Vol. 4. UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY, MARCH 1939. No. 97

"Hear Ye!"

Says the Court Clerk, But Who's There?

By Haig Anlian.

WHENEVER "BIG" AND "SENsational" court trials come up, always there is a huge crowd clamoring to gain an entrance to the court room. The judge must order special regulations to cope with the crowd, necessarily to preserve decorum during the proceeding.

For instance, take the trial of James J. Hines, Tammany Hall leader, in New York city. The average person on the street could not enter on the spur of the moment. A large section was reserved for the unusually large number of newspapermen. One had to be at the courthouse building bright and early—and then wait in line. At times, special passes were needed, so large were the lines of persons there.

Why did this trial attract so much attention? Because of its political significance and the prominance of the prosecutor and defendant. Many were curious, others were eager to witness dramatic occurrences. The people expect to see things with human interest, with emotional appeal.

But probably 99 per cent of these people only go as spectators, in a courtroom to seek entertainment at the kind of trials mentioned. They don't know the first thing about a court of law. Outside of such times, when "sensational" trials are scheduled their interest is one of non-chalance; whether the courts are in session is no concern of theirs.

Except in the cited instances, however, one will find the court rooms virtually empty—not to mention the usual horde of lawyers. Perhaps a few persons who accidentally stroll in, are sitting here and there—that is about all. Hence the conclusion can be drawn that, as often charged, the most cases are argued and decided in a sort of semi-vacuum, that is, in a maze of technicalities. The basis of law on precedent is vitally important. Nevertheless, the tendency is strong, both on the part of the presiding judge and the interested parties, that they saturate the air with these intricacies as to make a just decision remote. With the presence of a substantial-sized group of citizens, the human angle of an issue may not be forgotten.

True it is that the citizenry frequents the halls of legislative bodies more so than courtrooms, although many times the latter proves to be more important. This is possibly because windy oratory and showy gesticulations are highly entertaining.

Continued on Page 3

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
GIFT

People's Sun

....An Independent Journal...

VOL. 4. UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY, MAY 1939. NO. 98.

AMERICA'S PEACE WAY!

MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS IS STILL OUR SECURITY

By Haig Anlian

America's traditional course in foreign affairs has been one of independence. We have been unwilling in the past to join in the quarrels that have plagued the continent of Europe for centuries. In one instance, however, when we did interfere, somewhat inevitably, we failed miserably to accomplish anything that would place peace in a more permanent niche of European life. That instance was of course the World War.

But now there is an omnious and ceaseless campaign in the United States to put the country once again in the eternal boiling pot of Europe. For imperialism and aggression have grown again to menacing proportions on the continent, which can be attributed in large part to the blunders and injustices enacted in the peace of twenty years ago. Then the cry was to "make the world safe for democracy." Yet the voices of true democrats did not prevail at the peace conferences. The thirst and revenge of the war victors dictated the peace. Thus the paramount cause of the present precarious situation can be traced to that source.

Today we are told that the democracies of the world must unite to combat the power of the dictatorships which are threatening the peace of the world. We are being asked to take a direct hand in the management of world affairs. In September, 1937, President Roosevelt stated:

"Throughout our long hsitory we Americans have rejected every suggestion that ultimate security can be assured by closing our eyes to the fact that whether we like it or not we are part of a large world of other nations and peoples. As such we owe some measure of cooperation and even leadership in maintaining standards of conduct helpful to the ultimate good of general peace."

Since then, as events have proved, the president has been pursuing such a policy. It may even be said that we are going too far in that direction. No intelligent, open-minded American can deny that it is our duty morally to lend cooperation and even leadership in the progress of world affairs. It would be foolhardy for us to stick stanchly to a bigoted policy of complete isolation.

But is it not our duty to go further than the moral question. For the simple reason that we as a nation cannot afford to do so. To lend economic assistance to the so-called "democracies" and then consider ourselves "neutral" and expect not to be drawn into a possible conflict, is sheer folly. Alfred M. Landon, 1936 presidential candidate, declared recently:

"Take a look at what this 'economic assistance' means. We give it. Our side is losing. Will we stay out then? I am afraid not. If the side we are helping is winning, we may be able to

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JUN 28 1945
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INTRODUCING--
a new member of the AAPA

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JUN 28 1945
COPY GIFT

THE PUNY PRESS
A non-[illegible]
Number 2 JULY-AUG. 1940

printed often as time permits by-
Jos. Finson, 2005a Menard St. ST. LOUIS.
who also edits and publishes same.

X-PN 4827 #124
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
COPY GIFT

Pennsylvania Amateur

Official Organ of the
Pennsylvania Amateur Journalists
American Amateur Press Association

Vol. I. December, 1940 No. 2.

OUR REPUBLIC

Yet again, my heart is trusting
God will soon step in to save
Our beloved land entangled,
Hallowed, which our fathers gave;
We would keep our independence,
And our people must be free.
O America, my country,
Land of hope and liberty.

—Mrs. Savilla J. Slothower,
Box 56, Dover, Penna.

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JUN 28 1945
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THE PRINTERS' DEVIL
"Hempstead [illegible]43" [illegible] #125

Vol. 2. JULY [illegible] No. 1

NOTICE!

The editor hereby announces he will run for AAPA Mailer in the coming election. Since it is a bit too early for campaigning to start we shall wait a month or so before announcing our further plans.

Receipt acknowledged of EISEGISIS, BROOKLYN SUN, LONE WOLF, and BELLETTE in private mailings.

PD will be back in large size next month. Financial difficulties kept Bob Smith from contributing his share of the costs this time. but we felt that a smaller issue was better than none.

We spent a pleasant time at the home of Louis Gilbert on May 18th. The Chatham Ch[illegible]er is a short, chubby fellow with a wonde[illegible] gift of speech and an attractive personal[illegible]. His grandfather, Mr. Brandeis,

#126
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
COPY GIFT

THE POLITICAL POT
POLITICAL SHORTS
BY FRANCIS J. CALIVA

WAYNE WILLIAMS HAS ANNOUNCED HIS CANDIDACY FOR MAILER. HE WILL OPPOSE WILLIAM GROVEMAN. - EMIL TENYAK, IT SEEMS, HAS GIVEN UP THOUGHT OF OPPOSING THE CONVENTION SLATE.

X-PN 4827 THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD #127
JUN 28 1945
COPY GIFT

THE POLITICAL POT

Published often during the [illegible] season by *GABBY GABAREE, JR.*, 17 W. Porter St. Waterbury, Conn.

Vol. 2 August 1940 No. 2

POT'S POLICY

Waterbury, Conn. July 14 The POT does ***not*** support ***any*** candidate - not even it's own publisher! Political news is reported as recieved.

MILLER FOR PRES.

July 13 Although no official word has reached the POT it is pretty well known that Frank Miller of Holyoke, Mass. will oppose R. Brandt for pres.

WEISER CHANGES PLANS

June 26 (AD) Shortly aft[illegible] the last POT went to press word was [illegible]

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THE POLITICAL POT

Vol. 2 Sept. 1945 No. 2

JUN 20 1949

• The August POT missed the last bundle so this one may be considered as a supplementary issue.

• Please pass the aspirin! Ye Ed has one BIG headache! I throughly agree with all who complain that the political season opened too soon. I know! What with denials etc.-pass the asprin.

• Now for the news as of Aug.11 • KEN WEISER writes that he has resigned as a director & is leaving the AAPA politically & actively for the NAPA. Altho he will be pro-NA he claims he will not be anti-AAPA.Ken feels the NA needs him & he needs & wants it. ROY WARD announces himself as a candidate for mailer with a platform praticaly copied from Grovenan's INFORMER. Tak, tsk, at least we should be orignal with our platform, Roy. M. PHELAN is running for prexy. A proposed new amendment would bar a member from seeking office untill he has been in AAPA for a year.

Gabby Gabaree, Jr.
17 West Porter St.,
Waterbury, Conn.

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

The PostScript

"For Amateur Journalism"

From the Foothills of New Jersey

No. 6 FEBRUARY 1940

Over There

IN THESE days of censorship and propaganda, it's a relief to be able to read a few items of uncensored news. The following bulletins eluded the official censors:

ASHTON, ENGLAND-----British newspapers are appearing with only half their normal number of pages in order to conserve the nation's supply of newsprint. Because of the rising cost of paper, and the fewer advertisements [due to the smaller size] the prices of newspapers may be doubled very shortly. It will then be a case of HALF as much for TWICE the price.

THE WAR, and military service as a whole, is the chief subject of the cartoons appearing in *John Bull* and other publications, while the butt of all jokes seems to be the "Mystery of Information."

MOTORISTS ON the Home Front have found their sport sadly curtailed. Our British correspondent reports that he is limited to only two gallons of petrol a month ---and the fuel costs forty cents a gallon.

Continued on page four

The Post Script

"For Amateur Journalism"

From the Foothills of New Jersey

No. 7 MARCH 1940

THE ONLOOKER

Comments From the Sidelines

I always knew I was near-sighted, but the last straw was to find that Westfielder Ted Conover had been publishing *Scribbles* right around the corner from me for a whole year!....Ye editor is glad to welcome three newcomers to the fold. Dean Meredith broke into print with *Amateur Script*, Bob Smith, Jr. inaugurated *The Scarlet Cloak*, and Curtis Tillman published *Aurora*.....FLASH! (Last month) Sid Cohen announces that he will run for the office of UAPA director in the coming election.....Hyman Bradofsky was awarded a gold key in appreciation of the civic services which he rendered the city of Pomona during the past year.....Checking our mailing list discloses five Smiths, three Johnsons, and two Kings.....One of the finest publications ever received----Charles King's *Toledo Spectator*.....Haven't much space, so this is your April Fool signing off in a quick way.....

The Post Script

"For Amateur Journalism"

From the Foothills of New Jersey

No. 8 JUNE 1940

Don't Chase, Girls

IN PS No. 6 I rashly remarked that "Men are like street-cars---you've got to chase like hell to catch one." A flock of enraged females deluged me with protests, and accused me of being, among other things, an egotist.

A woman reader says: "I claim that the men worth having don't need to be chased, and don't like it when they are. They still like to do their own hunting, and the gal that is really wise gets Mr. One Man quicker by keeping her eagerness carefully veiled. If she just wants any man, well that's a bit different, but if she is looking for her ideal man, I'd say don't chase."

Well, fellows, what do you say--would you rather be chased, or do your own hunting? And what about the bashful man? Don't forget that this is leap year, too. Personally, I wouldn't mind being chased by a certain nifty number out in Hollywood. (Woo woo!)

The Post Script

"For Amateur Journalism"

From the Foothills of New Jersey

No. 9 OCTOBER 1940

Five Years Of This

By the Editor

PERHAPS the long-suffering readers of PS don't realize it, but it's just about five years ago that Eddie Reed and I launched our first printed issue. Previously THE POST SCRIPT had appeared as a pass-around piloted by Eddie Reed and Dick Hardiman, another Louisville amateur.

Eddie introduced me to a-jay in July 1934, when we met through the columns of *The Open Road*, and after much correspondence we made plans for a printed magazine. Short of cash, as high school boys always are, we contacted various printers, and received our first set-back when we found the price they wanted for an eight-page paper. All quoted on five hundred copies and we, in our ignorance, estimated that we could have three hundred and fifty printed for just seven-tenths the cost of five hundred. We were wrong, of course, and this called for many more letters back and forth, and

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JUN 28 1945
GIFT

THE PENCOR
JANUARY

FOUR CANDIDATES HAVE SPLENDID QUALIFICATIONS

Voting in the first annual election of The Pencororia Society ends February 17. Ballots are voting coupons appearing in each issue of this paper. Subscribers are given five additional votes.

To date four candidacies have been announced.

FOR PRESIDENT

1. Roy Ward, 506 N. Stout, Pratt, Kans. 21. 10 pen pals. Boy Scout 7 yrs. Harvard College astronomers society. Methodist. Would organize local chapters; use radio, newspapers for publicity.

2. Johnnie Vaglienti, Box 92, League City, Tex. 15. 40 pen pals Open Road Pioneers Club. Experi-

X-PN 4827

THE PENSORATIST

[illegible]

[illegible]VERSITY STUDENT IS PRESIDENT[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] 27 Ver[illegible]
[illegible] Valley, N. Y. [illegible]
[illegible] issue [illegible]
[illegible] of Junior
[illegible] Students of N. Y. [illegible]
[illegible] and [illegible]
[illegible] Wood [illegible] secretary [illegible]
[illegible] inform members of
[illegible]
[illegible]

X-LAW 1944 #135

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
COPY 1940
GIFT

The Pencorator
A. A. P. A. SUPPLEMENT
Vol. 1, No. 1

TEXAS' LARGEST METROPOLIS MAY BE 1941 A.A.P.A. HOST

At empts are being made to form a A. A. P. A. chapter in Texas. Houston for the 1941 convention.

Houston is the largest city in Texas, the world's largest cotton port. Around it are the richest oil regions in the world. Forty-seven miles southeast, 45 minutes by train, is the beautiful Galveston playground and beach; to the north are the lovely East Texas pine forests. Economical tours of colorful, wild and woolly West Texas can be arranged. Visits to small town newspapers in this section will prove fascinating and educational.

X-PN 1327

THE PENCORATIST

MARCH, 1940

THE TIME BEFORE

By Marvin E. Doane

Let us give thanks, we sons of
earth,
For humble home and humbl
birth;
For humble bed when night time
comes;
For peace and rest when day is
done;
For a meal that's full of homely
cheer,
With all our loved ones gathered
near.
Shall all be here next year, this
date,
Or shall we make that Great Mis
take?
Oh, God! Remind us ever more
About the time--that time before.

Cont. on pg. 6

X-PN 1927 #137 THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD JUN 28 1945

THE PENCORATIST
APRIL, 1940

JUNIOR BUREAU IS AID TO YOUNG PENCORATISTS

Junior pencoratists in Japan, Finland, Alaska, South Africa, Mexico, France and the United States receive benefits of the correspondence column conducted by What To Do, a non-denominational Sunday School weekly.

The Junior News Bureau was originally called the What To Do Letter Box. It was established under its present name in December, 1928.

As many as 200 letters are received weekly. From eight to ten are published in each issue of What To Do. More letters are received from girls than boys.

Each child who writes a letter and

Cont. on pg. 6

X-PN

THE PENCORATIST

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Com. on pg. 6

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

The Pencoratist #139

A. A. P. A. SUPPLEMENT

Vol. 1, No. 3 Apr. May, 1940

WHERE THE LONE STAR SHINES

Thomas Barnhouse was preparing to send copies of The Lyceum in the mailer. He sealed the with paper tape, as he does all his printing jobs, and his mother took the bundle to the post office.

A fourth class the package would have gone for 10¢. The clerk, however, said, "This package is sealed and is first class matter."

The papers probably were first class, but Tom regrets having to repay his mother 54¢.

Next fall Hugh Christianson will have the editorship of the school newspaper of Milby High.

Bill Bradfield is planning a club organ for the Pals Correspondence

X-PN 4827 #140

THE PENCORATIST

MAY, 1940

MEMBER CITES 3 ASSETS, TELLS OF BLACK [illegible]

936 Wall Street,
Los Angeles, Calif., USA
March 27, 1940.

Dear Sir:

I have quite an experience. I [illegible] to pen pals and by so do[illegible]g seek for three things: To learn [illegible]ography, to learn politics and to get experience. These three things come out in all letters if they are well written.

I could not begin to enumerate the things I have learned in geography, but I shall mention at least one. I have been in New York and thought a section of it was as level as a floor. Through a pen pal I obtained several pictures of waterfalls that evidenced that [illegible]

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 2 #141
GIFT

THE
PENCORATIST
JULY, 1940

THIS HOBBY OF CORRESPONDENCE
III. SOCIAL BENEFITS OF PENCORATORY

"Even in southern England the majority of the populace has quit carrying gas masks!"

"How do you know, Colleen? I haven't read anything like that in the papers," Mable said.

"Yes, but I've a surer way of finding out the facts of how other peoples actually live."

"Why, papers tell all that."

"Oh no, they don't. Have you ever heard of international pencoratory?"

"Yes, but—"

"That's your answer. Pencoratory supplies the truth, devoid of prejudice or sensationalism. Since I've exchanged letters with youths I have obtained a keener insight on actual conditions and developed a greater appreciation of the life and activity of people in all nations. Most of the youths who pursue world-wide pencoratory are of the higher social order—intellectually, at least. By contact with them I understand social problems, and I have associations with future leaders in world society."

"Society? Whew, those correspondents must be high class," exclaimed Mable with astonished enthusiasm.

Colleen answered, "You have the wrong idea. By society I mean the relations of men with one another, regardless of class.

continued on page eight

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

The Pennsylvanian

Vol. I. May, 1940 No. 1.

OLD GLORY! by C. M. Truesdell

"Long May She Wave"

BEFORE ME, "Old Glory" proudly flutters and rustles under a gentle breeze, as if proclaiming the freedom of our vast country to admiring eyes. Would you like to know what I saw in that beloved flag as it swayed and rustled in the wind?

I saw Washington's men at Valley Forge, struggling for the cause of independence, while the blood oozed from their bare feet as they crunched the biting snow beneath them. I saw Lincoln the emancipator, determined to sustain his conscientious principles that his nation might have a noble life. I saw brawn of our country, go marching off to foreign lands to hold a rendezvous with death.

Then came Armistice Day and the boys came home. A mighty avalanche of the knights of "No Man's Land" poured down Broadway amid surges of unbonded enthusiasm by patriots and loved ones. Suddenly, I beheld the small bent frame of a little old lady. Tears were streaming down her wrinkled cheeks. She had given her all for country. Somewhere out there beneath the poppy-studded surface of Flanders Fields his body reposed in an unmarked grave. Yes, that was her gift, an only son, given in the true spirit of America. Among scalding tears were mingled tears of pride which seemed to say, "I'm glad I could give something—something worth while." Here was real victory! Victory, paid for in human souls. (Continued in next issue.)

DESIGNATION

With folded hands in lap,
Sit, resigned to Fate;
It matters not that chaos reign
And young hearts cannot wait.

Patiently, like Buddha, sit,
Bow stubborn heads to Fate;
For, so I've oft times heard it said,
All things come to those who wait.

—Pearl Groopman.

JN 1 '27
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

The Pennsylvanian

Vol. I September, 1940 No. 2

DAYS WITHOUT END

Bless the night.
As the twilight follows the setting sun,
I bless the night;
Another day is done.

A sleepless night--
So as the morning comes to life with dawn
Long awaited,
I bless the morn, another night has gone.

I wish away the night,
Yet day must be lived through
To yet another night
Without you.

—*Pearl Groopman,*
268 E. South St.,
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP

A ship was launched
into the sea,
Unmindful of,
its destiny;
Tossed by the winds
of discontent,
She knew not where her
course was bent.
A wave of courage,
brushed her side,
The sun of Friendship
'came her guide;
She passed the gales
with colors bright,
Reflections of the Sun's
true light.

—*Mrs. Mabel M. Forrer,*
1815 Sunset Avenue,
Springfield, Ohio.

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APR 29 1944

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X-PN 4827

#145

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

COPY

The Printers' Devil

of

William H. Groveman.
18 Maryland Ave.
Hempstead, N Y.

Robert L. Smith
11 Andover Place
Hempstead, N. Y

No. 1 March, 1940 Vol. 2

THE MILWAUKEE CONVENTION

The Milwaukee 1940 Convention will be held at the YMCA meeting rooms, 633 North 4th St. The exact dates will be July 5-6-7.

Richard S. Davis, veteran columnist whose "And so it Goes" appears daily in the Milwaukee Journal has accepted an invitation to address the banquet. A trip through the Journal plant, a low-cost concert featuring Lily Pons, an afternoon quiz in ajay, and a banquet will be featured.

A complete convention plan and schedule will appear in either the April or May bundles. A daily newspaper will be published at the meet.

AJAY LIBRARIES

Last week two collections of amateur journals representing the American Amateur Press Association were placed in Wisconsin libraries. Approximately 200 different journals were included in each collection; one of which went to the Milwaukee Public Library, the second to the Green Bay Kellogg Public Library.

These figures and facts themselves do not sound impressive. In themselves they are not impressive. The important fact is that the records of the A.A.P.A. have been placed in a permanent resting place. From time to time the Wis-

Con't. on page 4

X-PN 4827

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Con't. on page 4

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NOV 28 1940

THE PRINTERS' DEVIL

AAPA CHARTER 15, CLASS A

VOLUME 2. APRIL 1940. NUMBER 2.

COPY GIFT

COLUMBUS CIRCLE

By WALTER VOLL

From seven to eleven o'clock nightly, you can hear and see the wierdest gathering of soapbox orators and exponents of crackpot theories in all New York. Believed by many to be one of the best free exhibitions in the big city, the vox pop-offs in Columbus Circle talk about as many varied topics as there are stars. Some of the topics heard on one summer evening were politics, health, religion, astrology mathematics, philosophy, science, and poetry.

At seven o'clock each evening, the orators put up their soap boxes and their American flags; the motley crowd begins to gather and the verbel battle is on. Very often, before the evening is over, people who came merely to listen, find themselves in a violent argument with some neighbor. These are often the most interesting as they are entirely extemporaneous, the participants having no previous knowsedge of the subject of argument.

The star of the Columbus Circle Players is admittedly 'Porkchop' Charley. He doesn't stand for any 'ism' but talks to earn his supper. When he has made $3.15, he quits. He talks about what he would do if he were mayor. To quote him, "There'll be wine running from every faucet, and all boxcars will be heated". Next in importance is the "Blind Poet". Not preaching any 'ism', he advocatet the philosophy of brotherly love and the necessity of living in harmony. Another speaker does rapid calculations on a blackboard and sells a pamphlet on how to succeed in life. The "Christian Front" speakers and those protesting the spread of anti-Semitism screech and

Continued on Page 2.

Regards - Bill Governan

THE PRINTERS' DEVIL

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD #148
JUN 23 1945
COPY
X-PN 4827 GIFT

AAPA CHARTER 15, CLASS A

VOLUME 2. APRIL 1940. NUMBER 2.

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Continued on Page 2.

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JUN 28 1948

The Printers' Devil

AAPA CHARTER A-15

VOLUME 2. JUNE, 1940 NUMBER 3.

WINTER SHEEP

By Geraldine Shavelson

The sky dropped silence in big white flakes,
And lulled the earth to sleep,
And shrouded all man's uncouth mistakes
With flocks of drowsing sheep.

(AAPA CREDENTIAL)

THE MAILMAN'S DAY OFF

By Walter Windshield

Overjoyed at a day's vacation from a mail route which included too many amateur journalists, our mailman *Mack* and his wife *Kay* set out for the *green* countryside and a hike before it got any *colter*. Over his wife's objections, Mack picked his trail, explaining, "The *ennis* not far away." Soon they found the trail was popular; they met Mack's *taylor*, digging a hole who in answer to their question answered, "I'm looking for *goldman!*". The *weaver*, looking *wise*, nodded affirmation.

Soon they entered the *wood* and met a huge bear. "Don't worry," in a *Poe*-like manner. "I'll *trainer* and *tyler* up with this rope!"

(Continued on Page 4)

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SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
GIFT

The Printers' Devil

AAPA CHARTER A-15

VOLUME 2. AUGUST, 1940 NUMBER 5.

War and the Election

A few months from this writing the voters of the United States are scheduled to visit the polls and make known their choice of a national leader for the years 1940-44. If such a ballot takes place--and there is every reason to believe that it won't if this country happens to be at war in November--one wonders just what the results might be.

The big question is whether or not we have absorbed the lesson of the last war. Shall we be deluded again by the cry, "He kept us out of war," even as steps are being taken to make us direct participants?

Stop and think: where would the United States be if we had followed the traditional Washingtonian policy of strict neutrality and had not taken sides in the present conflict? We would certainly not be in the position of jittery apprehensiveness that we are in at present. In fact, there probably would not have been any war--for the Allies would not have declared one on Germany if they had not counted on our support.

(Continued on Page 4)

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JUN 28 1945
GIFT

The Printers' Devil

AAPA CHARTER A-15

Volume 2 September, 1940 Number 6

Charles C. Heuman

By Wm. H. Groveman

The passing of Charles C. Heuman makes the fact more evident that the true old guard of amateur journalism are today very few. Heuman may have been the oldest amateur journalist in point of service up to his death. He entered the 'Dom in 1871 after reading about it in *Oliver Optic's Magazine* and published the *Favorite*. Heuman could have been President of the NAPA in 1877 if he had so desired, for over three hundred amateurs of the time signed a petition favoring him. He was a member of the very first organization, the Amateur Press Association of 1869, organized by J. Blair Scribner, son of the famous publisher.

Since the founding of the Fossils Heuman had played a prominent part in the affairs of that organization and he was its President in 1905-1906 and Official Editor in 1912-1913. He died on the very eve of the recent convention of the NAPA in Philadelphia. He had attended most of the Fossil reunions up until 1938, ill health keeping him from the last two.

In business Heuman was an official of the Maltine Co., having retired many years ago. He was about 82 years old at his death.

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

All-Editorial Issue

The Printers' Devil

AAPA Charter A-15

Vol. 2, No. 7. October, 1940 Whole No. 12.

I SAY THAT . . . . . .

Linton Clark is right!! What good are associates? Do they write? edit? print? publish? The answer to all of these questions is NO. Associate membership is just a place for inactives to roost. Very few of them even correspond. If we abolish associate membership we shall have a wholly active organization; or at least it will supposedly be active.

And speaking of activity; at a recent meeting of the Metchaps it was argued as to what constitutes activity. Is it merely publishing? Would attendance at chapter meetings be considered? What about writing?

If a person is to be active, a decision must be reached as to what activity is. To date we have allowed the sec'y. to decide this and so he had control over who remained in the organization. This system, I believe, is entirely wrong.

My proposal is for each member to be assigned to a

(Continued on Page 4)

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JUN 28 1945

GIFT

The Printers' Devil

AAPA CHARTER A-15

Vol. 2, No. 8. November, 1940 Whole No. 13.

SECOND GENERATION

BY WILLIAM HERBERT GROVEMAN

Oh, but this war was hell, thought Tommy. The fighting had been going on for weeks yet they had hardly had a look at the Jerries. Only machines, the incessant bombings and the blitzkrieg assaults by enemy motorized units. And now that the Belgians had surrendered there was nothing left to do but retreat to Dunkirk with as little loss as possible.

Suddenly a roar was heard in the sky and the anti-aircraft guns began to go off. A Nazi plane flared in the sky, but the rest kept coming. Tommy cursed the appeasers who had allowed Hitler to build so mighty an air force. Now, when the real need for planes had come, there were none. To think that his father had died years before in Flanders in order to crush Prussianism and now, by stupid politics, here he was fighting an unnecessary fight 25 years later.

The German planes came closer. Suddenly they wore over the retreating British and the men scattered for cover. Tommy saw a hedge and hopped it. The bombs were falling very close now and he lay flat on the ground

(Continued on Page 4)

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

THE PRINTERS' DEVIL

AAPA CHARTER A - 15

Vol. 2, No. 9. December, 1940 Whole No. 14.

Christmas Greetings

May this be the merriest of all Merry Christmas's for you. May it bring you the "mosta of the besta."

May the coming year bring peace to this troubled world. May our beloved America stay free from war and hold the torch of freedom high for a world in chains to look at.

May our own little world of amateurdom be blessed with great activity and friendliness. May that you attend the AAPA convention next summer.

Merry Christmas, friend!

William Herbert Grossman
Robert LeRoy Smith, Jr.

THE PRECEPTOR

"Devoted to the cause of helpless, groping humanity"

October Chicago Number 1940

An Hour With Unk Ebenezer

For several years the United has been hearing a lot about Unk Ebenezer and Alfalfa Korners. And we've all seen copies of the Tiny Magazine. While meeting all the real ajays in The Windy City, I stopped at Alfalfa Korners for for a long chat with Unk.

His real name is Meserve and he once practiced dentistry. Now you will find the A. F. Meserve dental laboratory listed in the telephone directory. About thirteen years ago, Unk was writing "News from Alfalfa Korners" for The Daily News. Once he contributed a jingle unsigned, and the editor put the name of Ebenezer at the end of it. So he continued to submit material for publication under that name. Not long afterward, he became

the pencoratist

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
COPY
GIFT

august,

nineteen forty

helping your foreign pal

Have you a foreign correspondent who, due to increased postal rates, finds it difficult to keep his letters answered promptly?

You can help him considerably and at the same time be sure of quick answers to your letters by purchasing International Reply Coupons at your post office-it handles them. These coupons can be exchanged for stamps to the necessary amount for a reply.

X-PN 1987

THE PENCORATIST

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 26 1945
GIFT

A LETTER FROM TOM MILMINE

an outstanding Canadian pencoratist

169 Wentworth St.
Hamilton, Ont., Canada

Dear editor,

I would like to join The Pencoratorial Society and am sending in my dues for a year.

First of all I think I will describe myself so fellow members will know something about me. I am 5' 5" tall, have brown hair and brown eyes. I was 18 years of age on Sept 8th.

I am very fond of all kinds of ball games, ice and roller skating, hockey and tobogan riding. Last year I was captain of our school hockey team.

Since writing to pen pals I have started the hobbies of collecting post card views, souvenirs, view folders and snapshots. I have a very fine collection of each In my post card collection I have over 5200 cards with no two alike. They are from every state in the U. S A., every province in Canada and around 50 foreign countries.

I think writing to pen pals all over the world is an excellent hobby. It is also very educational. I know I have heard of things I never knew existed before.

No doubt many of the pencoratists who read this--if it is ever published--think of Canada as a very cold country. It is practically the same as any of the northern States. One reads of it being 30 or 40 degrees below zero in some sections during the winter months. This, of course, is true but is not so bad as it sounds. The climate is dry and cold, and one does not feel it as bad as

concluded on page 4

X-PN 4827
#158

PEOPLE' SUN

An Independent Journal Founded 1933

VOL. 5 UNION CITY, N. J., DECEMBER 1940. No. 101

THE CRIPPLED CLOCK

This Story May Better One About the Cat's Nine Lives

APR 29 1944

By HAIG ANLIAN

CERTAIN THINGS IN EVERY household will "grow" on one, so to speak. An old rocking chair, for instance, may not fit in with the mode of a living room, yet many homes have one. The same is true with an old desk or an old bed or an old lamp or an old phonograph.

They cling to a home for no special reason—just that we get accustomed to them and learn to cherish them. In our home there's one item that has a magic life.

The subject is a clock, an ordinary alarm clock but a clock that won't tell time for us unless it is placed up side down. Perhaps this isn't true always. But myth or no myth, its place in our home is undisputed. Why the day wouldn't be just right until we "studied" the face of this strangely fascinating piece for a few moments.

It has had a rather tumultuous history. About twelve years ago we received it as a premium with a couple of pairs of shoes. It was not worth the price of even a regular alarm clock. Its mechanism was protected with a frame of bakelite, not very durable.

Some years passed and as is customary with such household articles, it received terrific punishment. One day the bakelite frame started to crack. Eventually the entire frame collapsed into several pieces. We repaired the frame by keeping it together with rubber bands. Then, for some reason unknown to us laymen, the clock failed to tick very long after we wound the spring. We picked it up indiscriminately and shaked it without effect. In disgust we placed it back on the mantle none too gentlly. As we began to walk away, we heard the clock tick vigorously. We turned around and noticed that it was up side down. We knew then that we would have to observe its delicate 'idiosyncrasy.' Several years ago we threw out the old thing when we bought a new, and good alarm clock. But the next day, we saw the worn time keeper back on the mantle. Father had re-

(Continued on page 3)

4827

THE PRESIDENT'S PAGE

#159

October, 1940

APR 29 1941

Greetings, Fellow Amateurs!

I trust that you will regard this message as personal, even though it is mimeographed. It is written with the idea of reaching the entire membership by means of this single letter in the bundle.

We have been receiving various comments about the September bundle. The main peeve is the one against circulating national political literature through our mailing bureau. I agree that the manuscript in question was not an amateur journal. We must avoid such misuse of our mailing bureau, either by expecting such manuscripts to be circulated through it, or by sending advertisements to be mailed from Seattle.

The last month or so has shown a slacking up of journals being published. If we get our papers printed and in to the mailer before the 15th of each month, the non-amateur material will be crowded out. Let us put forth an unanimous effort to publish more and more journals. That is what journalism is---WRITING! Many good little journals appear once or twice, and then are discontinued. The editors of these journals will be encouraged to renew their activities if you will drop them a line to let them know that you read their papers. There are many of our members who have never yet tried to print or publish a paper. Finances may stand in the way, but three or four amateurs can band together and put out a neat little paper for a small cost to each.

At any rate, it is fall, the time of year when we begin to settle down to hard work, and I am sure there will be revivals among our journals as well as our journalists.

Whether you live some distance from other writers, or are in one of the key cities where clubs are located, you can be a vibrant part of this great organization by writing cards and letters to your officers and fellow members. Already, we have a network of correspondence in our group that cannot be equalled by any other such association.

By being active all year, either printing, publishing, or writing, you are preparing yourself for the time when it will be your privilege to attend the national convention. Your officers are putting every effort into their respective duties to make this a firmly knit organization for the benefit of the membership as a whole. Three hundred of us working together for the cause of freedom of the press through amateur journalism will not have worked in vain.

Wishing each and every member of the United Amateur Press Association of America continued success, I remain

Sincerely,

BESSIE BARNES

President of the U.A.P.A.A.

724 W. Sharp Avenue
Spokane, Washington

#160
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JUN 28 1940
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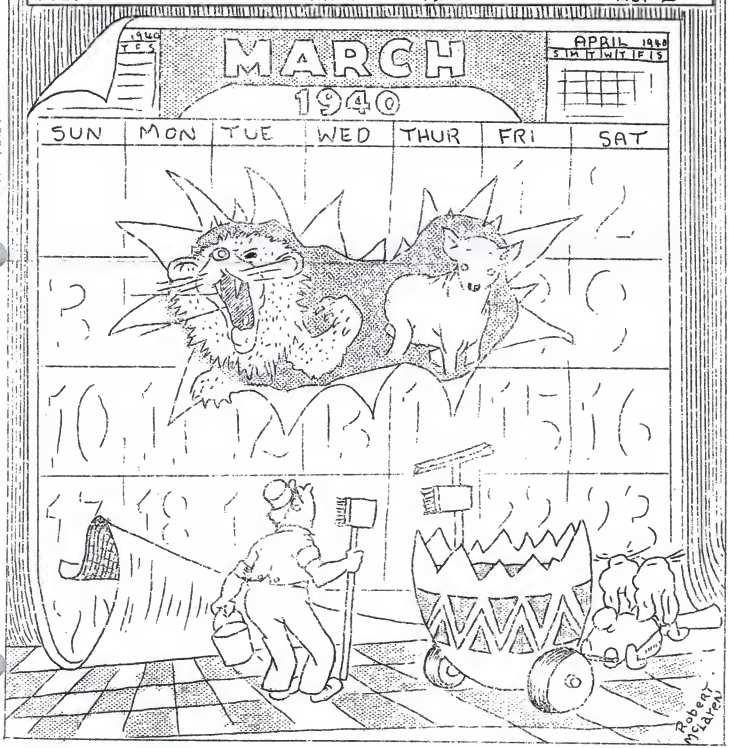
PEN INK

THE CARTOONISTS' BIMONTHLY

Vol. 2 MARCH-APRIL - 1940 No. 2



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#161
THE LIBRARY OF
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

The Puny Press

Number 3 · November, 1941

MONK'S MOUND

More numerous than the pyramids of Egypt are stranger earth pyramids found scattered over America from the Canadian border to Southern Peru.

Just who were the ancient architects that built them is not known definitely. Attempts have been made to identify all the mounds as the work of one mysterious race of people called moundbuilders, but modern archaeologists generally disregard this theory. Ancestors of the North American Indians now receive credit for most of the work.

#162
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JUN 28 1945
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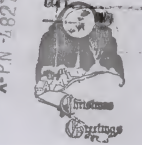
The Puny Press

Number 4 · December, 1941



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#163
THE LIBRARY OF
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SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

THE POLITICAL POT

Published often during the political season
by Gabby Gabaree, Jr.

AAPA CANDIDATES FOR 1941!

R. BRANDT - PRES.

In a letter to the POT Ralph Brandt of Houston, Texas outlined his 1941 platform. Confident of a victory he is ready for ACTION!

WEISER - FIRST V. P.

Ken Weiser, who as a dark horse in '40 garnered plenty of unexpected votes, announced that he will run for the office of 1st Vice Pres. Ken suggests the probability of a HARMONY tick-

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#164
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JUN 28 1945

1941

POLITICAL GAZETTE

NO. 1

ANOTHER JONES TRIUMPH

" CORNELIUS JONES IS MY MAN FOR CLUB AND CHAPTER MGR. HE WILL GIVE US SERVICE. THAT'S WHAT WE NEED."

SERVICE-ALL AMERICAN

X-PN 4827
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#165
JUN 28 1945
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GIFT

PIED TYPE

In This Issue:

"So Camping We Went!"-Part 2

"The Art Preservative"-Robert E. Kunde

"Why Don't You..."-Joseph Curran

"As The Type Falls"-May Bundle Comments

THIRD EDITION JUNE 1941

INTEGRITY FORSAKEN

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#166
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Integrity means being true to yourself and what you believe. Many people, with the necessity of earning a living, cannot afford to be true to themselves. They do what is expected of them, and to hold their jobs, they forfeit integrity: what they are and what they believe. Often they close their eyes to all decency and honor because they are cogs in the wheel of large organizations that are powerful enough to crush them mercilessly if they get out of line the least bit.

So many people, especially in cities, are so economically insecure (others are always ready to fill their jobs) that they are forced to resign their spiritual convictions by becoming yes men. They close their eyes to situations involving dishonor, evasion, malpractice, and 'pulling the wool' over others' eyes. One conception of freedom for the common man has always been to be able to look all men in the eye, to vote honestly, and to express

FOURTH EDITION AUGUST 1941

DEC 1941

#167

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P.T. SHATTERS POLITIX EXCLUSION POLICY

Story on page 7

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#166

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

The Pennsy Amateur

Official Organ of the

Pennsylvania Amateur Journalists
American Amateur Press Association
National Amateur Press Association

Vol. 2. June, 1941 No. 1.

BENSON ELECTED PRESIDENT

Tamaqua, Feb. 20. Robert W. Benson of Tamaqua, was unanimously elected to succeed Ken Weiser as President of the Penna. Amateur Journalists.

Journalists

The Pennsylvania ajays
Who edit print and write
Aside from work, in vale and town
Toil gladly in the night.

Though words are always all their tools,
Five W's they will use;
The Who the What, Where When and Why,
When writing up the news.

--Savilla J. Slothower.

Presidential Message...

I, the newly elected President of the Pennsylvania Amateur Journalists, wish to thank each and every member who voted for me.

I will do my very best to make the organization continue a success and hope that it will be much larger and stronger when my term expires.

--Robert W. Benson.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD #169
JUN 20 1945

THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

AAPA CHARTER A-15.

Vol. 2, No. 10 January, 1941 Whole No. 15

On Authors

By Al Ross

AUTHORS are queer people. I once heard of one who was unable to write unless his feet were in hot water; another who had to have his desk piled sky-high with reference books and such. There are many other cases on record. Nevertheless, all authors, whether maniacs, professors, or H. G. Wellers, serve only one purpose: to enlighten the world by means of the written word.

Booth Tarkington, Bojer (the gentleman from Norway), Kenneth Roberts, and countless others, have had to work many, many solemn hours in a shut-up room, eating only now and then. They have had to waste many precious years on manuscripts which never sold, and receive countless rejections until they couldn't look another

(Continued on Page 4)

THE LIBRARY OF
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SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

THE PRINTERS' DEVIL

AAPA CHARTER A-15

Vol. 2, No. 11 February, 1941 Whole No. 16

TRIVIAL OBSTACLE

By Ralph Brandt

"TWO entire years at the university is a long time to endure, especially when you aren't able to go home even once," thought Ernest, as he sat with his feet propped on the porch railing. "I haven't seen any of the gang all this time. I know what I ought to do, date Helen. She was always hard to date, but I'm pretty sure I'll manage it." He went into the house and dialed Helen's number.

"Hello," spoke a voice from the other end of the line.

"Helen?"

"Yes."

"This is Ernest."

"Ernest Morrow?" resounded an excited voice.

"Yeah. I just got in from the university last night. Say, Helen, how about a date tonight?"

(Continued on Page 4)

PHILCOLMNIST

VOL. I. NO. 2. * JUNE, 1941.

Convention Bound

I'm planning to be in Louisville to attend the convention, and look forward to renewing acquaintanceship with those I met at the Jersey City Convention in '39, and meeting so many members who so for are names-but not strangers. My pleasant memories of '39 give me a sense of anticipation.

The laudable and powerful publicity in the many journals-not least are those write-ups in the LAPC papers, and the intensely interesting Release No. 1 in the April bundle-have keyed me up to the point where I want to attend, and also see Louisville.

I was particularly intrigued at learning of the Louisville natural air conditioning by wells, and I'm eager to make a first hand survey.

I shall also make a different type of scientific survey-to learn whether I like Kentucky made mint juleps better than the Quaker City variety.

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PHILCOLMNIST

VOL. 1. NO. 2. * JUNE, 1941.

Convention Bound

1944

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#175

The Preceptor

"Devoted to the cause of helpless, groping humanity"

April ********** 1941

Shatterings

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS TRIAL DEPOSIT APR 29 1944

I lived an age-long moment
That hung by a golden thread
As you with shyly averted head
Swung the locket from weighting finger,
Like a pendulum, pulsing the seconds
Of a decision that makes your gaze linger
To the clock upon a distant tower;
You started, as wakened to something new.
As the locket pendulum struck the hour,
Falling, swinging still, to my hand,---
"Too late," you murmured, "Too late," you said,
Breaking the breathless moment
That swung from a golden thread.

—HELEN VACEK

X-PN 4827

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The Parallelepipedon.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS RECORD

Political Pot

"Keep It Boiling"

Published often for those interested in the political affairs of the American Amateur Press Association by:
Bill Bradfield Jr.
Garland News
Garland, Texas
and -----
Johnnie Vaglienti
P.O. Box 92
League City, Texas
Assistant Editor: Gabby Gabaree

Vol. 3 Sept., 1941 No. 5

Policy

Every year at this season, the POLITICAL POT publishes announcements of political importance to the amateur press world. These announcements are entirely free—no charge is made. All candidates for office in the American Amateur Press Association are invited to send a brief notice to one of the editors concerning their campaign. However, an announcement in this journal does not mean that POLITICAL POT supports this or that candidate. Our aim is to present all the political news fairly and impartially to the club membership. This journal supports no candidates—not even its editors.

If a mistake has been made in regard to the candidacy of any members, please inform the editors for we'll be glad to print a correction.

Statements concerning future convention sites are welcomed.

POLITICAL POT will probably appear in both October and November bundles if enough news is obtained, so please rush your information to one of the editors as soon as possible. It makes little difference which one of us gets the news, as each of us writes the other on an average of a letter every five days (postcards between letters frequently) so the arrangement is satisfactory.

Hey, wake up! The political pot is boiling!

—Bill and Johnnie

Haywood, Ross For President

William Haywood, publisher of TOPIX, has announced his candidacy for the office of President of the association. Haywood has been Treasurer for the past two years.

Al Ross, publisher- of COMMENTARY and co-editor of OFF-HAND, has also announced he will be a candidate for that office.

Phelan Asks Editorship

Micheal Phelan, editor of the KATYDID and a member of the AAPA since '37, has announced his intention of being a candidate for the office of Official Editor. He served in that capacity during 1941, following the resignation of Wesley Wise.

Brandt & Gabaree For Re-election

Irwin O. Brandt and E. H. "Gabby" Gabaree, Jr. have stated their intention of asking re-election—Brandt as manager of the Printing and Publishing Bureau and Gabaree as Director. Brandt prints many journals for other amateurs, is co-publisher of THE BARD, and has published a bureau organ known as PRINTING & PUBLISHING. Gabaree is noted for the NUTMEGGER, and was founder of POLITICAL POT.

Albert Asks Management

Ray Albert, editor and publisher of JUST RAYS, stated in a message to the editors of the POLITICAL POT that he has announced his intention of running for manager of the Manuscript and Criticism Bureau. He has served in that position for several months, succeeding Jim Muckian who was "caught in the draft"

Chicago in '42?

One of the chief topics of ajay conversation has been the yet undecided site for the 1942 AAPA convention. Chicago, which was recommended by the Houston conventioneers has been the chief subject of discussion, while Detroit, Philadelphia, Dallas, Upland, Hollywood, London, Shanghai, and Moscow have also been suggested.

Watson Asks Re-election

A postcard, received just before press time, informs us that Father Watson, editor of HI-LIGHTS, will be a candidate for re-election to the office of Director.

Vaglienti For Historian-Recorder

Johnnie Vaglienti, publisher of TEXAS STAR and several other publications, will be a candidate for the position of Historian and Recorder for the 1942 term. He served as Director in '41 and was a delegate to the Houston meet.

Political Rumors:

It is rumored that George Kay will be a candidate for re-election as Mailing & Publicity Manager. Cornelius Jones is said to be considering a candidacy for Manuscript and Criticism Manager.

Communications

605 Kenwood Drive
Louisville, Ky.

Dear Mr. Bradfield:

I fail to see where any of Mr. Curran's arguments in the last issue of The Political Pot really concern the subject of inter-association laureate awards. The real question is not whether the National wants to absorb the American, but whether the American wants to compete with the National and United in a contest designed to raise the levels of a amateur journalism as a whole.

As a member of the United and the American, I approve wholebeartedly of the idea and only hope that no time will be lost in putting it into operation.

Fraternally,
Buddy Johnson

Classified—

WANTED:

A 3 X 5 (smaller or larger) steel type printing press. Must be in good condition. Give particulars with price or if you know anyone having presses or equipment for sale let me know so I can contact them. Thanks.

Johnnie Vaglienti

#175

A Magazine of Private Opinions Publicly Expressed

THE NEW

PRIVATE OPINION

Vol. 1., No. 1 August, 1941 *Edited by* W. C. VANDERBILT
New York City

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

OUR RAISON D'ETRE

Most of the contributors to this magazine are known to you for their contributions to CADENCES, HODGE PODGE, THE LITERARY RECORD and other magazines. They are as varied in character and viewpoints as one could meet in a week's journey across the United States. But they all have some qualities in common: their sincere devotion to their country; the high degree of skill they display in their writing; and the forthrightness of their opinions. And they all have had the experience of having their writings ruthlessly suppressed by persons who did not agree with them or who feared any expression of an American view-point. Particularly in the case of Marion Blodgett and Margaret Nickerson Martin was this interference and censorship applied most drastically. These two brilliant writers preached patriotism when it was an unpopular doctrine, and now, that it has become a popular one, they refuse to be made the tools of persons seeking to use its new popularity for selfish or partisan ends. Naturally, such stubbornness and independence do not endear them to publishers or critics steeped in isms and ologies inimical to American liberty. And such publishers and critics are, unhappily, in the majority today. PRIVATE OPINION is published for the sole purpose of printing and distributing the works of the groups that formerly contributed to CADENCES, HODGE PODGE and THE LITERARY RECORD. In this magazine, the writers express their private opinions, publicly, without hinderance. So here goes!

W. C. *Vanderbilt*

A-PN 4827 #179

The Preceptor

"DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE OF HELPLESS, GROPING HUMANITY"

August Chicago, Illinois 1941

Trouble In Louisville

THERE WERE SOME PEOPLE in Louisville who picked the wrong convention. They must have gotten lost, or possibly they caught the wrong bus. They belonged in Cleveland.

At any rate, that's my impression after seeing them introduce illegal and unnecessary resolutions. And the methods they used were a mystery to me. I didn't sense the situation until the last minute.

All business should have been concluded, and the convention adjourned sine die, at the end of the banquet. But at this session Reed made the statement that the report of the committee on resolutions would be heard and considered at a session to be held Sunday morning. The convention was not given an opportunity to so order, but Reed attempted to defer action on his own ipse dixit, contrary to the wishes of the convention. Mr. Reed had no authority on the matter at all, as his term of office as president, did not begin until the conclusion of the convention.

Most of the delegates would be on their way home Sunday morning, and Louisville could put things over in style. Four of us from Chicago planned to leave at an early hour Sunday morning. So did Judge Erford and others. Of course Harrison was staying over to help out.

After the banquet, I raised the question with Reed about the resolutions and other postponed business A few of the delegates present were finally rounded up and we had a little session in a hallway, accompanied by the blare and moan of an orchestra. And so it was, until a late hour, that the delegates fussed and fought.

I don't know yet who was in the chair at the "business" session. Harrison had the floor most of the time. He wanted to do the talking, and he did. Shouting above the uproar and confusion, he requested that other delegates shut up. So I would suppose that Harrison was presiding. However, as I say, I am not certain.

Then Reed's committee produced a handful of papers which they called the report of the Resolutions Committee. They were in note form. The Resolutions Committee announced that they were unable to prepare their report and asked for help. Finally, someone who was able to draw a resolution was called

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

PRESS AGENT

Vol. 2. LOS ANGELES, CALIF. FEB. 2, 1941 No. 1.

KEITH MOWER AT SANTA CATALINA ISLAND ON HONEYMOON JOURNEY

Mr. and Mrs. Keith Mower are away on a wedding trip to Santa Catalina Island. When they return they will make their home in Fort Ore, Calif.

PRESS AGENT CLASS A NO. 20

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
1945

The Printer's Pet

Number 7 September, 1941

A God of the East

By Floyd V. Steutel, Ph.D.

FROM the line of Emperor Shun came one destined to become the god of billions of people. This deity's doctrine was to be grounded in business ethics and justice rather than feeling, and certainly not in emotionalism.

Kung-foo-tze was born in the state of Tseaou-y in 551 B.C. He became a politician, and later a teacher; was married at nineteen, and got a son a year later—certainly a "practical man."

Confucius' professional interests dominated his thot and writing. In his Lun Yu (12:9) we are admonisht to seek inner purification before giving ear to the cry of the multitude. "The hatred of the many calls for search; the favor of the many calls for search." Public men expect much worship, much hatred, and little love; for love is based upon understanding, and: "The people may be made to follow; they cannot be made to understand."(Ibid,8:9).

Kung's advice goes out also to teachers. "A gentleman shapes the good in man; he does not shape the bad in him. Contrariwise the vulgar. . . . . Only to those fumbling do I open, only for those stammering do I find the word. From him who cannot turn the whole when I lift a corner I desist." (Ibid, 7:8; 12:16).

To the student Kung says: "Study without thot is vain; thot without study is dangerous. . . A man to whom three years of study have borne no fruit would be hard to find. . . Study as tho the time were short, as one who fears to lose. . . Breadth of reading and the ties of courtesy will alone keep a man from error's path . . . A scholar who loves comfort is not worthy the name. . . The whole end of speech is to be understood. . . The thirst for love, without love of learning, sinks into fondness. Love of knowledge, without love of learning, sinks into presumption. Love of uprightness, without love of learning, sinks into harshness. Love of courage, without love of learning, sinks into turbulence. Love of strength, without love of learning, sinks into oddity. . . Bad is it when a man eats his fill all day, and has naught to task the mind! Could he not play at checkers? Even that were better. . . . By a word a gentleman betrays wisdom, by a word his want of wisdom. Words are not to be lightly spoken. (Ibid, 2:15; 8:17; 12:15; 14:3: 15:40; 17:8-22; 18:25).

Tzu-kung said: "None can come up to the Master, as heavcn is not to be climbed by steps. Had the Master power in the land, the saying would come true: 'All that he plants takes root; whither he leads men follow. The peace he brings draws men; his touch tunes men to harmony; honored in life, he is mourned when dead.' Who can come up to him?" (Ibid, 18:25).

What an impetus for the establishment of a new religion, the creating of a new god! Deny a leader's imperfections, magnify and glorify his points of excellence, and a new religion is born.

Since the Master's death Confucianism has been degraded into a system of ritualism and formalism. And this, tho Kung said little of 'heaven' and naught of 'hell.' When asked our duty to the dead, he replied: "We fail in our duty to the living; can we do our duty to the dead? We know not life, can we know death?" (Ibid, 11:11).

Americans, united we stand!

#1182

PRESIDENT'S PAGE

May, 1941

Dear Fellow Journalists:

We have experienced a busy, progressive year together in amateur writing, and it is my wish that you have each gained some pleasure and satisfaction from your affiliation with our association during the past months.

This has been an exceptionally fine group of officers to work with, as they have been continuously industrious in carrying out their individual duties. A short time ago, I asked for reports from each of them, and the response was very gratifying. They not only have attended to routine affairs, but have thought of new ways to benefit our association as well.

Our librarian, E. H. Smith, has completed his collection of A.J. papers from 1915 to 1940, and sent the papers, bound and classified, to the library of amateur journalism in Philadelphia. This required the work of three others besides Mr. Smith. Morris Gerber, who is in training in the army, is trying to organize a writing club among the soldiers, which would be our first army branch. Chief of Publicity Bud Johnson suggests that the U.A.P.A. set up a News Bureau, to which all could contribute news items about personalities and doings of the United, from which editors and publishers could get material for their papers.

In response to my suggestion in the last Page that we all write more cards to fellow members, Mrs. Anne Warren sent out 51 cards, and Alton Magnuson, a new member in Bellingham, Washington, sent out 40 cards. Can anyone top these records?

One of our national officers has written that he will be on his honeymoon on the way to Mexico, and they will stop off at Louisville for the Convention.

The election of Haig Anlian as official editor of The United Amateur marked a departure from the editor being also the printer of the organ. In the March issue, Haig combined the services of two amateur printers, with fine results.

Anthony DeMarco, chairman of the directors, reports that they have not been very busy lately, which is a good sign; as the directors are the recipients of the complaints from inharmonious members.

The LOUISVILLE members are enthusiastically preparing for the Convention on July 4-5-6. Every member of U.A.P.A. should make a determined effort to be there. This will be the best attended meeting we have ever had, because LOUISVILLE is centrally located, and because interest in amateur journalism is now at a higher standard than for some time. Plan to spend your vacation in LOUISVILLE, and you will never forget the acquaintances you make among amateur journalists like yourselves. I am looking forward to seeing many of you there.

Thanking you for the privilege of serving as your president this past year, I remain

Sincerely yours,

BESSIE BARNES
President
United Amateur Press Association

724 W. Sharp Avenue
Spokane, Washington

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 1941

FANTASEER.
VOLUME 2,NUMBER 2. January,1941. WHOLE NUMBER 3

An amateur magazine of fantasy, composed of sundry bits of matter collected by the editor, one William H.Groveman of 38 Maryland Avenue, Hempstead,New York, put together in his spare moments, which happens no amounting to very much in the long run results in FANTASEER coming out quite irregularly. Subscriptions welcomed at 5¢ an issue, 5 issues for 25¢. Manuscripts,art work, and exchanges welcome. Member of the FAPA.

****

Sanctum Sanctorum.

The village fathers of Hempstead, as represented on the Village Board,being 3 Democrats to 2 Republicans,evidently decided to take revenge on this individual for supporting Wendell L.Willkie in the recent election and so caused us no end of inconvience by changing our house number. Be advised that we now must be addressed at 38 Maryland Avenue,Hempstead N.Y.,instead of the former 18 Maryland Avenue.Exchanges take note!

Imaginary statements by fans. Jack Chapman Miske,intellectual,"The public be damned!"

For some unknown reason something always happens to us when publishing FANTASEER. The past two issues had no dates on them, so for the benefit of collectors we publish a resume of past issues of FANTASEER from its inception : Vol.1,No.1,had two large-size hectographed pages and was dated August,1939. No extra copies remain for sale...Vol.1,No.2,was dated September,1939,and had a cover by H iunta and 4 large-size hectographed pages. No extra copies remain for sale...Vol.1,No.3.,had no date thru an error. It should be dated for October,1939.It had 12 large-size hectographed pages,cover by Giunta,and material by various fans...FANTASEER then suspended publication for 11 months and Vol.2,No.1was published for September,1940,altho the date was left off and the volume number was indistinct. It had 6 large-size mimeographed pages and consisted of material by the editor and two reprinted short stories by fans from non-fan publications of the editor. A few copies(altho they are rather ppor)remain for sale at 5¢ apiece plus a 1½¢ stamp.

This will probably be the last mimeographed issue of FANTASEER. The circulation is far too small to allow us to continue to sell it for 5¢ a copy and still continue in a mimeographed format, so beginning with the next issue we shall revert to the old hectograph method. We are going to have 24 half-size pages, butthe price will still be only 5¢ an issue.As postal rules allow one to mail a magazine of 24 pages or more for 1¢ instead of 1½¢ we are able to apply the saving to enlarging the magazine.I hope to do some work on the next FANTASEER over Christmas vacation and i will probably be dated for February,1941. As yet there is little material in. Jogn Giunta will do the cover and some drawings, there probably will be another story by Robert G.Thompson, and also an article by Bob Tucker.

Fandom has never over-worked this editor by deluging him with piles and piles of material. One reason for the rather infrequent appearance of FANTASEER is that we receive so little to put in it and we rather hesitate to perpetrate an issue written solely by ourselves on the long - suffering fan-world. So come on,youse guys and gals, and give us a littl help. We can use just about anything you send in. Stories,articles,poems and anything else, so long as you don't get down-right libelous in what you say...Art work is also needed,but must be done in hectograph ink.Any size drawings up to size 5x8 are welcome. If you care to do a cover do not put any wording other than the word "FANTASEER" on it.

We are sending 50 copies of this issue thru the FAPA bundle. This does not mean that all future issues are going thru the FAPA, but just that the Christmas spirit of giving to others happened to get us at the moment. And speaking of Christmas, we hope that any fans who may be atheists won't take as a personal insult the little Christmas card we are enclosing and which we printed ourselves on a small 3x5 hand-press.The

X-PN 4827

PRESIDENT'S PAGE

#154

January, 1941

Dear Fellow Journalists:

On January 17 we celebrate the birthday of Benjamin Franklin, the patron saint of amateur journalism.

I have just finished reading his biography, and find that he was a remarkable person. This sentence sums the book up very well: "Franklin engraved his name deep into the history of his time by drawing men to him through his gift of being intensely alive, incessantly observant, immensely charitable, and unalterably radiant". Would that not be a splendid rule for us all to follow?

Franklin is often referred to as the first civilized American, because, at a time when America was deep in controversy and bleak beliefs, he was humor-loving, generous and open-minded. He had a gusto for living, and his aim was "to do good and live a satisfactory life". This he did for 84 years.

At 12, Franklin became an apprenticed printer in his brother's shop. At 15, he was writing anonymous articles to print in the paper he worked on, which was the second newspaper in the United States. At 17, he was publisher, editor and printer of the paper. He wrote letters to the paper on vital subjects, and answered them himself.

When he was 23, he and several other young writers in Philadelphia founded the Junto Club, which endured for over forty years. Their purpose was to seek truth and promote good fellowship. They met every Friday evening in a room at the back of Franklin's print shop. Every member was to produce inquiries on morals, politics, or philosophy, to be discussed by the group, and each member was required to read an essay of his own, on any subject he desired. One question often asked the members by their chairman was, "Has any deserving stranger arrived in town since our last meeting? Does it lie in the power of Junto to encourage him?" Thus they recruited new members. Doesn't this sound much like our local clubs of today?

The first public library was started in Philadelphia when the members of the Junto Club brought their own books to Franklin's office, where they were available to all.

At 42, Franklin sold his printing business and studied electricity, and conducted his famous kite experiment. Later he was drawn into politics and made frequent voyages to Europe in behalf of this country. In London, he met famous writers of the day, and talked with them for hours in the public coffee houses.

It seems unbelievable that all that Benjamin Franklin accomplished could be crowded into one lifetime. In choosing him as the patron of amateur journalism, we have picked a true American, who enjoyed living in the service of his fellow men. He printed, edited, and wrote exactly what he thought, thus planting the permanent roots of the freedom of the press.

The privilege of free expression is our precious heritage, which we shall continue to enjoy as long as we keep it open to all who seek to write or speak their thoughts.

Very truly yours,

BESSIE BARNES

President of the U.A.P.A.A.

724 W Sharp Avenue
Spokane, Washington

PRESIDENT'S PAGE

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Dear Fellow Journalists:

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Thanking you for the privilege of serving as your president this past year, I remain

Sincerely yours,

BESSIE BARNES
President
United Amateur Press Association

724 W. Sharp Avenue
Spokane, Washington

X-PN 4827 #156
THE LIBRARY OF
JUN 28 1945

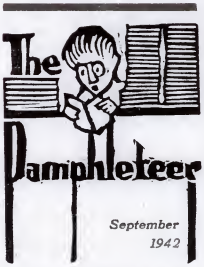
YES! THIS IS

The Puny Press

Number 8 - September, 1942

An AAPA Publication

X-PN 4827 #157



NUMBER TWO

X-PN 4827 #155

The Pamphleteer

No. THREE 1942 OCTOBER

EACH profession believes that its particular field is more interesting than the other. This is a poor viewpoint, since each cannot exist without the other.

Youth has its inspirations of faith to be something "big" in its choice of a career, which in time turns into livelihood. It is the novice who constantly pounds at his vocation, to understand and conquer what has all ready been done in the past : becomes a success.

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
#157

THE

PASTIME AMATEUR

Published occasionally in the interest of the American Amateur Press Association by

EUGENE F. STERNER

218 N. Howard Street, Allentown, Pa.

Vol. 1 Summer, 1942 No. 3

This Amateur devotes all its pages to the personal chatter of our members.

Comments are always welcome from other members. Friendship helps a lot.

We are glad to see that welcoming paper, The Gator Growl, published by 13 year old L. M. Hawes, Jr. of Florida. Keep up the good work, Leland.

X-PN 4827

#190

PHILCOLMNIST

VOL. 1 No. 3 MARCH, 1942

A. J. Out for Defense

Now that we are in war, an idea occurred to me as to how every a. j. among us could do a little mite for defense, and at the same time help UAPA.

If each member would buy a 25ct. defense stamp and donate it to the association, the total would be sufficient to purchase a bond. Or if even half of the membership donated one such stamp, there would be sufficient to buy a bond for $37.50, worth $50.00 at maturity.

I have already sent a 25ct. stamp to the Secretary-treasurer, and I hope all readers will follow. As soon as the fund reaches enough to buy a bond, the stamps should be so converted. The bonds are to be the property of the UAPA and placed in the treasury. Bonds can be redeemed after the war or at maturity at the discretion of the directors and officers. This can be decided later. And the UAPA should reap a lot of publicity, which we well need. Drop me a card and say you are following my move.

X-PN 4827 #191

Phil Williams'

NOT SO PUBLIC LEDGER

4744 BINGHAM ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.
APRIL 1942 VOL. 1 - NO. 2

nspl MISSES FEBRUARY BUNDLE
MARY LOU HOLDEN NOT GUILTY

CHIRP No. 1.

We like appreciation,
And friendly words we prize,
But we can smile, and take it
When square shots criticize.

For we've this consolation
Whene'er you treat us rough:
To be an honest critic
You have to READ our stuff.

SOPHIE S. WALBERT.

X-PN 4827 THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

The Puny Press

No. 7. April, 1942

GARLAND EDITION

#112
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

The Puny Press

JUN 28 1945

No. 7. April, 1942

GARLAND EDITION

X-PN 4827

PETITE

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
PR 29 1940

Hail to thee guest, who e'er thou art.
If friend, we greet thee hand and heart.
If stranger, then no longer be;
If foe, our love shall conquer thee.

First issue

2015

Petite

APR 29 1944

Debt

Our debt is to the living and not to the dead. For we carry the torch they handed us to light a way for posterity.

Each day is a separate gem. Let us live as if it were our last, for we may never know tomorrow. Therefore, live well this day.

Third Issue

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
COPY
GIFT

The Pennian

Number Two
Summer, 1942

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
COPY
GIFT

The Printers' Devil

April, 1942

Number 23

FRANCIS W. MILLER
1914-1942

FRANK MILLER is dead and I cannot let his passing go unrecorded for it was he who introduced me to amateur journalism and later on it was again Frank who tempered my rash actions and made me see things in a new light.

And now he is gone, dead from a chest trouble that must have been plaguing him for years. Maybe it is best that he went early, for Frank hated wars and the men that make them. It may be that our entrance into the world conflict hastened Faank's exit.

Miller entered the United Amateur Press Association about 1934 and shortly thereafter began publication of THE BOSTONIAN, later called ECHOES. At an early date he showed his fearlessness when he exposed Roy Erford in one of the typical Seattle political machinations. Miller was instrumental in the formation of the New England Amateur Press Club and was also an active figure in the Crusaders. When the AAPA was organized he served two terms as Mailer and one as Secretary, doing an efficient job in each case. He was the second President of the Metropolitan Chapter

X-PN 4927

#193 THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

PENNY'S PLATTER

Published By
E. J. SHARBATZ
15439 Baylis Ave., Detroit, Mich.

This Journal is published in the interest of the Amateur Journalistic World and as often as A.A.P.A. members or contributors submit.

Journal Sponsors Contest for Poets

Here is a chance for you poets to show
How much about lyrics and ballads you really know.
Write us a poem and send it in
Choose any topic; maybe you'll win.
October the eighth is the very last date
To join this contest, so don't be late!

Now is the time for all poets to try their luck in the first Annual Poetry Contest put out by this journal. The winners poem will be published in "PENNY'S PLATTER" at a future date. A prize will be offered to the winner which will be a book titled "Hints on Writing Poetry" by Clement Wood.

X-PN 4827 #199

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

Penny's Platter

A Better Journal For A Better Association

Thanksgiving Day is here again,
And for its food our stomachs yen:
Roast turkey and stuffing and much good cheer,
For Thanksgiving comes but twice a year.

Is this a turkey which I see before me,
The drumstick toward my hand?
Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, juicy vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight, or art thou but
A fowl of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the hunger-pres't brain.

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
GIFT

Penny's Platter
SONG-VERSE

FRIENDLY ADVICE

Are you an active a. j. member?
The kind that would be missed,
Or are you just contended
Because your name is on the list.

Do you read the monthly journals?
And write to the rest of the crowd,
Or do you stay asleep
And crab both long and loud.

Or do you take and active part
To help the club along
Or are you just satisfied to be
The kind to just belong.

Do you ever welcome a new member?
And help in guiding hand,
Or leave the work for just a few
For those who don't understand.

There's quite a program scheduled
That means success if done
And it can be accomplished
With the support of everyone. (over)

X-PN

THE PINE TREE

- A Journal of Comment, Arts, and Letters -

PUBLISHED AT 427 SO. OLIVE ST. LOS ANGELES BY
VALMAH T. PRICE JR., EDITOR

Volume I MARCH, 1942 Number I

LIBRARY OF
LOS ANGELES
29 1944

A Pledge of Allegiance

I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America, and to the Republic for which it stands; One nation, indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all!

PEOPLE'SUN

"Liberty Under God"

10th Yr. No. 102 APRIL, 1942 UNION CITY, N. J.

A View of
Our V-Drive

PLATEAU PANORAMA

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 29 1944

By HAIG ANLIAN

Now it is dusk, now dark. Thousands of lamps appear, oh millions, everyplace! White lights, red lights, yellow and green and blue. Unseen hands in multitudes are reaching for buttons, for strings and switches. And then — then more flashes of radiance.

At the edge of a rocky plateau, known as the Palisades, several hundred feet high . . . I stand. Looking up: nature has put on her night signals. Heedless, the hum of human hustle holds on. For the fulfillment of her biggest job America concentrates.

Below are the railroad yards and the winding river. Long lines of trains here and over here. Some are chugging to the piers just ahead with their valuables for victory; some are speeding silently to the side of the cliff—through the man-made carving—for renewed journeys to the myriad workshops of democracy.

Occasionally the moon peeks from still clouds there. Over the calm but cool waters shadowy ships seemingly slide to sea. At a vantage view I glance at the road zig-zagging snugly about this miniature mountain, laden with tiny autos and buses and trucks which tread to and fro on manifest missions.

At the dimly decorated docks, the clatter of riveting pierces and the torch of welding flares in evening's dresswear. Huge, lengthy boxes suspend from cranes rolling across rectangular landings that stretch from the solid safeness of the earth.

Settled to its water line, proudly awaiting the crack of its captain's command, is a freighter which a few moments ago shifted in rhythm, the current slapping its curved constitution.

Then a dark-reddish hue in the placid heavens beyond draws attraction. Can it be a bit of the sun's glow left behind? No, for the rays reach from the pulsating City of Cities on the opposite banks. Her famous outline of superstructure in brilliance, she beholds majestically as the symbol of the land's greatness.

And seen too are streaks of light scanning the sky. As one, their strength is now shot at a streamliner which nears its smooth haven; yes, this one is a peaceful carrier.

* * * *

The drone of working, working,

(See Page 2, Col. 2)

X-PN 4827

The Printer's Pet

Number 8 September, 1942

The Final Prophet

By Floyd V. Steutel, Ph.D.

LO! another god-man is born! ¶ To Mecca, on June 8, 570 A.D., comes the one promist by Jesus Christ: "It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you" (John16:7). The Koran words it: "And when Jesus the son of Mary said, Oh, children of Israel, verily I am the apostle of God sent unto you, confirming the law which was delivered before me, and bringing good tidings of an apostle who shall come after me, and whose name shall be Ahmed" (The Array, the 61st chapter).

As Ahmed, or Mohammed, is born a bright light appears in the sky and illumines it. All the idols in the world fall down, and the thousand-year old fire of Ahura Mazda (Ormazd) in the Temple of Zoroaster is extinguisht.

Thomas wrote that while yet in his cradle Jesus had said: "Mary, I am Jesus the Son of God, that Word which thou didst bring forth according to the declaration of the angel Gabriel to thee, and my Father hath sent me for the salvation of the world" (1 Inf. 1:3). Similarly speaks the new-born Ahmed: "God is great! there is no God but God (Allah Taala), and I am his prophet!" This declaration seems to have been quoted from Augustine, who wrote some three centuries earlier: "For who is Lord but the Lord? or who is God save our God? (Confessions, book 1, ch. 4).

Mohammed's father, Abd'allah, is dead, after having him christened his mother Amina gives him to be cared for his first five years by a nurse in a Bedouin tribe in the great Arabian desert. In his sixth year Amina dies. The orphan lad it now cared for by his grandfather Abd'almotalleb, a priest of the Caaba Temple. Two years later his grandfather dies. Sorrow has ever traced down this lad who is destined to lead his people out of the gross idolatry of the 'time of ignorance' and bring unity to a divided nation. Once he stated that, "In the whole world I had but one friend." From now until his first marriage, he is cared for by a loving uncle, Abu Taleb, who is yet to die an infidel.

Until his marriage to Khadijah, a noble-woman, Mohammed's education comes not from books, but is the result of practical experience gained in merchandising and in war. He can not read or write, until the angel Gabriel tells him to write the contents of the great table so that men can know God's will. This table is quite a mixture of Magiism, Christianism, and

CONGRESS
APR 29 1944

WE fight not to enslave, but to set a country free, and to make room upon the Earth for honest men to live in. So says Thomas Paine.

Remember Pearl Harbor!

X-PN 4921

the Political Pot

Edited and published often for those interested in the political affairs of the American Amateur Press Association by Johnnie Vaglienti and Bill Bradfield. This issue is written, edited, and printed by the co-editors at the Garland News in Garland, Texas. Political Pot has Charter A-52.

Vol. 4 September, 1942 No. 3

Two Candidates For 1st Vice Pres.

Luther Watson, of Graymont, Georgia, has announced his candidacy for 1st Vice-President. He is editor of Hi-Lights. Watson has stated, "I promise a vigorous publicity and recruiting year, for which I have already made plans."

William "Wild Bill" Bradfield, editor and publisher of Round-Up, and co-editor of Political Pot, is a candidate for election as 1st Vice-President of the American. As the 1st Vice-President is responsible for recruiting and publicity, he points to his experience along these lines, having started the Florida list of recruits this year, and having been chiefly responsible for the publicity of the Houston Ajay Jamboree last year. Bill promises to see that the American gets more publicity in 1943 than it has ever had in past years.

Albert For Secretary

Several reliable sources state that Ray Albert, of Blacksburg, Virginia, will be a candidate for Secretary. Ray is publisher of the well-known Just Rays, and is now Manuscript & Criticism Manager of the American.

Bradfield To Be Ballot Recorder

Bill Bradfield, of the Political Pot staff, has been appointed the Ballot Recorder for the coming election. The appointment was made by President Bill Haywood.

Rumors Muddle AAPA Politics

The political situation for some offices is quite muddled, because of of suggested candidates, or, in a short word, rumors. It will be made clear only by the amateurs themselves. The Political Pot asks that AAPA members announce their political intentions, if any, at once. This will enable the candidates to get to down-to-earth campaigning, and that will mean more and larger journals this fall.

No one has yet announced candidacy for the President's chair, and reports indicate that Bill Haywood will not seek re-election, although many have urged him to do so. Robert Maney has been suggested as President, Official Editor, and for re-election as Mailer, but his decision has not yet been given. Another prospect for Mailer is Charles ("Chuck") Riddle, who has also been suggested as a candidate for Treasurer.

It is rumored that Michael Phelan will seek a Director's post. Linton Clark has been mentioned for the chairmanship of the Board.

Other suggested candidates are: Helen Vivarttas for Official Editor and 2nd Vice-President; Lee Hawes for Clubs & Chapters Mgr.; George Kay for Official Editor; E. H. ("Gabby") Gabaree for Manuscript Mgr.; Merton Hiatt for re-election as Treasurer; and Bill Haywood for Director. Two of the present members of the Board of Directors are expected to seek re-election.

—Johnnie

X-PN 4827

4305

The Preceptor

DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE OF HELPLESS, GROPING HUMANITY

JANUARY Chicago, Illinois 1942

And What Became Of It All?

CONTRACTS
APR 29 1944

A Short Story by
JERRY F. CHMELICEK

The fire was already consuming the last of the food when I heard a peculiar noise near the outside of the tent. It startled me, and I tho't of waking Trusty Gordon and Nippy Jackson. But if it was only the wind playing with the leaves, I would be laughed at for a year. No I could not risk waking them. The b.b. gun of Trusty's caught my eye at that instant, and I lost no time in securing it. Courage, I said to myself; then with a sinking heart, I made my way to the flap of the tent. Slowly I pulled it apart and there a most bewildering sight caught my eye. A small bear, no taller than three feet was exploring the contents of our supply tent. Surprised was I? Not only that, but amazed, as I remembered distinctly having heard of no bears in the vicinity of our camp. What if the older bear was around? We would find ourselves in a most uncomfortable position with only a b.b. gun for protection.

I looked more closely to study the bear. He was an ordinary cub bear, black fur, with eyes that resembled shoe-buttons, sharply poined ears, and a curious snoot, that as I watched, found a cracker. By gum, it was only an appetizer it seemed, for the bear started an exploration of our sugar box, upsetting it. But fate had waved the wand, and the bear became imprisoned under the box. I know it would not be long before he would free himself. Quickly flinging the gun away, I ran into the supply tent and scooped box and ball of fur up, and carried them into our tent.

Then I set it down and stationed myself at the opening of the tent, in case the bear decided to high-tail it for the woods.

A minute passed, two, still not a sound from the box. Then a head popped up, and the two chubby paws propped themselves on the edge of the box. After freeing himself from the contraption, instead of making a dash for dear life, as I had expected, he started on an inspection tour of Nippy and Trusty, both snoring to beat the band.

The bear sat on his hind legs, and curiously looked at the two creatures. He viewed the cavernous mouth of Nippy and decided he did not like him. Trusty was the second curio. The bear played a trick on him for which I was —— but

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD 1945

The Printer's Pet

Number 8 | September, 1942

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Remember Pearl Harbor!

The Library of Cong
Central Serial Rec
Received
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The Printer's Pet

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Remember Pearl Harbor!

#203

4827 *A Magazine of Private Opinions Publicly Expressed*

THE NEW

PRIVATE OPINION

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W. C. Vanderbilt, Editor — Marion Blodgett — Homer Beale, Associate Editors

Published Quarterly at 93 Mercer Street, New York City - - $1.00 Per Year

Vol. 2. No. 1 — August, 1942

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 29 1944

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

As per the announcement in the May number of *The American Viewpoint*, this magazine and the *American Viewpoint* are no longer running as a supplement to each other. Instead, each magazine is to receive separate development. *American Viewpoint* gets the departments of Food, Health, Geneology, Discussions of Books and Magazines and several new departments. *Private Opinion* retains the Mexican serial, News Notes by Marion Blodgett, a new musical department to be initiated in the next number, an art department and several other new departments. And we are glad to announce, that in the shuffle, we were awarded the stories built around the character of Ferran, the official of the musical foundation and most of Margaret Nickerson Martin's material and for these two latter awards we are duly thankful. And, as *American Viewpoint* announces, we are expected to blossom out with gorgeous art work and some new and interesting departments. Here's to us!

—*The Editor.*

NOTES and COMMENTS

By MARION BLODGETT

Jack Dempsey is sporting a nice little memento from Pearl Harbor these days, in the shape of a very much battered piece of a Jap plane shot down at Pearl Harbor. The bit of historic wreckage is on display in the window of Jack's Broadway restaurant. Everyone in the metal and allied lines in and near New York should pay a visit to Jack, and, after being fortified with one of Jack's fish dinners, set to and study that bit of wreckage.

The plane must have looked something like one of those Christmas toys that the skibbies used to send us in such great quantities, and it is, indeed, lined with metal that was intended for toys. One of my party noticed that this material had the general appearance of being fabricated out of pieces of tin horn, but I explained that the metal was coated while still in sheet form, in the same manner as in the manufacture of toys, then cut to shape. Some one asked if I had any idea who sold the skibbies the metal and I admitted that I have. See if any of you boys and girls of the metal trades can identify the rapscallion.

Another thing I noticed was that this frail

(*Continued on page* 3)

X-PN 4827 #2.9

The Pamphleteer

No. 5 January 1943

GET OFF THE HIGH HOBBY HORSE!

Tim Thrift, amateur journalist and printer is one of my favorites in the n. a.p.a. but he's all wet about "But — I do n't want to print." Anyone investing in a hand-press, type, etc., loves to

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 26 1945

THE PRINTER'S PRESS

VOL. 1 - - NO. 1

A.A.P.A. MEMBER

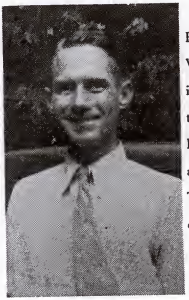
SEPTEMBER, 1943

X-PN 4827

The Preceptor

"Devoted to the cause of helpless, groping humanity"

August ********** *1943*



Here is a late photo of W. Edward Tevis. He is serving the United on the Board of Directors. Ed is an able amateur, and loyal to the core. The United always comes first with Director Tevis.

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

The Penguin

Vol. I. *September, 1943* *No. 1.*

Perfect Peace

Peace, perfect peace, is what we ask
For a world all torn and bleeding,
Where each performs his wanted task-
For such peace we are pleading.

When soul and intellect progress,
Create, construct and not distroy
By ignorance and mighty stress
What Nature gave without alloy;
Then every human here below
Shall know the value of a life,
Not given for the sake of woe,
Nor yet to fill the earth with strife.

Peace, perfect peace, is what we ask-
All nations knowing true rebirth;
A world revealed without á mask-
When man's good will shall rule the earth.

—A. W.

SW4817

POST IMPERFECT
Formerly Wallpaper
Distributed Free to Members
American Amateur Press Assn.

Vol. 1 August, 1943 No. 2

In A Single Year

16-Unit Press Uses 9000 Tons of Paper

The story of the Miami Herald's rise from 3,000 copies daily in 1912 to over 100,000 copies today is one that interests every amateur journalist if our mail for the past month is a basis for judgment, so Post Imperfect brings its readers part two of its story of the Miami Herald.

The Herald's giant 16-unit press, each unit capable of turning out 16 pages, consumes some 9,000 tons of newsprint every year and has a thirst for ink that can be quenched only by 300,000 pounds of black and 20,000 pounds of the colored liquid.

Four motors with a combined strength of 400 horsepower propel thousand-pound rolls of paper through the press at high speed.

A particular tricky piece of mechanism supplies a new roll of paper each time one is exhausted, pasting the new onto the old without so much as a slowing down of the press.

Arched page-size printing plates are cast in the stereotype department which, with its eight-ton pot and double casting box, can cast six plates every minute. Over 20 tons of stereotype metal are used in the department.

News is received constantly by mail, private delivery service, telegraph, teletype machines of AP, UP, and INS, and from local reporters and correspondents.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
#7 21

FIVE DOLLARS IS BIG ISSUE

June 1943 was an epoch-making month. Thirty-one-packed days saw (a) Congress override the strike veto, (b) Allied forces bomb and sieze Pantelleria, (c) "88" Keyes escape from the grain-thresher, and (d) Ed Wall and Larry Donovan combine to form Post Imperfect.

Which of these events is of more importance to the human race cannot be determined except by the dictates of time, but the editors, knowing little about (a), (b) or (c), have chosen to bring you a graphic picture of the meeting in which event (d) occurred.

It was on the eve of the first printing of Wallpaper, of which this is the successor, that Ed Wall received his first bill from Advance Press. Suppressing a scream, Wall hastened to the Miami Herald and located fellow-copyboy Larry Donovan.

"Have you five dollars?"

"Yes," replied Donovan, dubiously, hand on wallet.

"What are your opinions of the post-war world?"

"Well . . . I . . . "

"Do you think that the New Deal is here to stay?"

" . . . Uh . . . well, offhand I . . ."

"Splendid. I can see you are a man of strong opinions, profound intelligence, and are free from the bindings of political prejudices. Congratulations! You are now my new associate editor."

Thus Wall, bolstered with the knowledge that he was not alone in the publishing business and fortified with five newly-acquired dollars, released Wallpaper onto the public and then combined with newly-acquired Donovan to produce edition two.

This is it. We hope you like it.

PEOPLE'SUN

"Liberty Under God"

10th Yr., No. 103 JANUARY 1943 UNION CITY, N. J.

Our Papers
At War—

PRESSING FOR VICTORY

By HAIG ANLIAN

SINCE Peter Zenger's acquittal of printed criticism against the government, in the days when the United States was a colony, the press has been a foremost bulwark to uphold the people's rights and privileges. Through the vicissitudes which transformed America from thirteen sprawling states to a united world power, that historic defender of liberty has never more been needed than now to protect all that is dear and decent.

How empty do those things promulgated against the press in more tranquil times seem in wartime. "Controlled by moneyed interests" and "catering to advertisers" were hurled periodically, indiscriminately and ineffectively. For such criticism hardly applied to more than an infinitesimal number. Usually the effervescence emanated from persons who feared the independence and power of the press, who sought to avenge a grudge or gain individual advantage.

Today, however, that perennially prosaic topic of "The Press!" discards its academic robe. Americans vividly recall the first step toward totalitarianism—muzzlement of the press. Becoming mere echoes of party line and official dictum, the papers' new status paved a path of brazen suppression, oppression and aggression.

How persistently pertinent are the words of Tom Paine, written many years ago: "Whoever has made observation of nations will find it generally true that the manners of a nation can be better ascertained from the character of its press than from any other circumstances."

HENCE, freedom of the press assumes more momentous meaning. Far apart from England's abolishment in 1688 of the office of Imprimateur, who inspected all manuscripts before printing. No longer, too, simply subject to the twists and turns of zealous orators and flowery editors.

President Roosevelt has stated: "War imposes grave new responsibilities on all of us, but upon no public servant does the responsibility for truth and integrity rest more heavily than upon the press. Theirs is the duty of keeping the people fully and faithfully informed."

In total war, as we certainly must wage, the press is a potent weapon. On this point Supreme Court Justice William Douglas declares: "It must make war on our illusions and on our wishful thinking. Our democracy cannot function unless the

Turn to Page 2

X-PN 482, #25

EXTRAORDINARY!

AGREE THE CRITICS

After reading that far-sighted, thought provoking volumn

Poems of Progress

BY WALTER WARD HAMILL

And you'll agree that it's the best, most up-to-the-minute booklet of amateur verse now published. Attractively printed, heavy paper cover.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS RECEIVED APR 29 1944

First, limited edition; autographed copies 10c, 3 for 25c.

Order from the Author
3219 Guilford Ave., Baltimore, Md.

3118781 29 Ap 44

X-PN 4827 H216

THE POLITICAL POT

POLITICAL SHORTS
BY FRANCIS S. CALIVA

WAYNE WILLIAMS HAS ANNOUNCED HIS CANDIDACY FOR MAILER. HE WILL OPPOSE WILLIAM GROVEMAN. - EMIL TENYAK, IT SEEMS, HAS GIVEN UP THOUGHT OF OPPOSING THE CONVENTION SLATE.

ON TO PAGE 3.

LIBRARY
APR 29 1944

X-PN 4827 #217

Progressive Press

VOL. I WINTER NO. 5

PEACE

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

"In time of peace, prepare for war"
The adage used to say.
Let not this lie delude you more
In this enlightend day.

If four men, fully armed, should chance
To argue; can't you see?
Th' odds are high the grave would claim
The corpse of two or three.

Let reason take the place of arms
Let justice reign abroad.
Denounce this military curse—
Intolerance and fraud!

Walter W. Hamill

Read Hamills booklet, POEMS OF PROGRESS, 10c per copy. Order from the editor.

X-PN 4827

#248

Petite

Hail to thee, guest, whoe'er thou art,
If friend, we greet thee hand and heart
-If stranger, then no longer be;
If foe, our love shall conquer thee.

PETITE

IN LIE
BOSW
MEMIAL
APR 25

Hail to thee guest, who e'er thou art.
If friend, we greet thee hand and heart.
If stranger, then we longer be;
If foe, our love shall conquer thee.

First issue

X-PN 4827

POEMS of PROGRESS

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

Walter Ward Hamill

Y-PN 4827

#221

The Prairie Pressman

June, 1944

X-PN 4827

#222

The Pennian

January 1944

X-PN 4827 #223

The Pennian

Number Five

July 1944

Y DM 4827

P E G

(The Publisher's and Editor's Guide)

Series C-1 November 1944

Introducing "P E G"

PEG is exactly what the name implies, a guide for Amateur publishers and editors. It will be devoted exclusively towards the improvement of the A. J. press. My private hope is that it will be stimulating and inspirational. Contributions of all kinds dealing with publishing and editing will be carefully considered.

Information Please

I am preparing an article entitled "America's Uncreative Country Press" and could use weekly newspapers from all over U. S. A., particularly those doing a better than average job. Send copies of papers or address of editor. Thanks.

In Praise of Harper's Bazaar

Reccommended reading for A. J. editors is Harper's Bazaar, It is one of America's finest commerical magazines, leaders in their own field of fashion reporting. Fiction and poetry distinguished and always worth reading. A fine civilized magazine to study and emulate.

X-PN 4827

#225

APR 29 1944

The Pilgrim

LIKE THE MAN who said, "Thank God I am a Harvard man!" I can also say, "Thank God I am an amateur journalist." For I can truthfully declare that I had the best time ever at the Philadelphia convention,

Although I have been to four conventions, this was my first as a member of the National Amateur Press Association. It really meant so much more to be able to take part and to feel that the business was my interest, too. However, I'll leave the business to the older and more competent members, and confine myself purely to the social side of the convention.

From the moment I arrived at the Hotel Adelphia I knew the convention was to be a success. Bernice McCarthy and I had a room together, and although it was the darkest and gloomiest one we had ever seen, we didn't bother to move because we didn't intend to see enough of it to mind. And we didn't!

After catching up on what we'd done since we had seen each other at the Boston convention (which took till practically dawn!) we were awakened bright and early by my father inviting us to breakfast. Needless

N4527 11276

INTRODUCEING---

THE PUPPY

VOL.0. NO.0.

MAY 1944

Printed and Published by: Tom Grimes of the AMERICAN PRINT SHOP.

PRINTED FOR THE

N.A.P.A. & A.A.P.A.

PREVIEW OF COMING ATTRACTIONS.

"THE PUPPY" will be a monthly publication if possible. The publisher works after school in a print shop. Also much of his time is taken up in school work and other printing work. "THE PUPPY" will be a 2 to 4 page paper.

GIVE TO THE RED CROSS WAR FUND!!

X-PN 4827

#227

"Everbody loves scandal"

THE PURGE

In the Interests of the Raw Deal
A Blow-by-Blow Broadcast

"Now is can be told"

Great Cincinnati Convention---Ohio Valley Writers' Guild Plays Big Part--- Wouldn't Join, But Tried To Vote

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD APR 29 1944

---

unOFFICIAL MINUTES

PRESIDENT FELICITAS: "All in favor raise your hands. Say, you Rudey Balley Writers can't vote--you're not members."

"HI-HOLLER" DUNLAP: "It's a outrage to muscle-out me gang just fer they isn't jined."

"GENTLEMAN GEORGE" PALMER: "Let's scram, buddie. Our semiprofesh racket will be kilt if we pal wid dem ams."

"CHUCK" MACAW: "I second the commotion--hold that pose."

"HAPPY-AM-I" WYLIE: "Gentlemen, gentlemen, if any--Peace, it's wonderful."

When Cincinnati asked for 1938, it had but two members--Bill Dowdell and Bob Dunlap. When the convention adjourned, it still had but two members. The September National Amateur lists 42 nonmembers present from Cincinnati; 14 of them showed additional interest by attending the banquet. Yet, not 1 of the 42, not one Ohio Valley Writer, was recruited. Asleep at the switch, Bob?

Spink was joshed on his Constitutionalist for amendments that the committee didn't approve, the March official organ publish, nor the proxies print. Helm passed the buck to the president. When his Message was read (Macauley was absent, driving himself in his business--better slow-up, George, or you'll be a vital statistic), he admitted his negligence and Helm smiled an I-told-you-so. Despite a childlike countenance, has Spink reached the age when everything that he likes seems to be, as Heywood Broun says of himself, either illegal, indigestible, or immoral.

Suhre ran true-to-form and crossed the Gibson mat near the finish. He blow-off froth when he heard that Babcock had muscled him out of his life chairmanship of the proxy committee. He's a good loser though, and a suitable inscription on his tombstone would be "This is on me." Although travel-worn year after year to

X-PN 4827

#728

Paukez Kwill

No. 5 — Special Bull Dog Edition

WANDERER SENDS GREETINGS

Wishes Merry Christmas To All; Extends New Year Cheer from S. S. California

APR 29 1946

BACK ON LAND AGAIN

The Wanderer, erstwhile "The Hobohemian" and also known under various aliases such as Paul Livingston Keil and Pauke, in an exclusive interview to The Kwill representative said that his main concern these days was to send GREETINGS OF THE SEASON to his friends.

Caught sitting on the extra anchor up on the deck he was interrupted from his afternoon reading by the reporter who asked him several questions.

"What particular message would you like to convey to the vast army of readers of the "Kwill" at this festive season?"

Taking off his cap, which he wears constantly aboard ship except while eating and sleeping, the restless rover who signed on and off many a ship log and has put his sign on many places across the country, replied that he wished above everything that each reader would have a delightful, happy Christmas. When asked just how this was to be done he replied,

(Continued on last page)

Stop Press News

Hi, Shor:

Mighty sorry we didn't bunk into each other — but next time, tho, next time. We were off schedule on return trip.

Regards,
P.K.

X-PN 4827

P.P.A. GAZETTE

PERSONAL PROBLEMS ARJUSTMENT GAZETTE

A NUGGET FROM NUGGETS. YOU BET!

VOLLEY I DECEMBER BELLS BOMB IV

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT JACKSON, TENNESSEE

PORTER
APR 29 1944

JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME

BY MARGE

When I was a little girl, one of my school teachers told me that no one should spell December's holiday **X-m-a-s**: "Because," he explained, "that destroys the meaning. We all know that this holiday is in remembrance of the birthday of Jesus Christ. You will learn someday that **X** equals the unknown quantity, and we know that Christmas is not **that**."

It had always seemed so much more convenient for me to use the shorter way of writing **Christmas**, but I understood the rightness of my teacher's explanation. I've not once misspelled that word, in these years since, and I am extremely conscious of the mistake whenever I see **Christmas** spelled in any but the right way. However.....

When I think of Christ, I think of Generosity; and when I think of that finest quality of humankind, I think of gift-giving; And thinking of that brings to mind Christmas, so that I much better understand the true meaning of the word. Every day ought to be a gift-giving day, though only one day in each year is set aside for special observance. Not the giving of material gifts, but, rather, the giving to our fellowmen those things that can be retained.....Something that will be of vital value, to enrich and broaden and beautify their lives; Something that will lead them on to the finding of a fuller life, a higher joy.

We are happiest when we learn to give freely, expecting nothing for ourselves, though it is a law of life that they who give generously receive, naturally and unsought, doubly in return. There is a special kind of happiness that comes with self-sacrifice. Some children possess a surprising amount of the self-sacrificing kind of generosity. I have watched them at play and marveled. I asked a little boy, one day: "Do you like to give things to people?" The little fellow replied, hesitating not a moment: "Oh yes! It makes me feel happier if I know I've made someone else more happy."

As we show good-will and kindness and generosity toward our fellowmen, we more surely comprehend the divine idea.

At the threshold to the most humane and kindly of seasons, permeated with the feeling of brotherhood, warmed by the wine of generosity, let us say as Charles Dickens said: "I will honor Christmas in my heart and try to **keep it all the year**."

X-PN 4837

PEOPLE'SUN

ATOP THE PALISADES—ALONG THE HUDSON

12th Yr. UNION CITY, N. J., APRIL, 1944. No. 106

THE MYTH

Reflections on the Fourth Term

By HAIG ANLIAN

The myth of indispensability merrily continues to be disseminated from every available agency of communication and propaganda in this War Year of 1944. Trumpets are sounding the call for a fourth presidential term for Franklin Delano Roosevelt, professedly without his proclaimed benevolence. From Democratic Party headquarters down the line to district ward-heelers, the cry of "Win the War!" has ostensibly replaced the "New Deal" epithet. Removing the last vestige of non-partisanship in politics, labor organizations have combined in a gigantic frontal attack to re-elect the White House incumbent.

If the election campaign should develop into a position, as it is often inferred today, that the Roosevelt worshippers can blatantly contend before the people that only he is able to win the war, it will be a sad spectacle for the United States. For a nation which has nurtured leaders abundantly in every field of endeavor, for a nation which has far surpassed every known record in growth and achievement, it is nothing less than a repudiation of American democracy and of the tradition of freedom for any person or group to remark with a straight face that one man in 130 millions is capable of carrying us through to a successful peace.

The Constitution of the United States designates the President as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy. Some zealous fourth-termites would frighten the American people into believing that he holds a similar relationship with our civilian population. Even in this emergency, the Constitution has not been amended or abrogated to confer any other title than "President" upon Mr. Roosevelt. The Congress has given many war powers to the Executive to expedite the needs of our armed forces which he heads, but it does not follow that his plans and programs for the war effort are exempt from review, alteration, improvement or just criticism.

It is not treasonable for any American to continue to exercise his civil rights in wartime. The Department of Justice has recognized the importance of free speech by a liberal or "leaning-back" interpretation of war protective measures. The record manifests that our military and civilian security has not been endangered. This is in contrast to the scare and emotional campaigns prevalent in World War I.

Let the Roosevelt strategists beware of drifting into a campaign depicting F. D. R. as a god-like, indispensable being whom the country must retain in power to bring back our soldiers

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PEOPLE'S UNION

ATOP THE PALISADES—ALONG THE HUDSON

12th Yr. UNION CITY, N. J., DECEMBER, 1944 No. 107

PUBLISHER OF THE NEW YORK TIMES
Arthur Hays Sulzberger
(Photo and Cut Courtesy of New York Times)

The Printer

Volume III | February 1944 | Number II

Former Printer Writes For Printing Material

→ A few weeks ago Mr. Alexander received a request from a former Hadleyite's mother for some lesson sheets on printing.

This request was fulfilled almost immediately and Mr. Barks, printing instructor, included a letter, copies of the Dynamo, and a PRINTER.

The boy is a former printer, Melvin Gausling, Printer 3c, stationed "somewhere in the Pacific."

He states that "It felt good to read them (the Dynamo and PRINTER) once again" and "Where I am, mainland papers are pretty scarce."

He complimented THE PRINTER staff for "a fine looking paper." For that we thank him.

→ Where frequent ink changes are made on a press during the day, we have found it convenient to use a separate ink spatula for each color of ink. This saves time in handling and cleaning, and avoids contamination.

We have taken old hack saw blades 10 inches or longer, for this purpose, cut them in half and in a few seconds the teeth are ground away, making two useful spatulas. The working ends may be ground square or round, as desired. The flexibility of the metal makes them very effective. The holes at the other ends make it possible to hang them on brads nailed to the ink cabinet.

—*Graphic Arts Monthly*

The Kelly Press

In this issue the automatic feeder will be described

→ The Kelly Feeder is divided into two mechanisms, viz: A sheet separator and a sheet conveyor. The separator mechanism comprises the air blower and suction parts, the paper lift, the height guage and automatic lifting parts, the suction wheels and connections. She conveyor mechanism comprises the feed board, conveyor belts, rolls and tension devices, trips, detectors, swing frames, and such parts as have to do with the conveying of the sheet to the drop-guides.

Time may be saved by setting feeder while waiting for form O.K.

Blast Mouthpiece is adjustable to deflect the blast to the various angles required for different grades of stock. This adjustment is made by moving small handle on feeder side of frame. When correct position is found, handle is secured by thumbscrew. the correct setting for blast can be determined only when pile is at its working height. Make sure front of pile is at proper height, *i.e.*, level with tops of the two center pile guide bars.

To Adjust:

1. Start blower.
2. Move rod handle up as far

(Continued on Page 5)

"Scoop" Harrison writes about Rotary Presses

→ Probably the first newspaper to be printed by steam driven printing press was the Times of November 28, 1814. This machine was constructed by Koenig and Andrew Bauer and had a flat bed and a continually revolving cylinder;900 sheets per hour were printed on both sides, but by two distinct operations. Later a machine was constructed to print upon both sides of the sheet before delivery.

William Bullock invented the first press to print from a continuous reel of paper, in 1865. In 1868 the Walter rotary perfecting press was built, which printed a continuous reel of paper on both sides from curved plates. From this developed the present day newspaper rotaries. In 1870 a folder attachment was invented which eliminated folding the sheets by hand and speeded up production enormously.

In 1827 Applegarth and Cowper built a machine for printing on one side of the sheet and capable of giving 4000 impressions an hour. In 1848 Applegarth invented a new type of machine in which the cylinders were in a vertical position. This machine gave 8000 impressions per hour. Robert Hoe built a new style press in 1846, known as the Hoe type revolving press. This machine was capable of turning out 2000 sheets per hour, a six cylinder press gave 12,000 impressions.

X-PN 4827 THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD JUN 28 1945

Plenty Personal

All About Me

It has been a long time since an issue of the LITERARY MEDLEY has appeared. As things stand now we are no nearer print than we were the last two months. I haven't written a manuscript for some time now and although a few are still appearing in a few papers, these were written a good time ago there turn has only arrived. In order to kill two birds with one stone I am putting out PLENTY PERSONAL, using only articles by myself despite a surplus of splendid articles awaiting the next issue of the LITERARY MEDLEY.

I wish to thank the official board of directors for voting me in as chairman. I hope that I don't disappoint them. The official board holds there meetings about once a month by means of a round-robin

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PRINTINAX

THE AMERICAN AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

Vol. 1 No. 4

X-PN 4827

POURPARLER

No. 1 1945

CONCENTRATION

An illustrative story made famous by Roger Babson years ago, as we remember it:

In a Washington laboratory there is a "burning glass", like the ones used by children, though this one is three feet across. It collects the sun's rays and focuses them on one spot. The rays at that point are so hot that they eat through steel as easily as a hot knife glides through butter, a heat so teriffic that it melted instruments used in efforts to measure it. All the energy comes

X-PN 4827

POURPARLER

No. 2 1945

MACHINES vs. MAN

I know a man about 45 years old who should be at the height of his mental and physical vigor; instead he is a mere automaton, doing the things he is told to do and thinking the thoughts he is told to think. For 18 years before the war, his greatest mental exertion was fitting one kind of nut on the assembly line of a popular automobile or absorbing the predigested pap of his own pressure group.

I know a printer who set up a business years ago in a small town with what he would now call primitive equipment. What passes for ambition struck him later, and he went

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JUN 28 1945
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THE PRINTERS' EXCHANGE

AMERICAN AMATEUR PRESS ASS'N

1st. Exchange MAY, 1945

Premiere

The AAPA Printers' Exchange was officially created by President Wall in the appointment of Fred Card as manager. In cooperation with the committee of four prominent AAPAns, Leslie Boyer, Irwin Brandt, Ray Albert and Sheldon Wesson, plans were formulated for its organization and operation. This journal will be published by the manager to list items for sale or exhange, or wanted. Send all items to the manager. Included will be articles of interest and help to printers. Help firmly establish the Printers' Exchange by sending in what you have for exchange or want.

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#240

THE LIBRARY OF
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JUN 28 1945
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OUT

THE PILOT LIGHT

An Amateur Publication

Vol. 1 No. 1

X-PN 4827

#241

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

Political Pot Vol. 3—No. 4

Published by Johnnie Vaglienti and Bill Bradfield Jr., for the American Press Association. Address manuscripts to Editor Johnnie Vaglienti, P. O. Box 92, League City, Texas; political announcements to Editor Bill Bradfield Jr., Garland News, Garland, Texas.

Inter-Association Laureates?

NO! WRITES JOSEPH CURRAN

A few days ago Burton Crane favored me with a copy of his very fine paper, MASAKA, in which I noticed a suggestion by Mr. Crane to have a literary contest between the amateur press associations.

It seems strange that Mr. Crane would suggest that the American be permitted to enter such a contest. Perhaps Mr. Crane thinks the National would win all the prizes, or perhaps he thinks the National could "show up" the American, then again perhaps he wishes to get the associations to combine, so that the National will get the younger members it needs. Mr. Crane has written much about the lowly journals published by American members, about our low standard of writers, about how poor we look next to the NAPA, and then in the next minute he suggests that we compete with the said NAPA. Mr. Crane cannot deny that he has had ideas of bringing the American into the National.

I would like to quote from the April, 1937 issue of MASAKA, in which Mr. Crane wrote on pages 7 and 8 the following: "And now it seems that the disgruntled faction of the United has started to organize the American Amateur Press Association. Such splits should be discouraged. Lord knows, politics are a splendid, vital force in amateur journalism, but the every-man-his-own-party complex should be beaned with a beer bottle. If Noelhowing doesn't appeal to them, let the rebels pitch in to build up the NAPA. We need only one national organization to handle the dirty work of mailing bureaus, manuscript bureaus, publicity and recruiting, and to give us a clearing house for our papers through its mailing list. Duplication of national bodies simply multiplies the dirty jobs without producing any more papers or any more enthusiasm. I'd like to see a drive to remite the NAPA and UAPAA and will listen eagerly for the soft "plop" with which the AAPA falls into oblivion."

We must be wise and careful before we agree to any plan that will get us mixed up with another association. Is this a plan to unite the American with the National? I don't know, but I know that we would be wise to let someone else try it first. There is an old saying that has much wisdom in it, and we would do good to follow its advice. The saying goes: "Be not the first the new to try, nor the last the old to lay aside." Let us therefore not be the first to get mixed up in any plan that might disunite us.

—Joseph Curran

The editors are interested in your opinion of the Inter-Association Laureate Contest discussion. Drop us a card with your opinion. . . between 50 and 75 words. . . and we'll find room to publish it. Thanks.

P. S. Candidates, don't forget to inform us of your campaign for office. First campaign announcements will be in the September issue. However, politicians are requested to not release publicity until the October bundles.

Correction: This is an AMERICAN AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION Publication; Not a publication of the American Press Association as stated above.

X-PN 4827

#242

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

Political Pot

Edited and published often for those interested in the political affairs of the American Amateur Press Association by Johnnie Vaglienti and Bill Bradfield. This issue is assembled by Editor Bill to act as a supplement to Vol. 4, No. 3.

Vol. 4 Special Edition No. 4

Political Potpourri

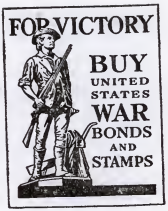
Late political flashes have made many changes in the AAPA political scene. Two candidates, Roy Barron and Johnnie Vaglienti, are now asking for other offices. Several prominent members have announced that they are not seeking positions. In this late issue, Political Pot gives you a bulletin board view of the political front. It is possible, although improbable, that errors have been made; the editors believe the chart to be accurate, however.

As for the Minds-Made-Up-Wrong classification, that openly states the beliefs of Editor Bill Bradfield and does not necessarily represent the views of his co-editor.

The hardest task an editor faces
Is filling in these two-line spaces.

Color

Color is a great thing . . . It makes the gals more [illegible] sets more enjoyable . . . the goods more saleable . . . We drive home in a tan car . . . pause for a red light . . . bathe in a pink tub . . . dine from blue china prepared in a green kitchen . . . Put us in a red room and psychologists say we get mad at the world . . . Put us in a green room and it soothes our shattered nerves . . . Put us in a blue room and we live the depression all over again . . . Red wine and red headed women make our pulses beat faster . . . and so do blondes and brunettes.



927 #243

THE PENGUIN

Vol. 2 October, 1945 No. 7

THE PENGUIN
Nature's Comedian

Mr. Penguin is an ideal husband, a family man supreme. Mrs. Penguin is a good housekeeper. They come out of the sea in the months of February and September and settle on Penguin Island, in what is known as the Southern Sea. They build their home by digging a hole in the earth and with twigs they carpet their nest. But the inquisitiveness of penguins sometimes leads them into trouble. They can never resist going to see what the other fellow is up to. When Mr. Penguin has gone to market to bring back fish for dinner, leaving Mrs. Penguin guarding the prospective family, the curiosity of a neighbor sometimes causes complications. Should Mr. Penguin return and find an admirer with his mate he attacks the intruder with beak and flipper and there is much blood spilled. After a considerable battle the intruder slips away to the sea to heal his wounds. Mr. and Mrs. Penguin settle back in their nest, heads against each other, all forgiven and forgotten.

Although a bird, the penguin has no wings and cannot fly. His natural home is the sea. He is a fast swimmer and the fiercest storm has no terror for him. When night comes he rises to the surface, floats and sleeps.

X-PN 4827

THE WEEKLY

PROGRESS

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS RECORD
JAN 28 1945

Presenting--A FRIENDLY NEWSPAPER - A FAMILY NEWSPAPER

VOLUME ONE NUMBER ONE

X-PN 4827 H294

****

URGE DEVELOPMENT OF PERFECT PLAYGROUND SITE -- KULZICK

In an "exclusive " statement to "yours truly",Mr. Earl J. Kulzick said that it would be of great benefit to the children of this area if what he called,

"THE PERFECT PLAYGROUND SITE" on N. STORY PARKWAY near Bluff Park was developed in thenear future.

"It would keep the children off the streets and thus prevent a major catastrophe,"he said.

****

"STAFF"

Editor and publisher-
Ken Kulzick

Typesetter-
Bob Dietzler

Editorials---

** "IT CAN HAPPEN HERE" **

Would you like to see your child or a neighbor's child maimed or crippled for life?

"IT CAN HAPPEN HERE"

The children of this area have been forced to play in the streets,for the nearest public playground is over ONE MILE AWAY. Eventually there will be disasterous results.

"Much can be prevented by action, little by word."

****

POETRY?

Another dawn, another day,
And once again,I'm on my way,
To fame or fortune or perhaps,
A deeply groved financial lapse.

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IAL RECORD
28 1945
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#245

X-PN 4827

PACIFIC NORTHWEST NEWS

Pacnowe

SERIAL WATCH THE WEST

Vol. 1 Vancouver, Canada, December, 1945 No. 1

AMATEUR PRESS CLUB FORMED BY PACIFIC NORTHWEST JOURNALISTS

BEST WISHES FOR

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

AND

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

FROM THE PACNOWE CLUB

CLUB TO WREST DOMINATION OF A. J. FROM EAST

Seattle, Wash. — First news of the formation of an international amateur press club, with members from the Pacific Northwest representing both the United States and Canada, was made public here by the Advance Publicity Committee of the club.

Issues Statement

Marjorie Whitlow, committee chairman, issued a statement, saying, "This is one of the more important events in the N. A. P. A.'s long history. At last the West is becoming a major power in the N. A. P. A."

Meanwhile, the present members of the club, Judson Compton, Marjorie

Continued on page 3, column 1

WEST COAST BIDS FOR 1947 NAPA CONVENTION

By Dora H. Moitoret

Activity in the NAPA has, like atomic energy, become a political issue. The West Coast has equaled, if not surpassed, activity in any section of the United States in the past year.

This activity has been climaxed in the formation of the Southern California Club, the Pacnowe Club of Pacific Northwest States, and the nucleus of a club in Eugene, Oregon, where Judson Compton has set up shop and anticipates a splurge of activity.

With publication of such papers as *Spectator*, *Whim* and *Tick Tock* by old-tim-

Continued on page 4, column 1

WESSON BEARS NEWS TO FELIX

Lt. Sheldon Wesson, transferred to Japan from Germany, brought news of the new niece to Ensign Felix Moitoret, stationed in Tokyo waters. Nothing like an official messenger!

"Shep and I are three hours and three thousand fleas apart," writes Felix.

#247
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
GIFT

The P-K Scribbler
A JOURNAL FOR THE AMATEUR JOURNALIST AND OTHER WRITERS
Vol. I JANUARY, 1945 No. 3

DOG EAT DOG

By Ulysses J. Walsh

Author of a number of short stories and articles, Mr. Walsh is now a reporter on a daily newspaper. He is a member of the Elbeetian Legion and United Amateur Press Alumni Association.

It was in the year 1910 that Wilhelmina Van Brunt, New York Social Registerite, went to visit her rich uncle, Peter Van Brunt, at his home in the "foreign quarter" of Peking. Wilhelmina was twenty-two. She had soulful blue eyes and a flinty heart so small that if it had been tucked down inside a hollowed out flaxseed only plenty of packing around the edges would have kept it from rattling about.

Being a lonely bachelor, Peter Van Brunt was more than glad to give house room to his sightly niece; but if he had suspected that within forty minutes after eating her first meal under his roof Wilhelmina would begin planning to rob him of Shen Tse, his marvelous Chinese cook, the old man might not have been so stimulated by her coming. But that was precisely what Wilhelmina did. Scarcely had she unpacked her trunks (which contained, among other things, a teaspoon "borrowed" from the home of the President of France, a souvenir slab from the Sphinx, and numerous similar treasures such as are commonly amassed by American tourists) before the idea of acquiring Shen Tse started forming in what passed for her mind.

The dear girl realized perfectly well that it'd be a dirty trick to sneak the pride of Peter Van Brunt's household away with her when she started back to New York, but that didn't afflict her with the slightest compunction. Shen Tse was so great a culinary artist that she could do nothing but draw hefty breaths of exultation when she thought of showing him off to all her envious Social Register friends.

Kismet, however, had not decreed Wilhelmina should long maintain her lust for the Celestial's services. Before many days had passed she became fascinated by his pet dog, to the exclusion of any interest in the animal's master. This was the more remarkable since she did not at first like the creature's appearance.

"Uncle Peter," she asked one evening, what sort of a dog is that hideous yellow monstrosity that goes about with your cook? Is it a Chinese variety of collie? Whatever it is, it's frightfully ugly."

In reply Uncle Peter slowly and measuredly told Wilhelmina that the "hideous yellow monstrosity" was an exceptionally fine specimen of purebred chow chow, a breed that for hundreds of years had stood highest in favor among the dog fanciers at the imperial court of China. And his niece was completely overcome when he went on to say

APN 4827

The P-K Scribbler

A JOURNAL FOR THE AMATEUR JOURNALIST AND OTHER WRITERS

Vol. I MARCH, 1945 No. 4

From Out of the Past

By Jack A. Young

Let's forget the war for a few minutes and turn back to 1939.

Sue Claudy thrilled as she stood before a large display of new dresses. Through the window her big blue eyes gazed at the latest fashions from Paris. Unconsciously she pulled up closer around her neck the big fur collar. Her hands slipped beneath her coat, while her feet were tapping against the street, trying to relieve them of the bitter cold.

The big clock in the tower of the building struck six. The wind was increasing, blowing the fine snow about in irregular sheets. The hurrying people pulled their coats tighter and bent, facing the wind, as they forced their way through the snow.

A strong gust of wind whirled around the corner with a whistling roar. It struck Sue so forcibly that she was turned almost completely around. Suddenly she felt someone catch her by the arm.

"May I help you?" a soft voice spoke close beside her.

She turned, facing a tanned, lean face with dark brown eyes and a bright smile. A sudden change came over her; a delightful thrill invaded her whole being as she saw the face before her.

"Tommy!" she cried exultantly.

"Sue!" a surprised Tommy exclaimed.

Their hands met.

"Where in the world have you been keeping yourself these last few years? Tell me about yourself," Sue cried excitedly.

Tommy laughed. "Just a minute! One question at a time. Let me look you over."

He stepped back and seemed to view her for the first time.

"The same old Sue. Even more beautiful than the last day I saw you in school. What are you doing now? But come, can't we go somewhere out of this storm to talk over old times?" Tommy asked pleadingly.

"I just got off from work. I was waiting for a car to go home. We can go there, Tommy! Mother was asking about you just the other day."

"Fine. Then we can go to dinner later, and then let's say a show afterwards."

"I'd be delighted!" Sue responded happily.

Tommy hailed a passing cab, and the

MARCH
By Miriam Bralley

The wind came along
With a lusty-voiced thrill.
He cleaned out the hollow
And smoothed off the hill.
He swept the broad roadway
And dusted the lane.
But with the low woodland
He worried in vain—
For all the dead brambles
And leaves had hid there;
They clung to the roots
And vines in great fear!
Then in wild frenzy
He huffed to and fro . . .
And lo! in the morn
He'd concealed them with snow!

X-PN 4827

The P-K Scribbler

A JOURNAL FOR THE AMATEUR JOURNALIST AND OTHER WRITERS

Vol. I MAY, 1945 No. 5

The Care of Bees

By Nick Wilmore, *Bee Expert*

Cynics say that dreams never come true, but here is one that is attaining realization, even though in a somewhat roundabout way.

Right here in the beginning it should be explained that the title of this article and the name of the "author" are wildly misleading. I am really Ulysses Walsh, better known to the police of Roanoke, Virginia, where I have lived for the past two years, as "Jim." In the old "Lone Scout" days I had a certain meed of what boys considered fame when I wrote for that eternally beloved magazine under the pen name of "Ujawa, LSQ."

But in the fact that in this good year, 1945, I am now writing under the assumed name of Nick Wilmore, there hangs a tale.

When I first moved to Marion, Virginia, where my "career" as a writer for "Lone Scout" began, I was just entering my teens. Like all other teen-age boys, I had my roseate dreams. When I wasn't dreaming of becoming a great phonograph recording artist like my idol, Billy Murray, who has since become one of my closest friends, or imagining myself writing novels that would top anything Charles Dickens, another idol, had ever been able to do, I fancied myself as a publisher.

Tribe papers were becoming popular then. I acquired ayearning to issue one, but aside from getting out one-copy lead rencil editions of a journal called "Bookdom." which no one but myself ever saw, I did not become a publisher.

Except, of course, for coming through with one-copy lead pencil editions of another periodical called "The Crazy Folks' Campanion," which was a small boy's rather heartless satire on life in the Southwestern Hospital for the Insane, an institution for which Marion is widely noted in Virginia. My featured contributor for the *Companion* was one "Rhyming Rudolph," the quality of whose verse may be gauged by the following, quoted from memory:

> *"There was a man named Slaw*
> *Who had a mean mother-in-law,*
> *But he put a stink bomb*
> *Into dear mother's room—*
> *Since then she ain't been saw."*

Yet, while solacing my printer's ambitions thus, I continued to dream of the days when I would be the sole proprietor of a four-page, six by nine publication whose name I never determined, even in my imagination.

Late every afternoon, when I'd go to the home of "Miss Emmie" Akey to get a pail of buttermilk, I'd pass the home of a man named Nick Wilmore and see him working in the backyard with his bees. Always I thought that some day I'd stop and ask Mr. Wilmore if he would write an article for my non-existent magazine. In my mind's eye I saw the first article on page one as "The Care of Bees," and it was written by "Nick Wilmore, bee expert."

Never, though, did I stop and bluntly ask Mr. Wilmore, "will you write a piece for my paper?" Eventually he

(Continued on Page 2)

X-PN 4827

The P-K Scribbler

A JOURNAL FOR THE AMATEUR JOURNALIST AND OTHER WRITERS

Vol 1 JULY, 1945 No. 6

CRYSTAL SPRING

(A Legend in Verse of How Crystal Spring, Rockbridge County, Virginia, Won Its Name.)

By Katherine K. Rucker

An Indian maiden, strong of frame,
Crept to their tryst beneath a clift.
From hostile tribe her lover came;
With yearning heart he journeyed swift,
A chain of burnished gems his gift
To rest about her copper throat,
And with each breath the beads would lift—
Thus her response was given note.

He sang to her of love's white flame
Where through the leaves the sunbeams sift,
Where nature works and bears no blame,
Close to her lips she held the gift·
With touch of grace she moved to lift
The links that matched a bluebird's coat,
Shyly she watched the shadows shift,
And caught the stones about her throat.

An Indian warrior, wide of fame,
Stole up behind this trysting clift.
From homing tribe this stalwart came;
With jealous heart he journeyed swift
To snatch away the jeweled gift,
To evil ends his wiles devote.
He let the hiding shadows drift
And then stepped forth his right to gloat.

L'ENVOI

Into a stream where shadows drift,
A little stream washed free of mote,
She tossed the gems with movement swift
Where evermore the crystals float.

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The P-K Scribbler

PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF AMATEUR JOURNALISM

Vol II | October, 1945 | No. 1

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD 1945

"Meet Me in St. Louis"

By Ulysses Walsh

No one was more pleased than my friend, Tommy Collins, when the old-time waltz tune, "Meet Me in St. Louis, Louis" had a revived vogue as the theme song of a movie. That composition has a peculiarly personal interest for him.

Tommy, now a vigorous, silvery-haired man of sixty, was one of the first singers to become famous by making phonograph records. He is "well-fixed" and no longer sings for a living, but occasionally makes guest appearances on radio programs. He also plays a nimble game of tennis and frequently wages checkerboard warfare against me, Dr. Harry Blake, his friendly opponent for a generation.

This story goes back twenty years. One rainy evening in February, 1925, I had just returned to my bachelor apartment in the same building as my office after eating at the restuarant across the street. I was wondering why my favorite newsboy, a bright-faced, red-headed youngster of 12, hadn't met me with a paper for the past few days, when Tommy Collins walked into my sitting room.

He looked tired and worried, and I decided he must have been working hard, making records. That was a tough job in those days, when artists sang or played into a horn projecting from the wall. Sound reproduction was largely on a hit-or-miss basis and any number of things could go wrong before a satisfactory "master" record was accomplished.

"Anything wrong with you, Tommy?" I asked. "You don't seem exactly like yourself."

"No," Tommy replied, "or—well, yes, maybe there is. I don't need any of your pills, but—oh, thunder, I'm just put out because I didn't like the way things went down at the Climax studio today. I had four new comic songs to get on the wax, and Phil Earl, the recording director, was even more disagreeable than usual—and, brother, that's saying something!

"Doc, you know Phil," Tommy went on. "I don't have to tell you how sarcastic he can be and what mean things he can bark at you in that husky, cigarette-cough voice of his. It was worse than usual today because Climax is cutting out horn recording and putting in a new system where we have to sing into radio microphones—they say it'll revolutionize the whole business of record making—and I was having my first try at using one of those 'mikes'.

"Well, somehow, it was hard for me to get the hang of it. I kept 'hammering' the song as hard as I could, the way I've always had to do to make my voice register in the horn, and Phil got more and more impatient. There's a new style of singing coming in. They call it 'crooning' and Phil wanted me to do that new-fangled whispering stuff into the mike.

"'For God's sake, you fathead,' he would say, 'quit bellowing! Take it easy! You don't have to yell when

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

THE PENNIAN

Keystones of Amateur Journalism

Library of Amateur Journals Abounds in Poetry and Corn

RUNNING the entire literary gamut are the hundreds of thousand of effusions contained in the 38,000 publications by amateurs which make up the Franklin Institute Library of Amateur Journalism.

Although not generally known, the institute possesses the biggest, probably the finest, collection of these amateur magazines and literary journals, dating from 1750 to the present.

Tangible History of Magazines

Available to the public, they are particularly valuable to students of journalism, for they show how the magazine developed in both England and America.

Each of these papers had its own aura. Many specialized in this or that literary type. *The Bostonian*, for example, emphasized the adventure story, in which the story-teller, alarmed at what seemed to be a clap of thunder, suddenly realized he was listening to a lion's roar.

Pure Corn, Old Style

But the editors of *The Bostonian* did not feel even such a thriller sufficient return for the two cents their readers paid for the paper; they included as well all manner of anecdotes and jokes, of which a sample follows:

"Why is kissing your sweetheart like eating soup with a fork? Because it takes a long time to get enough of it."

In the library are bound copies of *The Student*, said to be the first amateur paper on record. Published in Oxford, England, in 1750, it began bravely:

Nothing Indecent

"In the course of this work particular care will be taken that nothing be inserted indecent or immoral, and as we are determined to give umbrage to no person or party, all political disputes and whatever is offensive to good manners will of consequence be avoided."

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
JUN 28 1945

PRINTERS' INK

AN A. A. P. A. PUBLICATION

VOL. 1 SEPTEMBER NO. 2

"A SURE CURE FOR OVERTURNED TYPE CASES"

PART ONE

"I'll get it", said Jim, stooping over and pawing under the bench for the wayward piece of type. "Ah! Here it is", he exclaimed, and straightened up, his shoulder, as he did so neatly catching under the projecting edge of the type case. There followed a loud crash, the dull jingle of spilled type, then—a profound silence.

Three pairs of eyes stared at the metal strewn floor. A small voice broke the silence. "Gee Whiz, I guess I knocked over something"

Apparently, that understatement brought the owner of the spilled type, one Joe Raughly, out of his trance. He glared at the offending Jim; picked up the overturned case and slammed it down on the bench. "Something is right. My best case of ten point body type. A twelve pound font. Some mess I'll say".

"It won't help any to smash the case", I observed mildly.

Joe continued to glare a moment, then a grin stole over his face. He reached down, got a handfull of type and handed it to Jim. "Here pal. You always claimed you were so good at distributing type, let's see you distribute THAT type".

Jim grinned sheepishly and accepted the type, and with good feelings once more restored, we all set to work replacing the type in the case. Needless to say, we accomplished nothing more in "The Little Old Print Shoppe" that evening.

The next day, having occasion to pass the residence of Joe Raughly where the above scene took place, I was attracted to his basement workshop by the sound of an industriously applied hammer. Investigating, I found Joe busily engaged nailing one-half inch square strips across the ends of a rectangular wood frame. After looking at it a moment I recognized it for what it was; a rack to hold full size type cases. "So you finally got around to making yourself a case rack", I said. "Is last night's accident the reason?"

(continued on last page)

H254

PRINTERS' INK

AN A. A. P. A. PUBLICATION

VOL. 1 SEPTEMBER NO. 2

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
SEP 12 1945
COPY GIFT

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(continued on last page)

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD COPY GIFT

THE PENNIAN

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
COPY GIFT

The Pentagon

INTRODUCTION

With this issue begins a quarterly publication which shall be known as the "Pentagon."

The Pentagon is published by five members of the younger generation, who are bound together by a desire to gain recognition in the field of amateur-writing.

Miss Dorothy J. Cantfil, who assumes the role of advisor, is a teacher of Hempstead High School. Outstanding among her hobbies are reading and writing. In connection with the latter several of her articles were published.

Dorothy Green, a camera fan, is devoted to music, plays the piano and enjoys swimming.

Stanley Abrams, an old member of the A. A. P. A., is a sport enthusiast and for amusement, he writes poetry.

Eugene Duffee is an ardent chess player. He has the singular hobby of reading the newspapers of yesteryear.

Yours truly, Harry Gunther, is very much absorbed by reading, philately, and writing.

Harry Gunther

OUR PURPOSE

Men and women of our day are accused of having lost the art of conversation. There are some who would accuse us, indeed, of having lost the art of thought. Not the least important of the signs of this loss is said to be the change in our newspapers and periodicals. Erich Werner recently deplored the apparent decrease of interest in editorial writing. There was a time, he wrote, when the editorial page was considered by far the most essential page of any newspaper. Now, we are all aware of the numbers who read a paper only to follow the adventures of Flash Gordon, to ascertain the scores of yesterday's ball games, to absorb the details of the latest scandal, or to see in which shop one can find the biggest bargain in stockings.

And yet the five of us who propose to write, edit, and publish this paper are out to prove to ourselves, and perhaps incidentally to a few others, that these arts of conversing, writing, and thinking are no more lost today than they ever were. We believe we have plentiful evidence for the truth of the idea we undertake to prove. With the increase, everywhere in this nation, at least, of forums and discussion groups; with the rush of men to the newstands in order to read not merely the banner headlines, but the editorials of **The New York Times** and the **Herald Tribune** (witness, for example, the heated arguments caused by the leading editorial in the latter paper for Thursday, May 16, 1940), or the articles of Dorothy Thompson, Westbrook Pegler, Leland Stowe, and their fellows; with the interest aroused by the stories of a young man such as Saroyan, or by a play such as **There Shall Be No Night**; with the growth of an organization such as the A. A. P. A. itself, who could support for long the hypothesis of those lugubrious prophets who foretell the doom of thought? Instead of saying that we wish to prove the art of thinking very much alive, it would be far more accurate to say that we wish to make for ourselves some place, however small, in that world of thought of which we are very keenly aware.

Not all of us have literary or journalistic aspirations. True, in our more sanguine moods, we hope to produce, twenty or thirty years from now, at least one of the so-called Great American Novels, and perhaps an epic poem or two, but we also number amongst us at least one future

#258

CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
COPY
GIFT

The Pentagon

Vol. 1 No. 2

Autumn

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THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
EXCH.
GIFT

The Pentagon

Vol. 1 No. 2

Autumn

X-PN 4827 #260

THE

New Jersey

PRIMER

Vol. 1 June 1946 No. 1

O, an easy and pleasant
Guide to the Art of Reading,
Adorned with cuts.

Bloomfield, New Jersey

Printed and published by
James Richard Branch
28 Forest Drive

#627 #261

THE PENNIAN

Keystones of Amateur Journalism

AMERICAN AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

1936 ★ ANNIVERSARY NUMBER ★ 1946

Number Seven September, 1946

Touch

When you cling to me in silence,
Flushed with murmured dreams unknown,
Mystery comes in through our window,
Wafting air that must have flown
From the tents of ancient purple,
Dim with desert candle-light,
Where the quietudes of ages
Veil eternal fields of white.....
When a touch enthralls your clasping,
Strange for me to comprehend,
Intertwining, paradisal,
Pulsing life that cannot end.

—Frank E. Schermerhorn

X-PN 1997 4262

The Pennian

Keystones of Amateur Journalism

An amateur journal edited by Kenneth F. Weiser and published at Schuylkill Haven, Pa. Affiliated with the American Amateur Press Association and the National Amateur Press Association.

Number Eight December, 1946

MONASTARY

On Christmas Eve the chants of the monks
Far on the mountains resound.
Lonely and cold, as God they behold,
High in their cloisters renowned,
They sing and forget, in their cold, silent halls,
The world, and themselves, and the snow——
And what they have missed, and what they gained,
Can we with our earthliness know?

—Frank E. Schermerhorn

#263

THE PHILADELPHIAN

Vol. 1 November 1946 No. 2

THE RING IS BROKEN

The ring is broken that you had from me,
The silver bent as to some changeling's wrist,
Sullen and stained, and the pure amethyst
Has struck the pavement, where the swift shards flee
Like stars in sunlight: this as it should be---
I loved you when I gave you it in tryst,
I love you not, and well your hand has missed
In days to come, its pledge of victory.

But I must weep, for thrift if nothing else,
The stone that's shattered and the love that's flown:
Little they mattered, passion or the stone!
A love of baubles that a child might fling
Away, and yet a pretty childish thing
Whose leaving, like its petulance, repels.

William V. Stone

APN 4827

#214

Pot Luck

NUMBER ONE

X-PN 4027 4265

The P-K Scribbler

PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF AMATEUR JOURNALISM

Vol. II | JANUARY, 1946 | No. 2

Pictures of War

By MEI HSIA TSEN

IN CANTON, my "hometown" in southern China, it is fall as I write this, just as it is here at the University of Missouri, where I am a student of journalism. In Canton, the "red cotton" trees are stretching their long straight trunks and waving the bright red blossoms that grow at the very top of the trees. Above, the sky, as always, is very blue, with wandering white clouds.

Cantonese believe that the "red cotton" trees grow in competition, each aspiring to be the tallest of his group. This desire to excel is regarded as a characteristic of the southern Chinese, also. They have the great symbol of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, founder of the Chinese Republic, to inspire them. Canton is in the province of Kwangtung, where Dr. Sun was born and where occurred the heroic incidents of the Chinese revolution.

Now that I have told you something about my hometown, I will tell you something about my family. My mother had four girls and no boys. In old China, this would have been considered a great misfortune. A woman in the old generation who did not bear a son felt guilty and was unhappy all her life. The old Chinese felt that daughters were worthless because they left the family when they grew up and married and because their parents had to give doweries to the girls' husbands. Sons, on the other hand, were valued because they did not leave the family and instead provided more members to help preserve the family line and to aid in the farmwork.

Since the Revolution, Chinese parents have changed their ideas about girls quite a bit. My sisters and I are lucky because we were born into a family such as ours and in such a generation. Our parents loved us as much as they would have loved sons. We were sent to school, just as boys are sent to school.

My first early school years were spent at Wuchow, a small city near Canton. I attended high school in Canton. When I was ready for college, things changed in my country. Japan had invaded China, and there was no more happiness in our family but worry and tears instead. With all Chinese it was the same. No one could be without anxiety for today or tomorrow. Everyone pictured in his mind that he would be tortured and killed as the enemy came. Children would be taken away and never come back again. People in our province began to evacuate to seek safer homes. I, myself, in order to continue my education was forced to separate from my parents and travel from place to place.

That is how it is that the last time I saw my mother and father was seven years ago. The older two of my sisters, then 14 and 16, traveled together to a school thousands of miles from home. They are now in Chungking, and like me, they have not heard from them for two years, when the town they were in was occupied by the Japs.

It was in Chungking, the wartime capital of China, that I finished my four years of college. Next I worked as an

X-PN 4827

#266

The P-K Scribbler

PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF AMATEUR JOURNALISM

Vol. II | May, 1946 | No. 3

Your River Speaks

By Margaret Dills Gawthrop

I am your river,
Ploughing deep the bosom of the earth.
I have made my bed
But I will not lie on it unless I choose
to do so.
Take heed, I admonish you:
Approach me with understanding,
Or I will destroy you.

I am your river.
Use me wisely, for I am both friend
and foe.
Restrain me and I follow
To do your bidding.
Ignore my laws and I will snatch
From you your loved ones and your
home
And devastate your land.

I am your river.
I feed upon the lesser streams
And gather mist from garments of the
sky.
Respect me; fear me,
For I can be the servant of mankind.
I give freely of my bounty—
But I can freely take away.

I am your river.
I am the drink for thirsty man and
beast.
I am a motivating force of industry.
I turn the wheel of factory, I generate
a light.
Without me you would not prevail
In endeavor's forward stride—
I am an artery of life.

I am your river.
I provide the summer outing and the
swim,
Building reserve for harsher days to
come.
I fan you with my moistened breeze,
I murmur comfort to your tortured soul,
I heal your hurts with soothing song—
I help you to forget.

I am your river.
I go my lonely way, and give your artist's eye
A picture happy to behold.
I am a giant liquid needle
Threaded with sunshine, earth and sky.
I borrow from the landscape, the rainbow and the cloud
The colors for my counterpane.

I am your river.
I push my way through mountains unabashed.
I will not stop, though all the world
command me.
I will feed you, nourish you and cherish
All that grows and needs me.
But I will seek my way, unerring, to
the tide.
I am a flowing link of chain.

The P-K Scribbler

PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF AMATEUR JOURNALISM

Vol. II | July, 1946 | No. 4

Fruit?

By Harry T. Cook

Business for Louis was not very brisk. The late afternoon sun sent its vindicative rays over the low roofs and soot-grimed chimney pots of Second Avenue, and shimmering heat waves rose dancing from the sticky, tarred bricks. Little mounds and heaps of miscellaneous scraps and rubbish with which the pavement was dotted mingled their variegated odors with the pungent smell of the tar, and stagnant pools of hydrant water glowed with strange, jewel-like beauty amid the rubble.

During intervals between the thundering of elevated trains, the street was unnaturally quiet, and in the stillness Louis drowsed. Memory bestirred herself.

The street became a white stone road, built high above the green, sun-flecked fields it divided, that lost itself in a purple shaded cleft between the distant hills.

The pillars of the elevated structure took ou strange, ghostlike shapes, and became enormous, aged trees, their blue-gray boles, weather-beaten and dappled with gray-green moss, branching off into gnarled and twisted limbs which embraced one another high overhead. The sunlight stole softly between these majestic columns into the cool, quiet cloister within, laying upon its floor an orderly mosaic in which gray squares were alternated with squares of white.

A shop front painted blue, the rich turquoise blue of the placid Mediterranean under a placid summer sky, became, when touched by the brush of Louis's fancy, that tranquil sea itself, glimpsed through the pillared openings on the right. But it remained for imagination to trace in each blue panel so formed the heavy yet graceful branches dressed in that peculiar green from which only olive trees may cut their pretty frocks.

Closer to the road, and upon higher ground that sloped up from the sea, were orchards of more gaudy trees, peach, apple and pear, standing in orderly rows like soldiers at attention. Young soldiers, these, their ruddy cheeks blazing with the ripening fruit. Soon the flush would be plucked away, and the soldiers, older and wiser after their struggle with the despoilers, would whisper with one another and rattle their empty sleeves as winter's winds swept down from the mountains. But not now. Now they laughed aloud in the high time of their beauty.

And across the road, beyond the low stone wall moss-dappled and lichen-tinted like the trees, a field carpeted with green clover stretched away to the low-lying hills that sat like patient hounds at the feet of their mountain masters. And as a hunter carelessly allows his dogs to creep closer under the skirt of his enfolding blanket, so the mighty mountains seemed not to heed when their followers nuzzled their noses ever deeper into the purple hem of their misty blue gowns.

As the sun crept lower and the shadows lengthened, there came the musical click, click of a multitude of tiny hoofs, beating rhythmically upon the hard road. Strolling leisurely behind his flock came a smock-frocked

X-PN 1327 H 268

The P-K Scribbler

PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF AMATEUR JOURNALISM

Vol. III | October, 1946 | No. 1

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
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Remembered Love

By Sara Sandt

Mildred Foster sighed as she lifted off her becoming new hat with its perky, bronze feather, and scrutinized herself appraisingly in the full length mirror of her hotel room. It was not her sweetly matured face she was observing, but her new hair-do. She actually blushed at the transformation it made in her general appearance.

"Not bad, after twenty-three years of marriage, and raising a family." She sighed again, wondering if many other women felt the way she did about marriage. Strange, how matter-of-fact life had become!

But now, before it was too late, Mildred had decided to try to recapture a bit of the lost romance of her girlhood. In marrying John Foster, she had never been quite able to put the thought of Warren Lane out of her mind. The memory of his over-ardent love making still made her heart beat faster, and her face flush hotly.

Mildred had never spoken of Warren to John since they had been married, and John seemed to take it for granted that no other man had ever played an important role in her life, but himself.

She was here in New York on a three day's shopping trip, and it was her first trip here alone in years. She and John had been living in Salsbury, Connecticut, ever since their marriage. Whenever she had expressed the desire to come to New York, John had always arranged to accompany her, but this time she had insisted upon coming alone. She said she wanted to shop for some new clothes, and had asked him for a hundred dollars. John had neither approved of the trip, nor the request for that much money, and they had a heated argument over it, but in the end Mildred had had her own way.

Now she had finished her shopping, and taken time out for a permanent wave, and even a facial massage. It was during this period of relaxation that Mildred had suddenly gotten the hunch to hunt up Warren Lane, and a little later in the day she had found his name in the telephone directory. He was an interior decorator now and had a business of his own on Fifth Avenue. At the time they had had their foolish quarrel, Warren had still been in school. How long ago it seemed.

Mildred had been thinking of Warren when she made the momentous decision about her hair. Now as she stood before the mirror, gazing at herself critically, she hardly knew whether she had made a wise change or not. One thing she did know, she was not going back to Connecticut until she had seen Warren.

She set off like an excited young school girl, and as she stepped into the taxi, she felt as thrilled as if she were starting out for a first date. Mildred gave the taxi driver Warren's address, and felt herself blushing self-consciously; then she relaxed, and began to smile reminiscently. She

X-PN 4827

#769

PUB.

an amateur journal

5 8 2 41

The Green Spade

july '47
vol. 1, no. 2

The P-K Scribbler
✡PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF AMATEUR JOURNALISM
Vol. III | March, 1947 | No. 2

My Mother Waits for Me

By Margaret Dills Gawthrop

My mother sits and waits for me
By fireside lonely, sad or gay.
She does not count, nor look to see
The milestones mounting on my way.

Patiently she sews and dreams,
Working in her love for me
A pattern bright into the seams,
A hope, a faith, in fantasy.

Will he be hungry? tired? ill?
Is that his step upon the stair?
A whisper on the window sill
To tell his mother he is there?

Old hands tremble, eyes are bright,
Sitting upright in her chair.
Ears that strain into the night
Catch each tremor on the air.

Mother, do not tire for me
Waiting in the firelight there,
Lest I fall and fail to be
Mindful of your watchfull care.

X-PN 4827

☆ *Manuscript Bureau Number* ☆

The P-K Scribbler

☆PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF AMATEUR JOURNALISM

Vol. III | MAY, 1947 | No. 3

And What Then?

By GRACE PHILLIPS
(Published in *Singing Quill*)

Beware the stuff that's made of sun and shadows—
Remember once another lonely god
Took dust and dreamed a dream and breathed upon it
But never wholly captured it from sod.
Always the dream he dreamed returned to nothing—
Always he must create anew . . . . Beware!
Your shadow-dreams may walk out from their shadows
To melt again and leave you lonely there.
Always the substance of the shadow passes,
The sun goes down and leaves a silvered trail;
Only the memory of a dream is constant,
The substance of a dream is far too frail.
The world is peopled with the ghosts of dream-kin.
Nothing is real except the vain desire
To reach out into air and pluck a shadow
As capable as you of feeling fire.
But always as we touch the cherished image,
Within our very hands it disappears—
Unless one has the courage of the first god
He quenches his own fire with his own tears.
Unless you have the courage to dream over
And over once again and yet again,
Beware the stuff that's made of sun and shadows,
For you will surely lose it—and what then?

(*From NAPA Manuscript Bureau*)

☆ *Manuscript Bureau Number* ☆

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(*From NAPA Manuscript Bureau*)

The American ★ "WITH MALICE TOWARDS ALL"

#173

PEANUT ROASTER

Unfair Unjust Untruthful Unethical

Milwaukee, Wisconsin, June, 1947

X-PW 827

Harler Tossed off Wma's Roadroller?

Bob Kunde, the Sage of Stevensville, comes out (of the AAPA) for a candidate in National's current election. So, not to be outdone, The Peanut Roaster comes out for Alf Babcock for president, just to show that all mimeo-sloppers are not supporting his opponent. (Or is it opponents--we hear that Vondy's hat has been thrown into the ring).

We thought this election was all cut and dried, that while attention was diverted from the important office of vice president by the big slugfest between the Roadroller Party and the Bandwagon Party, Harler would slide in without opposition.

However, judging from a post card we received the other day from Chicago, Harler was been discarded in favor of Bill Groveman. What is the trouble, has Harler been too friendly with the Bandwagon boys? He deserves to be elected overwhelmingly on the basis of his activity since his return from service.

We still insist, on the basis of the record of the outgoing president, that the vice presidency is the main drag in National. And it seemed somewhat laughable to us to watch the violent arm-swinging and raised voices occasioned by the presidential race.

The grand prize for something-or-other goes to the Great Lakes Press Club, which post cards: "How many times during 1947 have YOU found an Alf Babcock publication in the bundle? or are you one of the favored FEW on his private list?"

O. K., Great Lakes, we'll ask you a few questions:

1. How many 24-page papers have you published in the past 50 years?
2. How many Scarlet Cockerels have you found in the bundles?
3. How many Feather Dusters have you found in the bundles?
4. How many Live Wires have you found in the bundles?
5. How many Americanas have you found in the bundles?

--0---

Here's our slate for National officers. Cut it out, paste it in your hat, and wear your hat to the polls. Vote early and often (well, be careful you don't get caught at repeating)

For President: Alf Babcock -- a really active publisher

For Vice President: Ed Harler -- another active publisher and a whiz of a mailer.

For Official Editor: Joseph Gudonis -- either Senior or Junior -- they're both good

Executive Judges: Sesta T. Watheison (a good friend of ours)
Charley Shattuck (a swell guy)
Willametta Turnepseed (Willametta's O.K., boys)

--0--

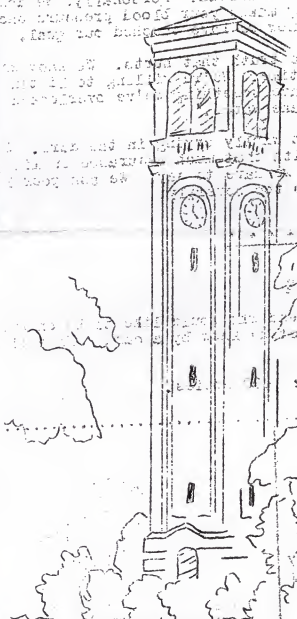
See you in Detroit!

#274

The Pen

-- A BULLETIN FOR THINKERS --

VOL. II Iowa City, Iowa, January 1947 No. 5



THE NEW PEN

With this issue, THE PEN adopts a new policy. After considerable thought, the Editor decided the time had come for a change. True, our past policy of "A magazine for literary expression" had a great deal to offer its readers. But, in these days, there is greater need for a bulletin of reaction ~~that~~ a reaction to all worldly things ~~and~~ than there is for mere literary expression. In view of this, we are adopting a policy of reaction --- reaction that will make people think.

We are living in a world where swords are no longer practical. That is where the pen comes in. Greater and bigger things will come out of these days --- this gra --- from the point of a pen than from the point of a sword.

We will still continue to accept as before, worthwhile contributions for publication. We ask that you do contribute. Se all articles to the Editor, 319 S. Capitol St., Iowa City, Iowa. If you use quotations or excerpts, please give the sources. All articles should be limited to not over 500 words.

Thus, THE PEN strikes forward on its worldly mission.

* * * * *

THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD

#275

BUY SELL TRADE RENT

PRINTERS EQUIPMENT

Issue Number 15, 1948

FOR SALE

STERLING PUNCH AND ROUND CORNERING MACHINE

Bench Model, Foot Power — 1 Round Cornering Knife
3 Punches $20.00 FOB Buffalo

E. LANDES, 363 Genesee Street, Buffalo 4, New York

MIXING INK

Always remember when mixing ink to mix a little at a time as you can always put a little more of one color in, but it is impossible to take it out. By careful mixing, you will be able to mix only enough to print the job with and not have a gallon left over.

PRICE LIST ON GALLEYS

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3½ x 23½ each	$ .65	2⅜ x 23½ each	$ .79
6¼ x 23½ each	.86	8½ x 23½ each	1.10
8¾ x 13 each	.68	10½ x 23½ each	1.25
12 x 18 each	1.00	12¾ x 23½ each	1.50
10 x 16 each	.93	17¼ x 23½ each	2.05
18¾ x 23½ each	2.25		

Send your orders to: "PRINTERS EQUIPMENT"
Shipped from factory, F.O.B., Charlotte, N. C.

X-PN 4827

#276

Pot Luck

SPRING, 1948

VOLUME ONE • NUMBER TWO

X-PN 4827

#277

Pied Type

Number Two Columbus, Ohio December 1946

SUMMING IT ALL UP

To those who missed my first issue of *Pied Type*, here is all the dope. The editor of this paper is also the editor of mimeographed *Crescent*. I got ambitious and bought a printing press and some metal type. The only identification marks on the press are "C. & M." It is hand operated and has a chase of 5" x 7 1/2". I collected most of my type from a printer down the street. At present, my type includes Stumie, Furturo, Script, Old English, Shaded Text, Parsons, and Italics. The only catch is that I need more room.

Printers, keep printing your material is swell as impression paper on my press!

The type above is 10 pt. Parsons while the headline is 18 pt. Futuro. This type is 6 pt. Parsons.

OCTOBER BUNDLE REVIEW

It looks as though there are quite a few mimeographed papers in the bundle this time.

The Lamplighter - This paper is very hard on the eyes. Whenever anything like this appears in my bundles, I just toss it aside without reading it.

Carrier's Corn - Thanks for the scrap paper, Bob!

Buck's Questionmark - Haeseler's paper has improved since he used his father's new A. B. Dick mimeograph. Nice work, Buck.

Literary Newsette - Willametta is now using another mimeo on issue number 281.

A Very Merry Christmas!

The P-K Scribbler

PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF AMATEUR JOURNALISM

Vol. III — FEBRUARY, 1948 — No. 4

Young Lincoln, the Boatman

By HENRY JOHN FIRLEY

At seventeen Abe ferried the Ohio.
And on the silver fee he spelled
E PLURIBUS UNUM.

He dared not dream that one would some day read
His face like braille upon a copper coin,
That he would keep alive
This motto stamped in Caesar's tongue.

Often when he idled back the empty ferryboat
He'd gaze far down the river of many streams,
Not looking for a ship;
For no flotilla could quite carry in its hold
The cargo of his brain.
His thoughts were long, as long as any stream.
His memory ran the length of any river.

To him Kentucky and the current,
Indiana on the other side were one.
This idea molded firm within his mind.
The river gave him definition,
Right perspective for his years;
Would take him through the solitude and time,
A journey difficult and long.

He knew Ohio tide turned wheel and nourished boll;
Its compromising flood was broad and deep.
The North and South drained life
Into its westward moving course;
It was the middle — North nor South;
The Alleghenies held it from the East;
The Mississippi's thrust had robbed it from the West.
Its compass needle pointed to horizon-beat.

When Shiloh's carnage would run crimson to its swell,
The earth in him would sing the river's song.

X-PN 4827

People' Sun

Atop the Palisades—Along the Hudson

No. 109 UNION CITY, N. J., MAY, 1948 16th Yr.

TRIBUTE TO A PRESS CLUB

(Editor's Note—Of the many touching letters written by servicemen in the recent war, we think this is one of the best, revealing an unusual bonyancy of mind and clarity of retrospect. While penned in the winter of 1942, the epistle still holds much interest for amateur journalists and as a piece of excellent writing. The Hudson County Amateur Press Club has resumed regular meetings and publication of its unique "Workshop." Williams was an officer in the United States Maritime Service in the war.)

BY ROGER WILLIAMS

MONDAY

(And this reminds me of the good old day of club letters and mailing of material for our sterling paper.)

DEAR HAIG,

Here I am in Seattle, actually in the midst of the United Amateur Press Ass'n fifth columnists and I have not made the slightest attempt to spy upon their nefarious activities. If I were an upright, honorable member I would do my utmost to sabotage their efforts in the flesh; but no—I give not one thought to honor or duty. I allow them to skulk in their seedy hovels and concoct evil deeds, and I lift neither hand nor voice in chastisement.

Forgive me for my lack. Even being close to them does not arouse my anger. For I can understand why they act and think as they do. And you, Haig, need only set foot in this devil's game-room which is Seattle to understand as clearly as I. There was never a city such as this. It is horrible. The people are strange and somehow give the impression of a mass false-facing, as being entirely synthetic and, at the risk of alliteration, pathetic as well. The sooner we leave this weird, brain-muck the sooner will the entire crew recover from the warp it has set upon them.

There you have Seattle, and as far as I am concerned, the reason for the political strife that has destroyed much of the pleasure the U.A.P.A. seemed once to entail. (One reason U.A.P.A. was reorganized in 1945.—Ed.) Yet even with the sidelights of which—if you remember—I had no liking or desire to even acknowledge as existing, the Press Club (Hudson County Amateur Press Club) afforded me a tremendous enjoyment.

(Continued on Page Four)

#239

THE POOR-MAN'S GAZETTE

Milwaukee,Wis. May-1948 UAPA.

" NEW HOMES AROUND THE CORNAH ", SAYS SENATOR DAFT IN ELECTION TOUR.

X-PN 4827

EDITORIAL

It is often said, that the problems be setting us, if presented in a humorous manner, rather than with high-faluten words, will promote a greater force of attention. In the columns of this paper you will find one of the most disgraceful conditions ever to exist in a rich and bountiful land. There is no need for it. Today the veteran is the almost forgotten man and I say almost because there is yet his vote to be won. From the carelessness, greed, and utter disregard in the housing situation have arisen broken homes and hearts, scattered children and full,over-flowing court calendors! These children are the future strenght of America and they are deprived of the family circle so essential to good citizenship!We urge you to vote and use your vote WISELY. Know your man inside and out. America needs a strong and wise leadership and a harmonious congress. Make DEMOCRACY LIVE BECAUSE IT IS THE RICHEST INVESTMENT YOU CAN LEAVE TO YOUR CHILDREN,

THE PROMISES MEN LIVE BY

FIRST ROBIN ARRIVES,COMPLAINS TO MAYOR.

Milwaukee,Wis.- The first robin of the year arrived this morning to set up living quarters at the Mitchell Park Veterans Housing Project. He flew nervously from tree to tree surrounding the area but finally gave up in disgust. Seated on the mayor's desk,he peeped furiously about his inability to locate a home.

" Every tree is occupied by a fellow who claims his trailer is too small to get any rest in--the kids make too much noise. What am I gonna do! My wife is expected any day now and I've got to have a home ready!"

The mayor suggested he try the court-house roof if he could make peace with the pigeons. "However",said the mayor, "if your a veteran, if you carried messages-- we can put your case before the Red Cross Housing Board." Mr. Robin shook his head sadly and flew away disconsolately. He hasn't been seen since.

THE POOR-MAN'S GAZETTE is published by Julio Bartz who thinks the name appropriate because of the type of paper used. It shall appear from sale to sale and providing the advertisers are generous with one side of the paper.

OFFERS ORANGE CRATES TO VETERANS.

Anytown,USA.- Some 600 veterans crowded the park lawn last night to hear Senator Daft announce what he would do if he was elected president of U.S. " According to mah plan" said the senator, "there are a long line of new homes waiting for youall just around the cornah. When ahm in the chaah ah'll show you that cornah!" After the speech, the Senator inspected the Orange Crate Housing Project for veterans and offered to ship six carloads of the orange crates from his 300 acre orange grove, for the project, at just the shipping cost. The senator declined an invitation to spend the night in one of the orange crate homes. He said that he suffered from Clauster-phobia,fear of small places. Joe Veteran,one of the tenonts, revealed, he had experienced the same feeling in a fox-hole and was still suffering from it. " Ah know just how youall feel,mah boy," said the sentor, " ahm livin' in just 12 rooms mah-self."

Senator Daft is returning to Washington to vote against the Housing Bill

X-RIX 4827

H281

THE PRIMER

NUMBER SEVEN • JULY, 1949

A Bit of Explanation

It isn't the usual custom for a member of the American or National Amateur Press Association to publish a deluxe issue of an amateur journal (as I did) and then suddenly drop out of all activity for a period of time (as I have done). Due to the pressure of work, and the like, my activity was limited to just looking at the contents of the bundles and being satisfied since that eventful day in September when that 14 page with cover and cuts PRIMER hit the streets (and those gathered at the St. George for the recordings of the National Los Angeles convention). Now that the new Multilith process has been incorporated in the

X-PN 4827

PRESIDENTIAL YACK YACK

No. 1

July 1949

Be careful what you say on post cards to me. The other night my daughter Barbara came to me with a very puzzled look on her face and asked, "Daddy, what does Prexy mean?" She seemed very relieved when I told her it meant President. She must have thought someone was calling me names. So let that be a warning to you. The Ellis family may fight among ourselves, but we stand united against the world. And there are seven of us.

During the year I will issue "Presidential Citations" for outstanding achievements for the good of our hobby. The first one goes to Mr. Roy Lindberg for the remarkable daily paper at the convention, the *St. George Daily Record*. Suitable certificates will be awarded, to be provided by some amateur printer who will read this and volunteer to print them for me.

You will probably hear about our new home from time to time. It is in a nice section of Arcadia, and Arcadia is a nice section of the Los Angeles area. The house has 1500 square feet of area not counting the garage and porches; it has three large bedrooms (we could use four); two bathrooms (sometimes it appears we could use seven); a nice living room with floor-to-ceiling windows facing what we hope will turn out to be

PRESIDENTIAL YACK YACK

No. 2 August 1949

At the August meeting of the So. Calif. A.P.C. we had the pleasure of viewing a film entitled "Type Talks," produced by American Type Founders. It is a 16 mm, sound film, in color apparently produced for television audiences, and well worth the time of people interested in printing. Arrangements for showing may be made with the company. At this meeting we also had a running account of the Brooklyn convention from our unofficial delegate, Wheeler Dryden, which we enjoyed very much.

Southern California's winter sunshine is well known and brings many here each year to enjoy it. Not so well publicized, but fully appreciated by residents are the cool summer evenings and nights that bring refreshing sleep to everyone except those with guilty consciences who deserve no sleep in California or elsewhere. Cool breezes from the Pacific blow in each afternoon and carry away the heat, thus giving each day a new start. Life can beautiful anywhere, as peace of mind comes from within, but in Southern California the weather does its part to make it more so.

Well, all of the Presidential appointments have been made. L. Verle Heljeson will serve as Chairman of the Bureau of Critics. He has appointed Roy Lindberg to

PRESIDENTIAL YACK YACK

No. 3 September 1949

ALBERT LEE has one of those personalities that radiates friendliness and although I have never met him, I count him among my friends. Some confusion has developed concerning his status as Secretary-Treasurer, for which I am mostly at fault. On August 15th I sent Al a letter removing him from office for failing to send the editor copies of the convention minutes for publication in the September *National Amateur*. Subsequently I received additional information bearing on the matter, and on August 29th I wrote Al again, rescinding my letter of removal. About August 9th Al went on a trip to Mexico, took his notes with him, and while on the trip typed the balance of the minutes and sent them to Ralph from Mexico. Up to the present writing they have not been received, and at the date of my first letter I was not aware that Al intended to do as he did. Many a young man has gotten into much more serious difficulties by failing to reveal his intentions. At present Albert Lee is still our Secretary-Treasurer. In view of a very heavy schedule at school this year, and a desire to be active in New York City politics, it is possible that Al will find it too heavy a burden to continue as Secretary-Treasurer, in which case the membership will be promptly advised.

.R97

H285

PRESIDENTIAL YACK YACK

No. 4 October 1949

HOW QUICKLY the months roll by! As you read this, the present NAPA year will be nearly half gone. Are you satisfied with what you have done so far this year? With the winter months ahead providing long evenings at home perhaps you will find more time to do the things you want to do for amateur journalism. Let us hope so.

AL LEE writes that our surprise at finding a spool of music instead of banquet speeches was no less than his on another occasion when he put a spool on the machine, settled back for some delightful music, and instead out came banquet speeches! I could be wrong, but I have a strong hunch that Lee will adopt some system of labeling his spools to avoid this misfortune in the future. The few slides sent to us by Al were projected on the screen at the So. Calif. A. P. Club and very much enjoyed by all. Such charming people.

EDWIN ROBERT ELLIS has discovered the world to be a much larger place than he supposed. He started in kindergarten in September, and a few weeks later graduated from his three wheel tricycle to the more manly "two wheeler." Also, his list of acquaintances has been widened considerably by some thirty or forty classmates. He has let loose of his mother's apron

X-PN 4827

#286

Copy

MILWAUKEE ISSUE

POTPOURRI

No. I --- January, 1949

X-PN 4827

#287

Potpourri

Number 2

November, 1949

X-PN 4827 #298

PRESIDENTIAL YACK YACK

No. 9 May 1950

Once again a spurious paper has been circulated. posing as the official organ of our association. This one, dated March 1950, is a rather elaborate job featuring a photo of Robert Carrier. It has just enough of the serious tone to it to trick many into believing it to be the real thing. When I received my copy I chuckled as I read it through because, as everyone knows, I just have to laugh at something funny. On the whole, it was a good job for the sort of thing it was intended to be. As president of the association I probably should reprimand its authors, but they, of course, are anonymous. In principle our official organ should be pure and unreviled, and no one should stoop so low as to use the name *National Amateur* on anything so gay and witty as this. The silver lining: It helped to fill the gap between March 15th and the date you will get the one, the only, the original *National Amateur*.

A letter to the Postmaster General, Washington, D. C., dated March 2, 1950:

"Will you please help me with the procedure for getting a suggestion for a commemorative stamp before the proper authorities?

#289

Presidential Yack Yack

No. 10 June, 1950

READ THIS one slowly, folks, because it is the last of the Yacks for this, my one and only term as President, of this my one and only amateur press association. You will note that it is number ten. It was my intention to issue one each month during my term. A special postal card announcement replaced it for one of the months (the Ellis finances being what they are), but the other month must have been lost somewhere in the shuffle. A minor tragedy.

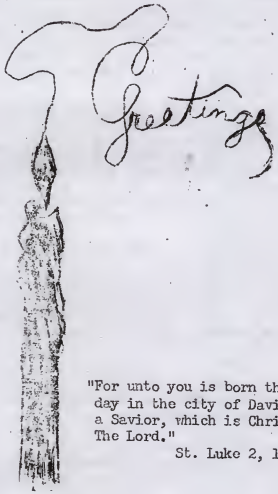
As I write this copy, on May 25th, I am considerably more at ease than I was a week ago at this time. In the meantime I have received my copy of the genuine *National Amateur* for March, 1950. My postcard advised that every effort would be made to mail it by March 31st. That was not a typographical error. It was the best of intentions at that time, but fate decreed otherwise. Have you ever noticed that you, too, sometimes fail to do what you sincerely mean to do? Ralph Babcock has made an unusually valiant effort this year under extremely difficult personal circumstances. I appreciate his efforts very much, and will be proud to shake his hand at Cleveland.

The close of the convention in Cleveland will mark the end of three years of continuous and rather strenuous activity on my part on behalf of the association (and myself)—as manuscript manager and chairman of the convention arrangements committee in 1948 (a good time was had by all), Official Editor in 1949 (best since Burton Crane said one kindly soul), and President (the less said about

K-94 1927 H290

THE PERCOLATOR

Volume 1 DECEMBER 1950 Number 1



"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ The Lord."

St. Luke 2, 11.

X-PN 5827

#291

Primer

NUMBER 8 • MAY 1950

Strike Two—"Multing" Funds

Mr. Charles W. Heins has once more hit below the belt, thus adding insult to the injury already inflicted by his previous article which appeared in the Phoenix. Instead of reasoning out, or simple inquiry, Heins has written a sneaky item in the last issue of "Slapstick", which, incidentially, was never received by this editor. Let's take a look-see at part of his attack.

To start with, he continues to rant and rave about being charged for convention maps which were received unfolded and for which, he claims, was overcharged for postage. Then there was the Open Letter written by Floyd Ackerman in answer to some charges delt to him by this Mr. Heins.

Mr. Heins goes on to say, "So now finally "smoked out" one finds a dubious Ackerman Dollar (?) listed--after five months delay. The inference of course being, that Branch 'hoist by his own petard' had to shell out himself, as a cover, however, reimbursing himself by multing (sic) the association for $6.25 for printing one hundred Post Cards. Getting himself this for setting a few lines of type and a (editor's

A-PN 4827

#292

Primer

"O, an easy and pleasant
Guide to the Art of Reading..."

NUMBER 9 JUNE 1950

The Armchair General

Jack L. Marr

Hark to this tale of a mighty one
Outranked perhaps, but surpassed by none,
Who with wise forthright effrontery
Portrayed Cae'sar for his country.
He was a household institution
While the world was filled with shootin'
But now the Dove of Peace has landed,
I just wonder can he stand it?
Where's he going to find his fun
Now his lovely war is won?

No more battles will you fight
'Neath your trusty reading light,
Scanning fresh communiques
Of encounters far away.

This parlor warlord joined the fray
On that dark September day
1939 the year—Remember?
The campaigns he fought were many,
His advice was worth a pretty penny,
So give the little man his due
For he fought the damned war through. (over

A-PN 6827

#293

PETALS

BLOSSOM I PETAL I

APRIL 1950

LELA T. GRUBBE, EDITOR
1717 ROSE STREET
BERKELEY 3, CALIFORNIA

As petals from the apple tree fall to the ground,
May ideas from my pen fall, to be scattered around.

I feel as fluttery as those petals falling to the ground as I am getting this paper ready for the United Amateur Press Association. Nevertheless as I catch my breath I am sending each member a greeting on the breeze, and I want to say that I am happy to be one of you. I am also sending along on the same breeze many thanks to thos who sent me the lovely postcards welcoming me into the organization

THE SCHOOL ON PARADISE CREEK

If any of you have ever attended a real backwoods country school during the early part of this century, I am sure that you will appreciate the primitive conditions of the one that I am going to tell you about. This school was located on the beautiful Paradise Creek about a mile down the Umpqua River on the opposite side from the farm where my parents had just moved. This was the fourth move my parents had made since I had started attending school some five years earlier, at the age of six. This constant moving gave me a very jumpy type of education, but I was not in the least opposed to it. In truth, I rather liked the idea of meeting new playmates and exchanging our views about the different school we had attended and the kind of teachers who taught us.

On the first day of school in this new place, my parents had arranged for me to cross the river with the neighbor girls in their skiff as there was no bridge. I also doubt if I could have found the schoolhouse if I should have gone by myself that first day, as I soon found out. The main road followed along the river at the foot of a mountain range. As we neared Paradise Creek and crossed the small covered bridge over it, the country widened out into a small narrow valley. It was then that I began to look for the schoolhouse, but all that I could see was an old unpainted hop drier to our right. We turned up the road that led past it and stopped to talk with some children at the foot of the steps leading to the floor where the hops were usually dried. That is, when the drier was in operation which it certainly was not at that time. I asked why we were stopping there so long, as it was nearly school time, and we certainly would not want to be late on the first day of school. The children all gave me a queer look as though they thought I was crazy. "Why this is the schoolhouse," they laughed. I thought they were trying to fool me and said so. But just then the door opened and the teacher stepped

N 4827

PETALS

#294

BLOSSOM I PETAL 2
MAY 1950

LELA I. GRUBBE, EDITOR
1717 ROSE STREET
BERKELEY 3, CALIFORNIA

As petals from the apple tree fall to the ground,
May ideas from my pen fall, to be scattered around.

I was pleased with the way that my first PETAL turned out, and I hope that you will like the second one also. But I do think that it was a shame that Mr. Boehme couldn't find room for that corny verse and descriptive paragraph. Some day when he is asleep under the old apple tree, I am going to sneak them in anyway.

Thank you Mr. Daas for the favorable compliment you gave me on the first PETAL that I blew your way.

The breeze is blowing hard this morning, so I am going to use it to carry some messages of appreciation to those members who have written to me about the old hop drier, or is it 'dryer' that was used for a school-house.

Maybe, the next PETAL that I pick up will have something in it about the 'tent' school. When I turned this one over, I found something altogether different, as you can plainly see.

I am still fluttery, this time it is caused from having too many irons in the fire at one time. For instance, I am in the midst of renovating the interior of our home, and at the same time doing some dressmaking for my sister-in-law. As though that was not enough, I am collecting and pressing wild flowers for the herbarian that I am making, in addition to the garden work.

Now when I get all of this mixed up into one grand mess, there is no telling what kind of 'potpourri' it will turn out to be. Therefore I am going to dump it all for the time being and go fishing. So come along with me and we will go back to the fall of 1908, when fishing was fishing on the old Umpqua River in Oregon.

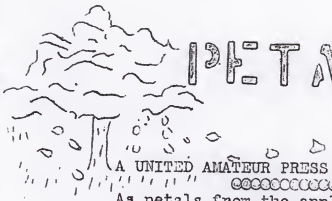
THE DANCING SALMON

Early one morning in October, about a year after I had started to school in the old hop drier, my father came into the kitchen all excited and exclaimed, "The salmon run is on! Gosh you had ought to see the river! It is chuck full of them! Lela can you come fishing with me this morning?" I was all jittery with anticipation as I waited for my mother to give her consent. Yes, I could go, so my father and I gathered up the fishing equipment and headed for the river.

We took turns rowing the boat and holding the troll line, for by this time I had become an expert in handling the boat,--that is according to my opinion. Luck was surely with us that morning for in less than thirty minutes we had landed no less than eight salmon, which was a record in itself, let alone what happened after that. It

X-Ray 4827

#295



PETALS

BLOSSOM 1 PETAL 3
JUNE 1950

LELA I. GRUBBE, EDITOR
1717 ROSE STREET
BERKELEY 3, CALIFORNIA

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

As petals from the apple tree fall to the ground,
May ideas from my pen fall, to be scattered around.

I am sitting here at this old typewriter, hoping against hope that it will speak up and tell me what to write. But no! it is as dumb as can be, and only groans as I hit the keys. So you see I am on my own again as per usual.

There is no breeze tonight, so I am going to give a huff and a puff, (maybe not as strong as the little pig gave, but strong enough to reach Milwaukee, anyway,) and thank Irma for the nice compliment she gave my PETALS in her CHATTERBOX. GOSH! what a sentence, with all due respect to J.F.Dolin. Thanks to all who have written me.

The potpourri didn't turn out so well, as I had to leave out the main ingredient, namely, the interior decoration. My intentions were good but my heart was not. Anyway I had company for the last two weeks and I just could not mix them up with wallpaper and paint. It just isn't being done these days. A calm settled over the Grubbe's household Sunday June the 4th. I hope that it is not followed ed by a storm.

I HOPE !

THE TENT SCHOOL

It was the winter of 1909. The old hop drier had been condemned for further use as a school building. Something had to be done, for March and the spring term of school was only two months away. There was not time enough to build a new school-house, even if the weather had been of the best,which it was not at that time, in the western part of Oregon. Rain and more rain, floods and mud, and slushy snow was on the weatherman's agenda for that time of year. So what could be done for the five or six pupils that were left after the others had moved away, that they might still continue their education?

Never let it be said about the members of the Paradise School Board, that they were lacking in ingenuity, for when they put their heads together, they came up with a very unique but practical idea. Why not hold school in a tent? A piece of land had already been donated to the district. This piece of land was on the South or upper side of Paradise Creek next to the covered bridge on the river side of the road. A few trees and some brush were cleared out to make a small space in which to put the tent.

This tent proved to be very cozy, even on stormy days, for it had a floor and a three foot wall of boards upon which the tent was stretched. A door-frame and door was included in the set-up. A canvas fly covered the tent as added protection against the weather. The floor space was only ten by fourteen feet, so the furniture was scaled down to size. For the first time we had single 'boughten' desks, in all a

X-1 1827

#296

BLOSSOM 1 PETAL 4

JULY 1950

PETALS

LELA I. GRUBBE, EDITOR
1717 ROSE STREET
BERKELEY 3, CALIFORNIA

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

As petals from the apple tree fall to the ground,
May ideas from my pen fall; to be scattered around.

Greetings to all U.A.P.A. Members, and many thanks to Leo Louis Martello and Marge Miller for the special mention that they made and gave to PETALS in their respective publications.

Some of the apples on a few of the trees, that the petals fell from last spring, are ripe enough to cook, Therefore I am going to pick some and make apple pies for the Fourth of July. I would like to send each of you a big wedge of pie, but as that is impossible, I'll do the next best thing, that is if you will open your windows wide on the Third of July. Now do you get it? That was the tantalizing odor of and from those pies, that I wafted to you on the breeze. My! but doesn't it smell good?

A FOURTH OF JULY PICNIC IN 1909

It was a hot afternoon in June and I was tired of sewing. I would much rather have been out under the cherry tree with my sister and baby brother, gazing up at the sky through the lacy branches, and wondering if the cherries would be ripe in time for the Fourth. Sighing I returned to my work, thinking that it was a lot of work to make a whole new wardrobe for three people, but somehow it had become the custom at that time, and so it was an important part of the Fourth.

My mother and I had been taking turns at the sewing-machine so between the two of us, we had finished the dresses, and were sewing on the pile of pretty underwear with all its ruffles, tucks and lace, which gradually grew to completion. Oh yes, and baby brother had to get a new dress and petticoats too, for at that time little boys were considered as babies until they were about two years of age.

The third of July found mother and myself, busy in the hot sweltering kitchen, making all kinds of good things to eat, such as pie, cake and salad. The fatted chickens were killed, cleaned and cut up, all ready for frying the next morning. We dug the first new potatoes, picked and shelled the peas, which were also to be cooked the next morning.

On the morning of the Fourth, we were all up early, so early that the stars had not dimmed out for the day. There were so many things to be done that we buzzed around like a swarm of bees in a clover patch. Eventually we were on our way with the lunch storied safely away under the front seat and plenty of oats and hay in the bottom of the wagon-bed for the horses at noontime. We crossed the river on our own private ferry, and had driven about five miles past Paradise Creek, when we came within hearing distance of the fireworks being shot off, in the picnic grove on Andrews' place.

We drove in and while my father took care of the team, my mother and I carried the lunch over to the table, where we left it until dinner time. We joined the crowd, and what a gay crowd it was, with

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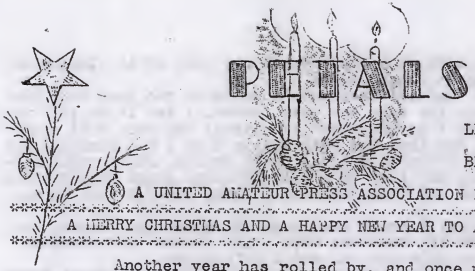
#277



BLOSSOM 1 PETAL 6

DECEMBER 1950

LELA I. GRUBBE, EDITOR
1717 ROSE STREET
BERKELEY 3, CALIFORNIA

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL UAPA MEMBERS

Another year has rolled by, and once more we see the jolly old man with the long white whiskers on the street and in the stores. Yes you are right, for it is Santa Claus, the friend of all children, and how they love him. I hope that we are all young enough to have a warm spot in our hearts for old Santa too.

A CHRISTMAS OF LONG AGO

So you would like to know how we spent Christmas back in 1907 when we lived on the Old Umpqua River. Well I'll do the best I can- and tell you about the first Christmas that we spent on the farm.

My little brother was only a few months old and this kept Mother rather busy, so it was up to me to play the part of Santa, or So I thought. I wanted to get something for every member of the family, but how could I do it with only two dollars and no way of getting to town? You see we didn't get a big allowance in those days as the children do now, and I knew that I would have to make that do for gifts for four people. I was pretty sure that I could, so I went to work on the problem.

I studied the catalogs and the fancy-work sections of the paper and magazines until I found an idea. I would make for my sister and mother, each a glove and handkerchief box set and for my father a shield-shaped wall-pocket for his shaving things. For twenty-five cents I could get a nice baby jacket and still have enough money left over for a baby rattle and some tinsel for the tree.

I sent away the order and in due course of time, in spite of my impatience, the package arrived. With trembling fingers I opened the package,---oh!---well the material just did not compare with the glowing description in the catalog, but still it was pretty nice and I could use it. Anyway the baby jacket was prettier than I had expected it to be, so that sort of evened things up a little bit.

After school hours and when my other work was done I would slip upstairs to my cold room and spend many happy hours there, making beautiful boxes out of cardboard, silk material and ribbon. Oh!but those hours were happy ones! It was only last summer that I found those boxes preserved in an old trunk of my mother's. I still wonder what they meant to her, and why she had kept them over all of these years.

At last the day before Christmas arrived and it was time---to get the tree. Mother didn't want to be bothered with one, but it was all right to have one if I wanted to get it, as no one else had the time. Arming myself with an axe, I set forth through the slushy snow. I slipped and slid through the cold wet stuff along the edge of the forest, looking for a tree that was just right. It was trees, trees everywhere, tall trees short trees, bushy trees, and lop-sided trees, but where oh where was a perfect one? About a mile from the house I found it. Down came the axe

#298

N.A.P.A. SCRIPTORIUM
E. Cornwall, Mgr.

MARCH • 1951

No. 5

EL PROGRESSO

A blessing for your old Bureau Chief from that lovely person, Carla Patsuris.

"Here's one for the Duke of Breezemere," she writes

I've named the morning,
The silver, sparkling morning
That looks so bright and new....
The light and happy morning,
The gay and laughing morning....
I've named it after you!

— Pat.

It's surely nice to have my clientele think well of me . . . as long as the job lasts I'll do my best to rise and shine daily.

It seems the newcomers to the NAPA fold are *kinda skeered,* as Duerr would say, to trust this Bureau with their effusions — but such a concept is all wrong. Indeed I know the "wants" of every publisher, dates of their proposed next issues, etc. Some want verse, some do not; some cry for prose, some do not; some want essays of social slant which stress our functional ablins; some beg steadily for periapt.

Few of you members mool the importance of my meeps. 'tis outgrabe the things that are said about me!

Yippers at my heels bother me not.

#299

THE PATHWAY

Vol. Seven JUNE 1951 No. One

REUNION

By Viola Autry Payne

Upon a sunny April hill
I met the child I used to be.
Her hair was flying in the wind;
Her feet were light and free.

"Hello," she said, and took my hand,
"I know a lot of things,
Like where the catfish go to hide,
And where the mock'bird sings.

"But let me tell you stories
Of the things which I will do
So all the world will know of me
When I am grown, like you!

"But no,—" And she was frowning,
"I mustn't tell you more.
I'm not to speak to strangers,
And I've not seen **you** before!"

#300

THE POETRY HOUR

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION - VOLUME 1

JULY 1952 NUMBER 6

MARION SCHOEBERLEIN, EDITOR, 430 SO.19th AVE., MAYWOOD, ILL.

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Y-PN 4827

THE BOUGH BREAKING

In lavender, pale green, the little bough
Is breaking;
Thru all the sunset trees
God's shaking
Blood,
His mood
Is on the lilacs. The last gray clouds
Shine on it, dully
The clouds melt off.
The flowers explode to brightness.
I find sonnets like birds
In the lilacs laughing. The white crochet
Of stillness cuts loose the bough.
I know a moment now
That long was tombed in me,
In the screaming purple the bough breaks
And bell cups open into tears of blue.

-Marion Schoeberlein

LIGHTNING

Here come the flutter crumbs out of the sky,
God of sharp, bitter teeth,
Shining the buttons of leaves on the trees,
In silver breath,
The halo makes me tremble as I pass,
Its drunkenness, its kiss, causes a poem.
The thousand lips of God speak in the storm,
From East to West the sky is warm.

-Marion Schoeberlein

THE LARK

This bird inspires
The iron lungs of trees.
The leaves must set their teeth on edge.

While hearing such concerto all alone
God opens his highest, bluest sky.

This is a lovely noise to sell!
Of all musicians in the leaves of green
The lark's the strangest piano I have seen!

-Marion Schoeberlein

Pen Pals

VOL.1 A U.A.P.A. PUBLICATION NO.1

N O V E M B E R 1952

MAUDE M. BLACKWELL, EDITOR - 3023 BROADWAY, CHICAGO, ILL., U.S.A.

X-PN 4827

What a lovely pastime, and how many friends one can make. I've had them for years. Make them in many ways. On bus trips, in retaurants, at public affairs, etc. But now thru U.A.P.A. it opens an entirely new channel. Each person has a different interest in life, so the letters are never the same to anyone.

Of course I love people, and are interested in their work and their hobbies, as well as my own, so it makes for a nice correspondence. This is my first PEN PAL and it may be my last, but I'm having fun writing it. Isn't it a thrill to get a letter from some far away country? I received many nice cards and letters of welcome into the U.A.P.A. for which I want to thank one and all. Received one from Jac Homan from Holland. As I am a Hollander by decent, it was doubly pleasing to me.

Was sorry I couldn't make the convention. But, just try to stop me next year in Milwaukee. I'll be there with bells on. Do hope my good friend Belle Mooney can be there too.

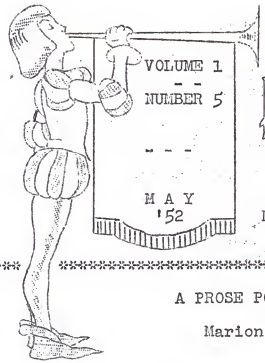
Wish great success to our new President. I'm sure George will make as good a President as he did a Mailor.

I have given permission to George to make use of the other side of this issue of PEN PALS. Hope you like it.

So long for now,

Yours in Faith, Charity, and Loyalty,

Maude M. Blackwell



The Poetry Hour

#302

VOLUME 1
NUMBER 5
MAY '52

** A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION **

MARION SCHOBERLEIN, EDITOR
430 SO.19th AVENUE, MAYWOOD, ILL.

A PROSE POEM TO THE SPRING

by
Marion Schoberlein.

God, my eyes have opened into fire when I behold the beauty of spring like a psalm, like a poem burning and burning with the love from Your heart.
For all humanity you have made the lips of the leaves green and the song of the flowers white. You have made all days Sundays now.
The city is new and the country is filled with spice-flavored air. The brook quivers and sings in a thousand different little ways. Even the stones in the lane are shining pink and yellow in the stain of the April sunlight.
The time of youth is here! The ripeness, the fullness and eagerness of my soul leaps up to God!
The trees grow in my heart and the grass seems to be under my feet all the time, cool and green and like a dewy sandal come from heaven.
It is all as if you were saying to me, "I have given you seeds and you have grown them, I have sent you a robin and they have mated into a thousand, I have watered your land and it is growing into a rose and a lily and a fountain of beauty."
In the wings of the blue sky I find a release, I fly toward God. I imagine myself a verdant garden. In the stillness I kiss each flower and all of the earth's heat expanding my heart. I am created out of this now, even as I was created of winter and autumn and all the seasons in turn.
Today and forever I am the spring.
Heaven shall no more cry. Earth shall no more weep.
This is the beginning of all joy and all sweetness and all music. For spring is the music-maker.
Behold the strange mother in the fields.
Solomon the poet and the king could not feel spring.

THE POETRY HOUR

- VOLUME 1 - NUMBER 7 -

- OCTOBER 1952 -

- A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

#303

MARION SCHOEBERLEIN (EDITOR)

430 SOUTH 19th AVE., MAYWOOD, ILLINOIS

Why I Like These Three Poems

ROCKABY MOON

by
Esther Lloyd Hagg, 1939 So.11th Ave., Maywood, Ill.

A rockaby moon
In a blue blanket sky
Is rocking the river to sleep.
A lullaby tune
Is the little owl's croon,
As the leaf shadows silently creep.

She rocks and she rocks
Like the swing of old clocks,
And a cloud gets caught in her hair
But the deep, drowsy sound
Is not locusts around-
It's the creak of her rocking chair

*

As the editor of a recognized poetry magazine, The Fawnlight, I will tell you why I would accept these poems for my magazine. The first, Rockaby Moon by Esther Lloyd Hagg, (who has written for the Tribune some years) I like for the following qualities: (1)-Simplicity. (This is a poem done in simple theme. Many poems have been written on this subject, but most of them are trite.) (2)-There is good rhyme scheme (except for the first two lines) in the first two lines.) Mrs.Hagg does not rhyme moon and sky as she does in her second stanza-rocks and clocks. Of cours a poem must have more than good rhyme scheme to be accepted by an editor (3)-Imagery. That is very important. Notice how the poet speaks of a "blue blanket sky", "the little owl's croon", "leaf shadows", "the deep, drowsy sound of locusts"--and the last line is clover. She speaks of the of the moon rocking in a rocking chair. I know Mrs.Hagg personally, she lives only a few doors from me, and I believe that I am correct when I say that any newspaper editor would accept this poem!

*

THOSE WHO WOULD BE REMEMBERED

by
Rachel Harris Campbell, 3537 - 37th Street, San Diego 5, California

We are the young who had no youth,
And the old whose age was dread.
We are those who paid for
speaking truth.
We are the dead.

When hot, brave music clouds the air
And the feet of laughing dancers fly,
Remember us with a half-said prayer
And a moistened eye.

In the darkened house, when the
midnight clock
Tells how the lonely hours depart.
Remember us with the pulse's shock
And a lifted heart.

When war-birds scour the skies
to kill,
And an atom-cloud blasphemes
the sun,
We are those who would be
remembered still.
We are not done.

(continued in next column)

VOLUME 1 - NUMBER 8 52

1952 NOVEMBER 1952

The Poetry Hour

#304

-A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION-

MARION SCHOEDERLEIN, EDITOR 430 SOUTH 19th AVE., MAYWOOD, ILLINOIS.

X-PN 4827

EMILY DICKINSON, My Favorite Poet

As long as I have studied poetry, in high school, in college, in private courses on writing, in all the poetry workshops I have never formed a more lasting friendship than that of the dazzling poet, Emily! What I like about her is: SHE SAYS SO MUCH IN SO FEW WORDS! Consider with me a few of her poems. For instance there is the one "Truth Is As Old As God" which I quote here:

Truth is as old as God,
His twin identity
And will endure as long as He,
A co-eternity,
And perish on the day
That He is borne away
From mansion of the universe
A lifeless Deity.

In this poem Emily Dickinson makes it impossible for God to die. She does so in the last line most of all. She says in other words that when GOD becomes a lifeless Deity truth will no longer endure, and believing in Him as much as her pantheistic mind allows her to, she must believe that while he is co-eternal with truth it will endure forever and forever. This is one of the simple poems of Miss Dickinson. Reading farther we come to one entitled, "OF COURSE I PRAYED":

Of course I prayed-
And did God care?
He cared as much as
On the air
A bird had stamped her foot
And cried, "Give me!"

My reason, life,
I had not had, but for yourself,
'Twere better charity
To leave me in the atom's tomb,
Merry and nought and gay and numb,
Than this smart misery.

In this poem, Emily makes herself as important to God as a bird. But the Bible says, "He cares about the sparrow falling..." however, Emily did not read the Bible too much I think. Her God was the God of nature, the God of the trees, of the flowers,- of the garden. She had no use for the church. She did not go at all. You remember her saying in a poem, "Some keep the Sabbath going to church, I keep it staying at home. With a bobolink for a chorister, And an orchard for a dome. God preaches, a noted clergyman, And the sermon is never long, So instead of going to heaven at last, I'm going all along!"...

X-PN 4827 H305

The Pamphleteer

An amateur publication devoted to amateur journalism and typography

No. 7

MEMBER OF THE
NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION
ORGANIZED JULY 4, 1876

X-PN 4827 H306

A moment later, we two were walking arm in arm toward the exit. I felt that he, too, was under the same compulsion. Geraldine was waiting angrily outside the other door; the company awaited my call within the hour. Yet I knew that I must walk out under the stars with this young man.

So we walked along the glistening pavement under the full moon and the great inverted bowl of the sky. And I thought to myself: The moon is dead woman wrapped in her cerements and her lovers parade forever her beautiful corpse in the sky that poets may constantly behold and mourn. And I marvelled

--continued on page 6--

X-PN 4827

PRINTERS' INK

VOL. 1. JULY NO. 1.

Published only for the A. A. P. A.

Holy Smoke! Another Printer!

After nearly a year of silent membership in the A.A.P.A., I've finally gotton around to doing a little publishing myself. This masterpiece (???) is the result. I don't promise to issue Printers' Ink regularly, may substitute a folder or booklet on some subject if fancy dictates. I firmly believe that amature publishers should be encouraged to try their hand at producing not only papers but also pamplets and even books if they wish to. I believe that the A.A.P.A. has entirely too narrow a viewpoint on this matter. Perhaps, as I am a printer by trade, and publisher of a mail order trade paper, I look at it from a professional viewpoint, but it seems to me that as long as amature journalism is to be pursued as a hobby that the members should be made to feel entirely free to publish as they please.

Here are some facts about myself to satisfy your "cooriosity". I'm a young man, 24 years young to be exact, single, (now girls don't rush) blue eyes, brown

(this nonsensical stuff continued on next pg.)

The Pennant

Published by L. V. Heljeson, 1013 N. Main Street, Mitchell, South Dakota, in the interests of THE OFFICIAL UNITED TICKET. The publisher is a member of the United Amateur Press Association of America, and of Noel Chapter U.A.P.A.

PENS-PROXIES-PRINCIPLES

An event to which all members of the United Amateur Press Association look forward is the annual election of officers.

Proxy ballots will soon be mailed to all paid-up members of the United. Immediately upon receipt of the ballots the member should fill in, with ink, the names of the various persons for whom he wishes to vote, and forward the ballots to the proper officials.

This action, simple as it is, may have far-reaching-influence upon the United's future. Each member should consider carefully, therefore, before voting. He should ask: 1. Has the candidate shown his interest in the United by publishing a journal, issuing a pass-around, by contributing to other journals, and by other activity? 2. Is he loyal to the United? 2. Will he devote enough effort to his office so that it may function for the benefit of the entire membership?

On the pages following we present THE OFFICIAL UNITED TICKET for your approval. Each candidate has been selected for his or her special qualifications for the post. The three-fold test outlined above was applied to each name before placing on the ticket. These officers will, if elected, function harmoniously, consistently, and loyally. They will lead the United on to still greater achievement in the field of amateur journalism. Write these names in on your official ballot and assure the United of a year of leadership and success.

X-PN 4827

#309

George Freitag's

Primer for Children

ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

DEDICATED TO A LOST CITY

It is not really a lost city now; it is the place of my birth. Before my birth it lay sprawled over the earth and was without a name. But today it has a name because I have given it one. It is my city. I used to lie in bed at night listening to my city breathing. There was a stream going through my city in those days, at that time, and before I was born my father slept upon its bank. Sometimes he would pretend he was going to work and then not go to work. Instead he would go down to the place where the stream was and sleep there a whole day, gathering strength, thinking about my mother. I have a picture of my mother. She had yellow hair and soft brown eyes and a sad, sad mouth, and no doubt my father said to himself, asleep there, what a wonderfully beautiful woman she was, how fair. That was when my city began. Years later I met a man who was very old and owned a crutch. He had on a tan raincoat

X-PN 4827

#310

persistent muse

Volume 1 SPRING Issue 1

MEET MY GANG

Free verse in the evening
Pentamiter at noon,
Metric feet at lunch time
Trochaic will be soon

Iambic verse at breakfast,
Wouldn't you just know it
We even have to sleep in rhyme
Since Mom became a poet.

We're Jimmy, Donna Lynne and Doloris Rae.

#311

PATS, INC.

CO-PUBLISHERS:

Pat Slane
1405 S. Cincinnati
Tulsa, 14, Oklahoma

Pat Harris
Box 482
Oneida, New York

No. 2 MEMBERS OF UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION June

***

HELLO! HELLO! HELLO!

We were overwhelmed by the reception we got! It was wonderful!! Thanks so very much to all of you who sent us cards and letters with such kind praises --- we never expected such a reception! And, too we want to thank you for the lovely birthday cards. Never before have either of us received so many, so it was wonderful taking the stacks of 'em out of the mail box. You're a very grand bunch of people, in case you didn't already know, but surely you do, if you have given everyone the feeling of really "belonging" that you have given to us. Thank you more than we can say --- we'd like to write to everyone of you individually, but since it isn't possible, please let this suffice! God bless you all! *** Oh, yes, we did get some copy, but still want more, and we still say: "Bet there are some extra good short-story writers in our midst."

The Two Pats

****

I AM LOVE!

By Thomas Vaughn

See, I am magnetic!
Speak! I understand!
Listen! My counsel is excellent!
Seek! I am love!

****

ED..Since June 15th is the day of our Father's, the following poem is dedicated to all the "Daddy's" in our organization! We love ya!

* * *

A FATHER'S PRAYER

By Walter L. Smith

There are so many things that
crowd our day,
We seem to have so little time
for play,
Forgetting that life's morning
passes soon
And all too quickly comes the
afternoon.

So let me understand my li'l lad,
And chum with him so he will love
his Dad;
To keep my heart young always, this
I pray,
For only once will I pass by this
way.

THIS IS PAT SLANE

By Pat Harris

To look at Patsy, you'd think she was the fragile type. She's an adorable gal who has a very constant grin on her face and she's only a petite 5 footer! However, she appears to be a gargantua --- at least as far as her vocal chords are concerned. She can out-talk anyone but makes ya feel at ease immediately.

Brains and beauty don't mix --so the saying goes --- but we can throw the book away as far as Pat is concerned. She graduated 7th highest at Baxter High School in Baxter Springs, Kansas. She began her writing career in high school and edited the paper during her senior year. She married Frank Slane in the spring of '47, and by next September she'll be a momma for the first time. (And I'll be an "honorary" aunt!)

Not an only child, but she readily admits to being slightly spoiled by her grand Dad. She's as easy to please and good natured as can be. She uses good judg-

THE COUNTERSIGN
The Voice Of Association Work

10 Years Ago (Cover)
Published by the National Amateur Press Association
PUBLICITY DIRECTOR
Pat Jeff

Today
PAT:-
JOY JUNE

#312

This May, as in so many other springs, downtown New Yorkers, at the luncheon hour, sun themselves on benches along the paths of Trinity churchyard, hearing in that temporary quietude, perhaps, the voice of some song sparrow who is an exploring visitor from the more populous green island of City Hall park. Although few of the sun baskers and sparrow listeners may be aware of the fact, this is more than the average Maytime for the famous Gothic structure which from lower Broadway looks down Wall Street's financial canyon.

For the month marks the 100th anniversary of the present edifice, the third to stand on the original site. Trinity Parish dates from 1697, when the church was granted a royal charter by William III of England. The first Trinity was opened for worship in 1698. In September, 1776, when Washington's army was encamped on Harlem Heights, a great fire, starting from whitehall Slip, swept the lower end of Manhattan island. A shift in the wind saved St. Paul's, but Trinity was destroyed. Through long years of the Revolution the church lay in ruins. In 1787 it was rebuilt and, more than fifty years later, was replaced by the present building, of which Richard Upjohn, an Englishman, was architect.

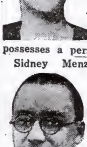
The Trinity Church, then, that Manhattan knows today began its building in 1839 and was consecrated on Ascension Day of May, 1846. Great names are on the stones above its old graves. Its 280-foot spire has been dwindled by neighboring skyscrapers in an elapsed century, but the church's place and influence in the city's past and present remain beyond all change and shadowing. Every New Yorker, we believe—even one who has never worshiped at its altar or basked in its peaceful churchyard—will feel a just pride this month in Trinity's centennial of faith and achievement and will wish for the historic church another hundred sunny Mays. (Herald-Tribune)

THE QUESTION.

The editor of the Mississippi State University yearbook asked Billy Rose to pick the prettiest girl from a stack of pictures. After wading through them, Billy wrote, "Beautiful girls don't go to college." Did you see many beautiful girls in your college?

George O. Cunningham, Pittsburgh, dentist: "No, not many. Billy Rose's observation is generally true. There are exceptions, of course, but there were few beautiful girls at the University of Pittsburgh when I was there. May-be this will get me in wrong, but it's true!"

Eleanor Britton, Sheraton Hotel, social director: "Not too many of the type that appear in the theatre and night club shows. However, when you meet a college girl you immediately sense that she is smart, well-groomed and possesses a personality.



Sidney Menzer, Grant Ave., Bronx, pharmacist: "I saw just as many pretty girls at Columbia University, in proportion to numbers, as I have seen elsewhere. (News)

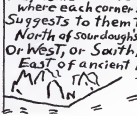
TRU-COPY-PHOTE

With TRU-COPY-PHOTE make accurate same size copies of reports, letters, prints, diagrams, charts, bulletins, maps, layouts and actual photographs.

Coma and Comma

Stanza 1.

Boy, Coma, girl named
Comma, twins, take a walk
They come to crossing
where each corner-store
Suggests to them the
North of sourdough's talk
Or West, or South, or
East of ancient lore



Song'ed

2

They were surprised
To meet, collide and crash
Into one, Otto, turtle-back
tin liz
Who clattered down on
asphault. From the smash
The twins strode on. Their
flesh gave steel the biz

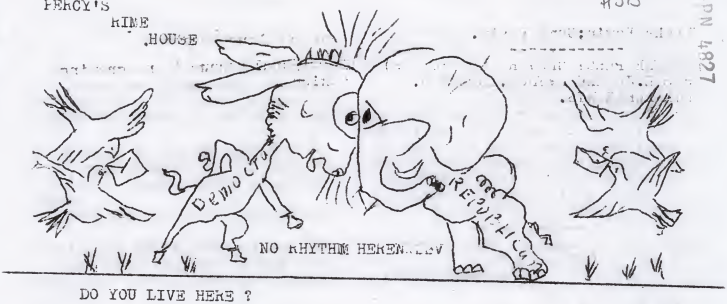
3

The world witnessed
for, in fur display,
The ice bergs shimmered
from the florist's stand
Arched cactus. Leather
store made gay array
Of alligator. Busline
lured with sand.

Chorus

Who see one spot as
North, West, South and East
Have from material
things To fear the least

#313
X-PN 4827



DO YOU LIVE HERE ?

It takes a heap o' livin'
In a house to make it home,
But it ain't no kind o' livin'
If you live there all alone.

There has got to be a noisy brood
Of youngsters 'round the door
And a mother,wise as Isis,
Who knows what a home is for.

There ought t' be a mangey pup
Kind o' company for the kids
And a door-knob that keeps comin' out
And kettles without lids.

And a broken window,now and then,
From ball games in the yard;
If you've got all this your livin' Man,
And headin' heavenward.

It takes a heap o' fightin',too,
To make a house a home.
But shucks,its fun a fightin',
If your fightin' for your own.

You kin lick your weight in wild cats
For your castle in the sun
And you'll find a heap o' glory
When each battle has been won.

And when the quittin' whistle blows
And your headin' home at night,
You kind o' choke all up inside
When home looms up in sight.

For the wife and kids are waitin' there
For you at close of day,
And you feel all bustin' out with pride
You want to kneel right down and pray.

It takes a heap o' plannin',too,
To keep that house a home.
Ask Mother,there,a mendin' duds
And sittin' all alone.

For the kids have all trooped off to bed
There toys still on the floor
And from a distant bed-room comes
A grurpy,masculine snore.

But mother's needle seems to fly
And her thoughts race on ahead
For there seems a million things to to do
Before she can go to bed.

And finally when the last chore's done
And she turns out the light,
Like as not,instead of sleep
She'll go on plannin' half the night

So you can't just keep a sittin'
And wishin'' on a star
It takes a heap o' doin',too,
To stay up where you are
Is it worth the effort;Say!
Is heaven worth waitin' for
You've had a heap o' livin'
And what could man ask for more

PN 4827

H 314

UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

THE PRESIDENT'S Message

By ANDREW M. GENZOLI
Ferndale, Calif.

TO: All Officers, Members of the U.A.P.A. and to
All Interested Amateur Journalists.

At this time I want to thank all of those AJers who so grandly supported me in my brief campaign for President of the UAPA. Especially do I want to thank live-wire Sid Cohen, who so generously stepped down, to permit my election to become unanimous.

This recent convention of the UAPA at Milwaukee, which I could not attend, was the 53rd year of the organization's existence. During those 53 years we have had many ups and downs, which at times left us completely worried. Since my first year in the UAPA, which was either 1927 or 1928--I don't exactly remember just now, I have been active and inactive. Each time I have found it to be based on the economic mannerisms of the land.

When there is too much money in circulation, it seems that there is less time for hobbies. Either a person is making it--or spending it. When times are slow, you will notice a definite spurt in favor of a hobby.

Our hobby--that of amateur journalism, I feel, is the "Crown Prince of Hobbies,"--since someone long ago claimed the title of "King of Hobbies" for stamp collectors. This year, I would like to see the "Crown Prince" really amount to something. I want, and I know that the rest of the officers and members of the UAPA want their organization cut in front. The policies I have outlined in my last issue of WESTERN LETTER, stand, and I hope to see them put into force. We will want more members, more writers, more publishers, more printers, more publicity, more publications mimeod, more publications printed. Too, we will strive for less animosity among individuals and groups, and strive for greater cooperation. Time and dignity has been lost in cheap squabbles, unbecoming a great avocation.

At no time do I want to hear of any controversial babblings of an unjustified nature against our sister organizations--the NAPA and AAPA. I believe we can hold dual memberships, exchange ideas, and generally get along. Both of those organizations have some excellent qualities, which I feel would not hurt us--and no doubt we have qualities, which I think they could afford to emanate. I belong to both the NAPA and NAPA. as well as our UAPA. So far I have not been harmed by such affiliation. We will not attempt to raid their rolls for membership--but any of their members are welcome to membership in the UAPA if they wish to do so.

Too, I would like to see UAPA members attempt to attain a higher goal of literary effort. If you have a favorite hobby (besides AJ), business, music, knowledge--pass it along in a specialized journal. Our journals should be educational, and our efforts made worthwhile.

Let us make our organization known, and available to those who do not know about us. When you receive a press release, pass it on to your local newspapers. When you have news concerning yourself or UAPA, see an editor about getting it printed. Let people know who we are.

I have just had an opportunity to look over the list of new officers, and I believe we havean excellent slate to work from. All are good workers within the UAPA, and have the welfare of UAPA at heart. To allof them congratulations and the best of luck.

May the coming year be the biggest in the United Amateur Press Association's history. I appeal to all members to cooperate, and in the best interests of UAPA seek your willing fraternalism.

#315
5 - SEP - 3
Copy ____ 1957
PN4827
.M

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Dr. W. J. Thompson
840 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, California
Volume 5 -- August, 1957 -- Number 10

Editorial by Dr. W. J. Thompson:

EMERSON'S SEVEN WORDS!

On his 59th birthday Emerson went outdoors with his son, Edward. Before returning he decided to put a calf in the stall. But the calf had her own notions about this matter, and refused to move? Edward caught hold of an ear, and the father pushed from behind. But the wise man and his son labored in vain!

Emerson did not like the task, but he was not the kind of man to give up once he had decided to do something. Putting all his weight behind the animal, the famous writer and philosopher did his best. The calf remained firm, rolling the whites of her eyes, and sounding defiance to the intruders. Emerson was frankly bewildered and could not understand a situation like this. He had read the philosophy of Plato and Plotinus, the science of Newton, the poetry of many gifted writers, also the memoirs of Napoleon; but nothing in all his wide reading suggested an effective method for getting an unwilling calf into a barn!

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#316
SOURCE UNKNOWN
NOV 16 1962

THE PATRIOT

JULY

EIGHTEEN
NINETY-NINE

ROBERT J. SHORES.....PUBLISHER

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MAR 15 1962

THE PATRIOT

AUGUST

EIGHTEEN
NINETY-NINE

ROBERT J. SHORES.....PUBLISHER

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AUG 15 1962
SOURCE UNKNOWN
Copy

THE PATRIOT

SEPTEMBER

EIGHTEEN
NINETY-NINE

ROBERT J. SHORES.....PUBLISHER

AUG 15 1958
X-PN4827
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#219
SOURCE UNKNOWN

THE PHILADELPHIA AMATEUR

With which is consolidated 'Boyishness' and 'Dew Drops'

Volume 1 **MAY, 1900** **Number 1**

....Contents....

Milton Keat's Lesson, - - - - - - - Page One
The Misapprehension About Texas, - - - Page Two
Good Literature, - - - - - - - Page Two
A Maniac's Mind, - - - - - - - Page Two
Choose A Choice Candidate, - - - - Page Three
Notice, - - - - - - - - - Page Three
Editorials, - - - - - - - - Page Four
The New Papers, - - - - - - - Page Five
Rest, - - - - - - - - - - Page Six
Who Was Which? - - - - - - - Page Six
A Tale of a Blizzard, - - - - - - Page Eight
Amateur Affairs, - - - - - - - Page Eight

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SOUTHERN REPRESENTATIVE, G. R. S. Connell

Address all communications to

The Philadelphia Amateur, 1738 N. 15th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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PROPAGANDA

18 47

In Newspapers, Magazines, Motion Pictures, On The Radio and Elsewhere

VOL. 1 - No. 2 - FEB. 1947 Arthur Brackman, Editor Selma Brackman, Associate Copyright - 1947

This issue of Pa. is devoted to a discussion of some of the factors which have made American newspapers puff-sheets for monopoly capital. The editor feels that only an understanding of these factors can make contemporary newspaper journalism intelligible, and that without it the entire panorama of journalism remains obscure.

It is Pa's. contention that the forces involved are as large as society itself, that they must be studied with a viewpoint as far removed as possible from the conventional one which sees newspapers as institutions that grew up capriciously and by accident in response to laws of their own, or as a result of the personal genius of editors and publishers, or spontaneously in response to man's alleged instinctive thirst for news.

To apply a criterion suggested by Professor Alfred McClung Lee of Wayne University, newspaper propaganda should be viewed as something inextricably interwoven with our every day conflicts, in struggles for and against power domination and social control.

NEWS IS A WEAPON

Historical evidence conclusively indicates that newspapers and the antecedents of newspapers have been primarily weapons of royalty and other ruling groups in their struggles for power domination and social control. The function of distributing and merchandising news, usually treated as the major function of news, did not develop until much later. Although selling news has for brief periods assumed dominance, it has on the whole been and remains subsidiary to journalism's major purpose of serving as a vehicle for the dissemination of propaganda designed to reinforce the control of ruling classes.

The ruling classes were represented in the 15th and 16th centuries by the Crown, in the 18th and 19th centuries by the powerful political parties, and in the 20th century by monopoly capital. The informational and educational aspects of news have been subordinated to the propaganda purposes of each of these groups.

Subtly or openly the desired end has been achieved in two ways:

1. By promulgating literature and news carefully designed to popularize and extoll "heroes" who were members of the ruling class.

2. By disseminating material directly designed to inculcate attitudes or induce actions favorable to social control by the ruling group.

The earliest precursors of newspapers in England were ballad-writers, minstrels and official poets retained by kings, nobles and warriors to compose and disseminate songs and verses celebrating their virtues and accomplishments. By exaggeration, embellishment, and distortion of facts these songs served to enhance the prestige of the rulers, thus rendering the populace easily amenable to their leadership. With the introduction of printing these "songs" gave way